

A MISSISSIPPI STORY, Illustrated.
GRANT'S VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN, Illustrated.

Vol. XI.

FEBRUARY, 1899.

No. 2.

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ILLUSTRATED.



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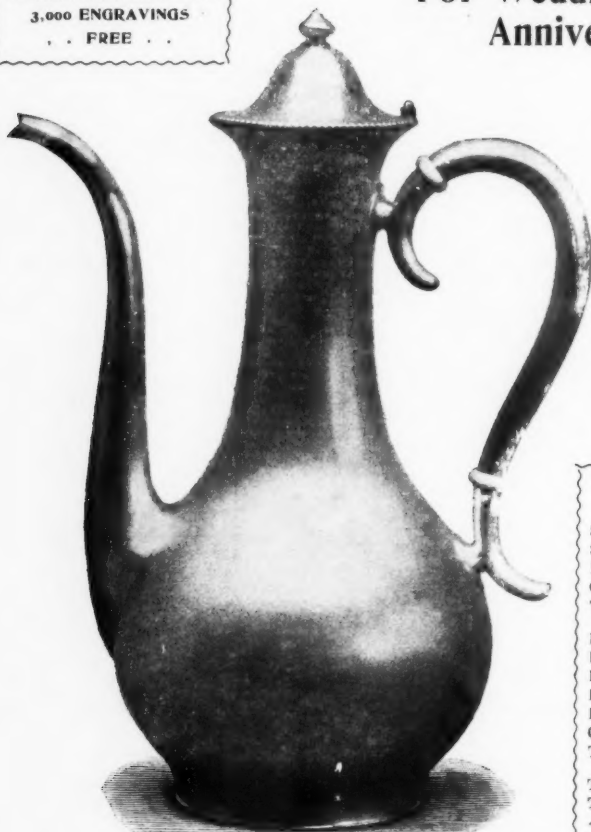
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CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1899.

Charlecote Hall.....	FRONTISPIECE
A Visit to Charlecote Hall.....	A. D. ABBOTT..... 97
The First Continental Congress of North American Indians.....	HORACE M. REBOK..... 102
Queen Louise of Prussia and Her Posthumous Portrait.....	COUNTESS DE MONTAIGU..... 111
Trustfulness, (A Poem).....	DOUGLAS MALLOCH..... 114
The Asteroids Visit the Planets, (A Short Story).....	
A Mississippi Sketch by.....	A MISSISSIPPIAN..... 115
The Little Things of Love, (A Poem).....	ROY FARRELL GREENE..... 123
Grant's Vicksburg Campaign, (A History).....	COL. JOHN W. EMERSON..... 124
Where the Difficulty Lies, (A Poem).....	ROY FARRELL GREENE..... 130
Anglo-Saxon Colonization.....	WILLIS G. CLARKE..... 131
The Carpenter, (A Poem).....	M. E. V..... 135
Yellow Fever, A Bugaboo.....	COL. BEN. E. GREEN..... 136
Summer Twilight (A Poem).....	MAUDE CARRADINE..... 138
Walt Whitman and the West.....	JOHNSON BRIGHAM..... 139
A Noble Life (A Poem).....	FRANK H. SWEET..... 142
A Hero and His Wife (A Short Story).....	CLARA H. HOLMES..... 143
The Old Bachelor's Story (A Short Story).....	MATTIE A. CURL..... 150
The Way of the World (A Short Story).....	DUFF REED..... 157
Across the Street (A Poem).....	M. C..... 158
The Players..... 159
Edith (A Short Story).....	C. H. ROBERTS..... 172
The Stairway of Fate (A Short Story).....	MALINDA CLEAVER FAVILLE..... 182
Tommy Taylor's Ambition (A Short Story).....	AMELIA WOFFORD..... 188
Pearls (A Poem).....	CLIFFORD TREMBLY..... 191
The Helioscope—In Love, (A Short Story).....	N. H. CROWELL..... 192
The Chinook, (A Short Story).....	C. L. ANDREWS..... 196
Editorial Comment..... 198
Publishers' Department..... 204

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WHAT GENERAL MERRITT,

Military Governor of the Philippine Islands, thinks of

The Midland Life of Grant.

Editor Midland Monthly Magazine:

DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of your communication of March 16, but have been too much occupied to attend to it sooner.

I am satisfied that Mr. Emerson's work will be an important contribution to the history connected with General Grant. The testimony of Colonel Grant to the value of Mr. Emerson's work is of great importance.

Very truly yours,

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, N. Y., April 5, 1898.

W. MERRITT,
Major-General United States Army

WHAT COLONEL CONN,

An ex-Confederate soldier, and present owner of Grant's old home, thinks of

The Midland Life of Grant.

Editor Midland Monthly Magazine:

MY DEAR SIR—Permit me to congratulate you on having secured for publication in your magazine so valuable and interesting a history as Col. John W. Emerson's "Grant's Life in the West." Being an ex-Confederate soldier, and the present owner of General Grant's old home near St. Louis, I have taken a lively interest in all that has been said and written about the General, and without hesitation I pronounce Colonel Emerson's story one of the very best that has been presented up to the present time—not only accurate as to details, presenting Grant as he really was, but with such spirit, force and beautiful diction as to render it positively fascinating. It is certainly a work of rare interest and merit—historically and otherwise. Very truly yours,

LUTHER H. CONN.

ST. LOUIS, MO., April 16, 1898.

WHAT COLONEL CADLE,

the Secretary of the Shiloh Battlefield Commission, thinks of it:

S. PITTSBURG LANDING, TENN., April 5, 1898.

Editor The Midland Monthly Magazine:

MY DEAR SIR—I have your letter asking for my opinion of Col. John W. Emerson's "Life of Grant" now current in THE MIDLAND MONTHLY MAGAZINE. It is original in its conception; so far as published it is giving Grant's military career in a style different from the many works of other writers; and it is going further than most of them, in giving personal reminiscences of our hero of the Civil War. Such exploiting of his personal career is the more interesting because we have had full descriptions of his great military operations. As one of the soldiers in Grant's Army of the Tennessee, and more especially as an Iowa soldier, I am glad to make this reply. Yours very truly,

CORNELIUS CADLE.

The valuable testimony of Colonel (now General) Grant, which General Merritt regards as "of great importance," is as follows:

25 E. SIXTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK, NOV. 9, 1897.

Editor The Midland Monthly Magazine:

MY DEAR SIR—I have read with intense interest and pleasure the articles published in THE MIDLAND MONTHLY MAGAZINE entitled "Grant's Life in the West," written by Colonel Emerson. I consider his statements with reference to the private life of my father, and his re-entrance into the army at the commencement of our Civil War, as more accurate than any which have up to this time appeared. I believe that all Colonel Emerson has written will be of great value in the final history of General Grant. With many thanks for your kindness in writing to me, I am, yours very truly,

FREDERICK D. GRANT.

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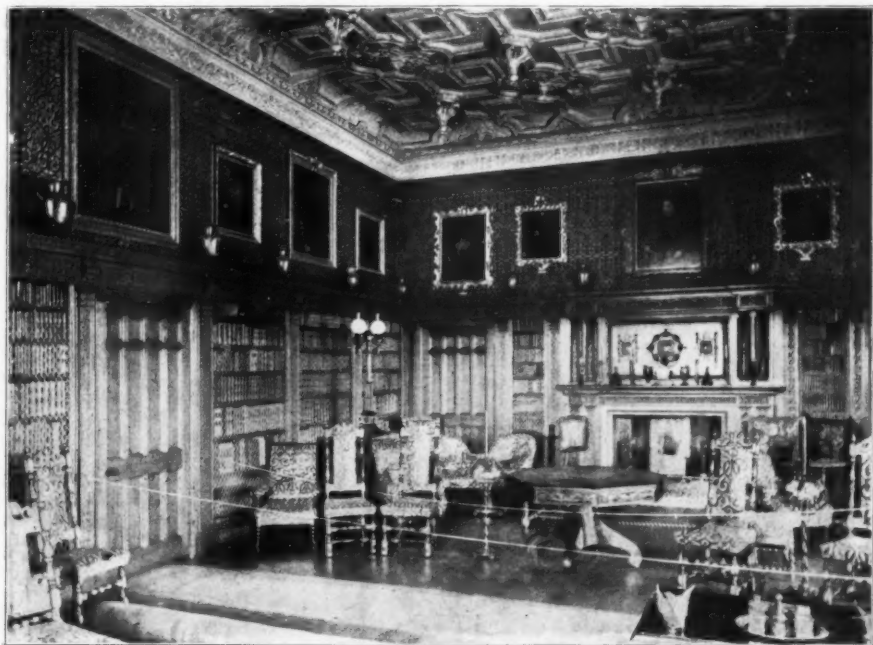
Guide House and front view of Charlcut Hall.

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No. 2



The Library—Charlecote Hall.

A VISIT TO CHARLECOTE HALL.

BY A. D. ABBOTT.

IN that enchanted country which enshrines the English Mecca to which all good American travelers make pilgrimage, there stands an ancient mansion whose connection with that wonderful life of Stratford on Avon is often forgotten or unknown. Like many a book of which we read the first part, then the last, and then the middle, so it was with us in reading that living story of the Bard of Avon.

We had been fellow travelers in remote regions in our own hemishpere, and

had met again, strangely enough, by that very center of interest,—the grave before the altar of the parish church, with its marvellously protecting epitaph.

Some of us had been domiciled at the "Red Horse Inn," made immortal by our own "Geoffrey Crayon" whose sitting room is still the coziest in the place, whose arm chair is preserved behind protecting glass, and whose "sceptre," or poker, is carefully laid away in a covering of the Stars and Stripes.

Others of the party had been ensconced

next door, in that pleasant hostelry the "Golden Lion," called in Shakespeare's time "Ye Peacocke Inn." It had its quaint little tap room and parlor, and among its guests not only those who had come from the daughter land of America, but some from yet farther, Australia, and all with the same impulse of worship at "Avon's Shrine." On the other hand, were some of the ever-present "wheelers" from not far away, who said that some day they "really must come and see the sights"; and we Transatlantic and Trans-

the road, and drive out the men and women of to-day, who seemed like mere interlopers, or only myths, compared to the one whose mortal part lies undisturbed in that quiet village church.

We had paid our devotions to his personality from his cradle to his grave, had stood in the low-browed room where genius had its birth, had with the boy "crept unwillingly to school," in the Guild School had marked where formerly stood his desk, and had seen that treasured as in his old home. On Sunday after-



The Hall—Charlecote Hall.

pacific pilgrims marveled. Truly, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

We looked out of the windows of our room over masses of gay flowers, which filled the window sills and embowered the golden lion which ramped beneath, and on the Saturday night of our arrival the street was so full of life and song, and gay passers-by, that it seemed as though Prince Hal and Falstaff and all the noisy crew must at any moment come down

noon we went with him on that walk across the fields to "Sweet Anne Hathaway's" home, where the poppies and wheat which bordered the pathway had clustered around the feet of those who passed by, and roses grew on the cottage then as now, and Anne plucked them for a beau pot for the table which stood near the *courting seat* in the chimney corner.

And now we were to wander farther afield, through those woods and lanes which lie to the northeast of Stratford,

and through the villages of Teddington and Alveston, each one more picturesque than its neighbor, take them whichever way you will.

Great trees overshadowed the road on one side, and fertile fields of Warwickshire stretched away on the other, with ever beautiful gray church towers rising from the embowering foliage.

At last a massive gateway rose before us, and we waited for the gates to be swung back for our passage through them to Charlecote Hall, the ancestral home of the Lucy family.

Almost immediately the road passed under a magnificent double row of lime trees, the finest we had seen. Between these we caught glimpses of deer browsing, or lying grouped together so closely that their antlers looked like masses of boughs.

Through this sylvan scene the Avon wound to the westward, and as it approached nearer to the mansion it expanded into a lake-like sheet of water, with stately swans floating upon it.

Charlecote Hall is one of the most finished specimens of domestic Tudor architecture, the original part of the house being built in the rough form of the letter E, out of compliment to the Virgin Queen. This is flanked with boldly projecting wings and octagonal angle turrets. The material is red brick, with window dressings of stone, now grayish with age.

In the center of the facade is the elaborate porch which forms the middle part of the E. This porch is two stories high, and is supported by pillars and surmounted by a delicately carved balustrade, and the front is of stone. Over the doorway are the royal arms, with the letters E. R., and on either side are the initials T. L., for Thomas Lucy, who erected the mansion, beginning it in the year 1558, the year of the Elizabethan accession, and finishing in 1559. The Manor, which descended to Thomas Lucy from his ancestors, had formerly borne another name, figuring in the Domesday Book as Crossecote.

Early in the thirteenth century, William de Charlecote, who, with the other barons, had withstood the encroachments of King John, assumed the name of Lucy, and William Lucy became Knight

of the Bath, when Henry VII.'s Queen, Elizabeth, was crowned at Westminster Abbey, and it was his grandson who built the present Charlecote.

The property included Sherborne and Hampton Lucy, the former a grant of Edward VII., the latter of Queen Mary, and through his wife, Joan Acton, Sir William also owned Sutton Park in Worcestershire.

Thomas Lucy was knighted in 1565 and in 1586 became High Sheriff of the neighboring county of Worcestershire. So much for the history of the Lucy family.

We stopped before the beautiful entrance porch, in front of which lay a garden court enclosed by low walls and beyond which was the great park. Here we paid our shillings, and once inside the doorway, we stood in the great hall in which tradition says that the youthful Shakespeare was brought as a prisoner before Sir Thomas Lucy.

That the story is true has been disputed, for, even for the sake of connection with the "immortal William," one would hardly care to have an ancestor figure as Justice Shallow, who is the prototype, it is said, of Sir Thomas Lucy, nor to have appropriated to this same ancestor the biting sarcasm of the great poet.

The great hall, with its magnificent ceiling and imposing fireplace, is, of course, the most interesting place in the house. Beyond a great oak sideboard of 1550, there is little Elizabethan furniture in it, but there is a quaint enough little rocking chair over 200 years old, almost the only one, of any age, which we saw in England. A great bay window occupies all the side of the hall opposite the fireplace which is not taken up by the front door, and in this window stands a magnificent table of mosaic work, which was brought from the Borghese palace, and near this an exquisite alabaster vase with doves perching on its edge; though this is modern. Around the wainscoting are small shields painted with the arms of the different families with whom the Lucys have intermarried, this being the work of the present Mrs. Lucy and her sisters.

The walls are covered with portraits, ancient and modern. A half length sculptured figure of Shakespeare rests on a pedestal, and on the high mantel are busts of the great queen and Sir Thos. Lucy, whose physiognomy is certainly marvellously like the typical conception of Justice Shallow.

Whether it be true or not that the youth of Stratford was here arraigned for a poaching exploit, we choose to

It was a keen revenge which he took, if the lampoon attributed to him be correctly repeated by the old man of ninety who died in 1708:

"A Parliament Member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scarecrow, at London an asse.
If lowsie is Lucy, as some folks miscall it,
Then Lucy is lowsie, whatever befall it.
He thinks himself greate
Yet an asse in his state
We allowed by his ears but with asses to
mate."



Back view of Charlecote Hall.

believe it, as we do all the myths of the middle ages. As we stood there in the great hall, under the Tudor roses which adorn its ceiling, we could fancy that we saw the boyish figure before us, standing there with an expression of mingled defiance and indignation, while the Justice hears the evidence against him, and gives sentence of punishment.

Sir Thomas, being local justice and commissioner of musters for the County of Warwick, was well known in Stratford, and young Shakespeare must often have seen him. Tradition says that the youth soon after this episode, made his way to London, to try his fortune on the stage.

Then came the more subtle revenge of

the creation of the character of Justice Shallow, and the even more pointed allusion in King Henry IV., written in 1599, "the starved justice," and "the old pike," who reviews Falstaff's ragged regiment, where the scene is laid in Gloucestershire. But the connection comes closest in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," written in 1590, where the justice has come from Gloucestershire to Windsor to a Star Chamber meeting, to make poaching a state offense.

Slender also speaks of "a dozen white luces" on an old coat of arms, and the arms of the Charlecote Lucys are described by heralds as "three luces hauriant argent," a luce being the same as the pike, the fish, and three luces or pikes intertwined are seen on all the Lucy monuments in Charlecote Church, and on one of these with quarterings, the three luces appear quartered in each of the four divisions.

The library and dining rooms at Charlecote are modern additions of 1883, over three hundred years later than the original structure, but are very harmonious with the ancient pile, and have ceilings copied from Elizabethan models.

The direct line of the Lucys came to an end in 1600, collateral branches succeeding to the property, and even here the male succession failed, so that the present head of the house assumed the family name when he married into it.

When the custodian heard that we had met some of the Williams family of North Wales he took a personal interest in us, for they had intermarried with the Lucys and brought the Williams' "crossed foxes" to the family arms, and there were wonderful specimens of their needlework covering the library furniture.

Here too, we saw the suite of furniture, couch, chairs and cabinet, of Coromandel wood inlaid with ivory, which tradition says was presented by Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Leicester in 1575, and brought here from Kenilworth in the seventeenth century.

Here in the library also is a choice treasure, the copy of the rare quarto edition of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," published in 1619.

Beyond the library is the state dining

room, also in the Elizabethan style, although a modern room. The view from the great mullioned window is entrancing, first the lovely river and its swans, and beyond these the park, with its spreading trees and groups of deer. In this room there is a superb sideboard, made from oak grown on the estate, and carved with scenes of the chase and its trophies.

The drawing room, from which we looked out upon the flower garden at the front of the house, contains some fine pictures, both old masters and modern, and the staircase which leads to the upper rooms, not shown to visitors, is of genuine old oak.

In one of these upper rooms Queen Elizabeth is said to have slept, in her progress from Kenilworth in 1575, but this seems doubtful, as she would then have been obliged to turn aside much out of her way.

When we left the Hall, we drove through the great gate house, one of the few still remaining in England. It is two stories high, and entirely detached from the manor house. On the lower floor is the arched entrance, closed by ornamental iron gates. In Elizabethan times the porter lived on the ground floor and the upper one formed the banquetting room.

Another gateway, with strange figures surmounting the posts, opened out from the wall surrounding the park, and we found ourselves again in the high road.

A short distance beyond this we passed the "tumbledown stile," where, as tradition tells us, young Shakespeare was apprehended on his return from his deer-slaying expedition.

This stile is so constructed that when a heavy hand is laid on one end of the bars they sink under the weight, while the other ends rise, and the rattle of the bars as they fall back into place when quickly released by the startled culprits leads to their detection, as they did to that of Shakespeare.

From the bridge just beyond this we had our last glimpse of beautiful Charlecote Hall and its surrounding park, with groups of graceful deer.

Passing again through the leafy lanes and peaceful villages, we entered Strat-

ford as we had left it, by way of the old bridge built by Sir Hugh Clopton, in the reign of Henry VII., and which looks as though it would stand as long again.

The "Red Horse" and the "Golden

Lion," those cheerful creatures, welcomed us back again, and our visit to Charlecote was one more added to "the beautiful pictures which hang on memory's wall."

THE FIRST CONTINENTAL CONGRESS OF NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

By HORACE M. BEBOK,

United States Indian Agent, Toledo, Iowa.

IT was a beautiful August morning, when the wheat was in the shock and the big ears of corn were beginning to bend toward the earth with the weight of their own richness, that a delegation of Musk-wakie Indians, otherwise known as the Sac and Fox of Iowa, composed of chief, councilors, women and children, left their

er rather than of the Indians, for to some of them it was like a re-baptism of youth. Soon after we crossed Coon River I observed two of the older members of the delegation, with car seats turned facing each other, intensely engaged in conversation, making eager observations from the car window, and gesticulating as if describing some scene of activity of



Snake Dance of the Sioux.

camp in the central part of Iowa for an uneventful ride of eight hours across the State to join the other representative Indian tribes under the fostering care of the Federal government in a great peace gathering at the Trans-Mississippi exposition at Omaha. I said it was an uneventful ride, but that is true of the writ-

which they had personal knowledge. As we shot through the rough and rolling country beyond the Coon river, they watched every hill and valley with an eagerness that was interesting to the observer and thrilling to themselves. The actors in this scene were On-a-Wat and Pa-Na-Na-

Que, two of the survivors of that powerful nation of aborigines, who, but a little over half a century ago, held sovereign right to the best agricultural state in the Union, but are now content to possess only three thousand acres of their

and the wonder is left with us, what does the Indian think of the civilization of his white brother?

Regardless of how the Indian may answer this question, and what his philosophy of the case may be, the event of the Trans-Mississippi exposition stands conspicuously the most stupendous fact in the history of that magnificent empire lying west of the Mississippi River. Would that the shade of the illustrious Jefferson might have witnessed the significance of the Louisiana purchase! Our text-books have erected mile stones in history on which are inscribed the expedition of Louis and Clarke, the Conquest of Mexico, the wanderings of the Path Finder, the victory of national authority over border warfare, the subjugation of the red man, and the triumph of law and order over frontier ruffianism; but, no event in the history of the great west is so significant as the great Industrial Exposition recently closed in the play grounds of the Omahas. It was the realization of all and more than Jefferson hoped for. It surpassed the wildest dream of the



Muskaki Youths, Dressed for a Dance.

former domain. I wondered at the cause of their interest, at their eagerness. Presently On-a-Wat beckoned me to a seat beside him and in broken English volunteered the explanation.

"Thirty-seven years ago we kill em deer here. There (pointing out a spot at the foot of a large hill and by the side of a brook), my wick-i-up. Me, Wa-Pellu-Ka, Pa-Na-Na-Que, John Allen, kill deer. Some days one, some days five, kill em. Sometimes not kill em any. Ride all over here, pony. No fences, no timber, Coon River to Missouri. Thirty-seven years ago me camp here, kill deer, eat em. White man now corn all over; no deer, no more creek, just slough. Indian show white man raise corn; white man take land, raise corn all over."

With these reflections on his observations, the Indian drew his blanket up around him and the conversation ceased,



Big Brave, present Chief of Blackfeet Indians, as he appeared at Omaha in September, 1898.

Pathfinder or the pioneer. It was the most stupendous fact in the history of the people of varied language, customs, color and blood, who inhabit this vast domain. It was almost as marvelous to the pale face as to the native of the plains.

One of the most befitting and timely conceptions of the Exposition was the Congress of American Indians. This is the territory of the scenes of his hostile activity. On these western plains and in these valleys he has fought his last

nated by another race. When peace came to him and the nation, it settled upon the tents of hitherto hostile tribes of his own race. What is more befitting than that this era of universal peace between the different Indian tribes, and between the Indian race and the nation, should have been immortalized at a great peace gathering at Omaha, where the arts and industries of that peace which has settled over the vast empire lying between the Mississippi river and the ocean on the west, were spread before him, and



A Snap Shot of the Parade on Indian Day, August 4, 1898.

battle in the contest with a superior race for the survival of the fittest. Here he has made his last but hopeless stand, impelled by the intuitive law of self-preservation, for the survival of his race and racial traditions, customs, laws, and religion. Here he has been vanquished in the unequal contest for the sovereignty of the land over which he roamed and the soil from which he gathered his sustenance, and here he has been compelled to swear an eternal and perpetual peace as a subject or citizen of a nation domi-

he was told to look, to behold the engines of his destruction, the weapons which spread desolation among his people! It was the very irony of fate, and yet it was good. It was a continental drama wherein the children of nature came back to pitch their tents and sing a new song by the waters of the Missouri, on whose banks their fathers wept the bitter tears of desolation. The journey was a melancholy pilgrimage to the dispossessed heirs of these rolling plains and rich valleys, over which they passed to

join the Omahas in the playground of their youth, but in this panorama to which they came, they saw the only salvation which will prevent the extinction of their race—the arts and industries of civilized life.



Goes-To-War, Chief of the Sioux.

Whatever may have been the motives of the original projectors of this scheme, the Indian Bureau at Washington had the loftiest purposes in co-operating with the exposition officials in promoting this assemblage of Indian tribes. The gate receipts may have appealed to some, while others were interested in the opportunity offered for a comparative study of the ethnology of different tribes. To a superficial view, the affair seemed like a great wild west show, while there was a certain class of sentimentalists and hair-point philosophers, who know all about Indians and "solving the Indian problem" according to their own fine spun theories woven by the firesides a thousand miles from the smoke of the nearest tepee, who utterly abhorred the folly and stupidity of Congress and the Indian Department for more than wasting forty

thousand dollars in encouraging these miserable barbarians in their heathenish customs of paint, feathers and dog. But we leave the gate-keeper, the student, the curiosity seeker and the sentimentalist to themselves, and pass to the Congress which needs no defence when rightly comprehended and understood.

Our company arrived at the congress about 5 o'clock that afternoon and was the fifth delegation on the ground, several tribes of the Sioux and the Assiniboines having preceded us. As we passed through the gates, these representatives of the Foxes who had emerged northward from Rhode Island before King Phillip's war, and had fought their last battle with their own race against the Sioux within the memory of some of the old men of the tribes, not far from their present village in central Iowa, beheld the kin of their ancient foe for the first time since they had been taught the stories of the treachery and cruelty of those pioneer days by the warriors of a generation ago, and they stalked by them with a stoicism



Push-E-To-Neke-Qua, Chief of the Sacs and Foxes Iowa, otherwise known as the Muskiewaki, and Joseph Tesson, Interpreter.

which disregards fate. What traditions, what legends, what emotions of wonder, pleasure and fear, concealed beneath features of bronze and breast of steel must have passed over and through these monarchs of the plains, as they thus looked upon each other. The Sioux had entered heartily into the spirit of the gathering. The last to make war against the government, they were the first and most generous in hospitality. Scarcely had the Foxes reported to headquarters when they were waited upon by a delegation of the Sioux, who took them by the hand

from ten to fifteen men and women would take a position near the entrance gate, and, as the visitors approached, would chant a weird song of welcome. The sincerity and beautiful sentiment of this ceremony gave lyric harmony and sweet accord to barbaric notes almost attune to the most inspiring strains of our sacred and national songs, and dull indeed must have been the pale face who witnessed these events of fraternal greeting between tribes of the Indian race, and failed to comprehend one great purpose of the gathering—peace, friendship, fraternity,



Wick-i-ups as built by Chippewas in Minnesota, Foxes in Iowa, and Sauks in Oklahoma, for winter quarters.

and in pantomime of sign language bade them welcome to their camp fires and tepees. This ceremony was keenly observed and immediately imitated by the other tribes on the ground, and from the first, continued to be one of the most charming features of the encampment. These social calls are invariably returned in much less than the allotted time required in elite society. On several occasions the welcome was made more stately and ceremonious, the hospitable Sioux always leading. On these occasions a band of

love. Forty thousand dollars wasted! A gathering like this a quarter of a century ago would have saved the nation millions, and have blessed the Indian race.

One incident alone, occurred to mar this unbroken record for the exchange of friendly greeting. The Chippewas and Sioux have been deadly foes since the interests of their ancestors first clashed for possession of the forests and plains along the headwaters of the Mississippi. The Chippewa travels in a canoe, the Sioux skims the prairie on a pony; the Chip-

pewa builds his wick-i-up from bark, the Sioux stretches hides over the poles of his wigwam, and each despises the other and his mode of life. The question had been raised more than once during the first two days of the encampment, what will the Sioux do when the Chippewas come? As it happened, the Chippewas arrived in camp at night and the Sioux were not put to a test as the Chippewas entered the grounds. The next morning the Sioux went about the grounds apparently indifferent to the presence of their ancient and traditional foes. The noon hour passed and preparations were beginning for the Indian parade. Standing by a friend near the Sioux lodge, I observed three of the Sioux braves in feathers, paint, and all the paraphernalia characteristic of state occasions, advance toward the lodges of the Chippewas, and my friend and I moved in that direction to observe the greeting. The Sioux advanced to within about fifty feet of the wick-i-up of the Chippewas, and there they stood, erect, dignified and grave. No sign was given, not even a movement of the head. No statuary was ever less inanimate. Several of the Chippewas were about the opening of their wick-i-up, and one was moving about on the outside within thirty feet from where the Sioux stood. No sign of recognition, no invitation sent out from the Chippewas. After pausing for a few moments, which to the observer seemed a long period of suspense, the Sioux turned on their heels and retraced their steps. The whole affair was serious, stately and impressive, but what did it mean? Did the Sioux cherish an enmity toward the Chippewas which was unforgiven, or, did they receive a slight at the hands of the Chippewas? Whatever the conjecture may be, the Chippewas did not enter into the spirit of the congress as heartily as most of the other tribes, and it is a curious coincidence that but a few weeks ago a band from this nation engaged in open hostilities with the United States troops in northern Minnesota.

There were in the encampment seventy-five tepees, wigwams and wick-i-ups, occupied by nearly six hundred Indians from thirty-five tribes. The Sioux led in representation, having more than one

hundred delegates present from the different agencies at Pine Ridge, Lower Brule, Fort Peck, Flandreau, Santee and Cheyenne River. The Omahas enjoyed the distinction of having transferred the land upon which this exposition was held to the United States in 1854, and they were well represented. The Winnebagoes from Nebraska, the Foxes from Iowa, the Chippewas from Minnesota, the Assinaboines, Blackfeet, Cheyennes and Flat Heads from Montana, the Arapahoes from Wyoming, the Zuni, Moqui, Navajos, San Carlos Apaches, Jucarilla Apaches, and Pueblos from Arizona and New Mexico, the Comanches, Cherokees, Crows, Creeks, Seminoles, Poncas, and Sauks from Oklahoma and the Indian Territory, were among the tribes represented.

What was the Indian Congress? Some crudities there were who stumbled at the name, and professed to think that it carried with it too much pretense and dignity. Neither Congress nor the Indian Bureau, nor the Bureau of Ethnology, was responsible for the popular failure to comprehend the character, purpose, and scope of this encampment of Indian tribes.

I was met on the afternoon of Indian Day by a prominent lady of Omaha, who was officially connected with the exposition and she asked, "What is the programme at the Congress this afternoon. Will there be any addresses or papers?" Her mistake was a popular one, and yet I do not see any particular reason why history shall not record this as the First Continental Congress of North American Indians. True, there was here no vast auditorium in which took place learned discussions on dynamics, didactics, economics, and religion in the manner of the white race, but here, in the open auditorium of nature, under the star-lit dome of a western sky, these heroes of the plains, these survivors of a thousand battle-fields, in which they contested with each other, or, against the aggressions of the whites, met in the first assembly of the kind known to recorded history, and what motions were made, and what resolutions passed, when gathered around their camp fires, will remain a matter of conjecture. But civilization

will not suffer from this gathering. Who has read or heard the tradition of one Indian tribe joining with another in a peaceful conclave, save for the protection of the waning fortunes of both? In this assemblage were gathered the descendants of warring tribes who have transmitted from generation to generation the animosities engendered through hundreds of years of fierce conflict for the dominion of the plains, and here these animosities were brought from the four quarters of the continent and buried in one open grave, covered o'er with the ashes of peace from the curling smoke of the teepees of nearly fifty tribes.

It is ninety-five years since Jefferson purchased Louisiana, and it remained for these closing days of the century to witness the most eventful gathering in the history of this race, foreign to our institutions, but native to our soil.

In coming to the exposition, many of the Indians crossed the great agricultural plateau between their native haunts and the Missouri river for the first time in their lives. The mere trip was a revelation to them. It aroused their dormant

minds to the vastness of the resources of the States through which they passed, and to an appreciation of the magnitude of the nation. As a lesson in geography, it was worth half the cost; as a day at school, it will prove cheap tuition; as a



Assiniboina Brave in War Bonnet.



Typical San Carlos Apaches—Blanket of their own weave over wigwam.

disseminator of peace and friendship, its rewards cannot be weighed in pounds of gold and silver. It was not an industrial and school exhibit, but the very antipode of it. The official instruction to agents stated the purpose of the encampment to be an extensive exhibit illustrative of the mode of life, native industries, and ethnic traits of as many of the aboriginal American tribes as possible, living in family groups in their native teepees, wigwams, or wick-i-ups, and conducting their domestic affairs in the same primitive manner as they do at home. This instruction sought to bring out representatives of the most primitive and unprogressive bands of the different tribes, and was only comparatively successful in this respect. In the beginning, agents frequently met with strong opposition from the very Indians

they desired most to send to Omaha; and the invitation of the government in some cases was spurned, and a more progressive band had to be accepted. After a brief introduction to the white city, our friends proved apt pupils, and were generally attentive to the lessons set before them. An Indian coming to the exposition from the plains did not differ much in his astonishment from a country youth hurled for the first time into the heart of a great city. All

him that he was no inconsiderable part of the cosmopolitan panorama of life here thrown against the western landscape, and he broke through the stoicism of the camp and laughed at the clown with other folks. The strangeness of the place was well worn off by the first trip through the grounds in company with some of the Congress officials, and after that the requests for individual and group passes were numerous. But the Midway, while always attractive to the Indian, as to his



Summer Lodge of Pa-She-Pa-Ho, leader of one of the most unprogressive bands of Sauks in Oklahoma. This style of summer house is also characteristic of the Foxes in Iowa.

was wonder and amazement; he was nervous and active, and eager to see what lay beyond. After the tepee had been pitched, the rations issued, and the evening meal cooked over the open fire, the weary traveler was refreshed and ready for a stroll up Midway into the main exposition grounds, to catch a passing glimpse of the wonders of the place to which he had been invited as the guest of the Great Father.

One evening on Midway convinced

more intelligent and self-conceited white brother, was not the only source of pleasure and interest to him. Day after day, small groups of men and women could be seen, usually in the beginning accompanied by an interpreter, passing slowly through the main buildings of the exposition, and making careful observations of the exhibits. The government, transportation, manufacturers, and horticultural buildings formed the centers of interest about which they delighted to gath-

er, and who will prescribe the object lessons they were here learning? Here they contrasted the arrow, war club, and tomahawk with Uncle Sam's modern rifles, Gatling guns and dynamite mines, and the great war vessels with their little canoes—the only means ever invented by the genius of their race for meeting the enemy on lake or river, and the conclusions of such observations can be safely left with the Indian mind. Here they saw in wagons, carriages, and railroad coaches, the finest and best solutions of the transportation problem which has driven them from river to plain and from plain to river until their hunting grounds are only tales for the fireside. The looms of the Yankee were marvels to the Navajos and Apaches who have fancied that they hold the secret to this important industry in the weaving of their well famed blankets. The grapes, oranges, peaches, apples, and other fruits and vegetables from the great south and southwest country caused the Indian to wonder why it is that he, in the same semi-tropical clime and possessed of the same productive soil, does not produce the same luscious fruits, so palatable to his taste and so pleasing to his eye. And likewise his observations were extended to every department of the exposition. The Indian was learning new lessons, making new observations, getting new ideas, and reaching new conclusions to fit him for the new part he is destined to play in the events of the twentieth century. Just what his impressions were when he bade his brethren from the south, north and west farewell, and passed out of the gates of the White City to bear the message of civilization to his people, must remain the secret of his breast; for, while he is appreciative of facts, he is not enthusiastic in acknowledging them, but the observer discovered that he was deeply engrossed in the evidences of peace and industry with which he was surrounded, and thus the second purpose of the Indian Congress was fully realized.

But there was a third lesson gathered from this assemblage of Indian tribes. Here the American people had an opportunity to comprehend the character and scope of the task daily set before the Indian Bureau. Few people aside from

employees of the Department, Congressmen and Senators, have a just appreciation of this branch of the Federal Government, and many entertain erroneous notions that the "Indian Problem" will solve itself by the gradual extinction of the race. There is no good reason to believe that the Indian population of the United States is less to-day than when Father Marquette established his first mission in the northwest. Our Indian population at the close of the fiscal year 1897, exclusive of Indians in Alaska, was 248,813, an increase of several hundred during the year. The Indian Bureau disbursed during that year an aggregate of \$7,189,496.79, and the appropriation for 1898 was \$7,431,620.89. Of this amount \$2,631,771.35 was expended for educational purposes. With this sum the government is operating 226 boarding, day, and mission schools, with an enrollment of 22,964 children. The Indian school service employs 1,774 persons, of whom 37 per cent are Indians, and the representation of Indian employees is annually increasing. In 1877 the average daily attendance in the government schools was 3,598 children; in 1897, 10,520; in 1898, 18,676. Less than one-fourth of the school attendance is at non-reservation schools, such as Carlisle, the total attendance at the 23 such schools in 1897 being 4,787. The Indians own 82,770,335 acres of land, or a territory as large as all the States of New England, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and enough to make another State as large as Rhode Island. In 1897 they raised 788,192 bushels of wheat, 805,466 bushels of barley and oats, 1,123,260 bushels of corn, and nearly a million bushels of other grain, and of live stock owned 368,286 horses, mules and burros, 231,491 head of cattle, 44,650 swine, 1,041,255 sheep, 256,394 goats, and 201,910 domestic fowls. The value of the products of Indian labor sold by the Indians in 1897, aggregated \$1,031,047. Besides their wealth in lands and personal property, our Indians have invested in trust funds with the United States, \$32,930,183, which bears an annual interest of from 4 to 5 per cent. The Osage is the wealthiest tribe, and is said to be the

richest community on the face of the earth. The Osages number 1,729 persons, men, women and children, and of their population 870 are mixed bloods. The tribe owns 1,500,000 acres of land, or 876 acres per capita, and has a trust fund of \$8,250,278, held by the Federal

Government. These generalizations give some idea of the character and present magnitude of the work of the Indian Bureau, and in impressing this important lesson on the country, the third purpose of the First Continental Congress of the North American Indians was realized.

QUEEN LOUISE OF PRUSSIA AND HER POSTHUMOUS PORTRAIT.

By COUNTESS DE MONTAIGU.

THE history of this lovely and unfortunate queen is one of strange vicissitudes, a life replete with joy and sorrow, of mingled sunshine and shadow. The role she played in the drama of European politics was a scarcely less important one than that of the indomitable Maria Theresa, or her ill-starred daughter Marie Antoinette. She possessed the characteristics of both.

When Frederick William, then Crown Prince of Prussia, first beheld the youthful princess, she was in the full flower of her charming womanhood. The royal suitor fell a sudden victim to her charms, and exclaimed in the words of Schiller, " 'tis she or none other." Everything was propitious and the noble pair were united, the Prince afterwards reigning as Frederick William, III.

The exquisite beauty of the princess struck all beholders, and this fascinating woman preserved her charms intact to the day of her death.

In the early stages of her wedded happiness, and before she stood "in the fierce white light that beats upon a throne," there was no premonition that this sweet-faced retiring young person was destined to become such a conspicuous factor in the struggle between France and Prussia. Napoleon with the fever of conquest in his veins, determined to vanquish Prussia. He had heard much of the queen's espousal of her country's cause and believed that it was she who incited the troops to a stubborn resistance.

From the rumors afloat, Napoleon came to regard his exquisite enemy as a

wild-eyed Cassandra, brandishing the lurid torch of war, or as a modern Helen, whose fatal beauty lured her subjects to destruction.

Napoleon, who had seen the portrait of Queen Louise, believed that she was endowed with beauty alone, and remarked that she was "a person with a pretty enough face but scanty intelligence." How little the smiling countenance divulged! Her will was dominant, and the rather vacillating Frederick William III was almost entirely guided by the counsels of his beloved and patriotic consort.

The King-maker, after meeting his charming adversary, revoked his opinion and was willing to acknowledge her intellectual supremacy as well as her personal charms. He said: "I knew that I should see a beautiful queen of dignified manners, but I found her the most admirable queen and the most interesting woman I have ever met."

Had it not been for the sneers of the cold-blooded and crafty Talleyrand, the Man of Destiny might perhaps have been softened by the tears and prayers of the fair suppliant, and relinquished the subjugated territory of Magdeburg, once the stronghold of the kingdom. When on the verge of yielding to the queen's persuasive eloquence, the wily diplomat rallied his master upon his weakness, saying, "Sire, shall posterity say that you threw away your conquest for the sake of a woman?"

Napoleon shook off his momentary weakness, and exclaimed with vehemence. "No! Magdeburg is worth a hundred



Posthumous Portrait of Queen Louise, by Richter.

queen's." The victorious commander-in-chief, however, in spite of his refusal to grant his fair opponent's request, remained ever the devoted admirer of Prussia's lovely queen. As for Frederick William III, he adored his wife and even in death

Her neck is encircled with ropes of pearls; they were her favorite gem. She said sadly: "Yes, I love pearls; they mean tears, and I have shed many." This heroic woman sacrificed her jewels to meet the emergencies of war, but she always clung fondly to her strings of pure white pearls.

The much admired marble group representing Louise and one of her pretty sisters is by the illustrious sculptor, Schadow, and is a rare work of art. The swelling in the queen's throat, which later on amounted to a disfigurement, was just beginning to be apparent.

In order to conceal this defect, the artist conceived the happy idea of winding a length of gauze about his royal sitter's head and neck. The arrangement of this diaphanous floating drapery was so much admired, that the fashion was adopted by the ladies of the court.



Study of Queen Louise.

she was his inspiration. He always wore her miniature about his neck.

There has never been a sovereign who has left so many counterfeit presentiments of herself behind her as the fascinating Louise, so beloved by her subjects. Portraits and statues of her by the most renowned painters and sculptors arrest the strangers' attention in the Berlin, the Hohenzollern, the Cologne and other royal picture galleries and museums. The queen loved to lay aside the cares of state and was rarely painted with the insignia of royalty.

The portrait by the German artist, Hader, is an exception. In this the queen's classic countenance wears the severity of that of a Roman matron, while her head is weighted with a massive begemmed crown. In other pictures she wears a slender golden coronet, in the center of which scintillates a jeweled star.



Portrait of Queen Louise by E. Hader, 1770.

The magnificent mausoleum of purest white marble at Charlottenburg is a splendid piece of sculpture, and is dedicated to the memory of Prussia's lovely queen. It was executed by Rauch. This

tomb is the mecca for pilgrims from many lands.

Among the numerous portraits of the queen, that best known to art lovers, and by the world in general, is the celebrated one where Louise, clad in a flowing empire gown of white, is descending a flight of stairs. The face, as will be observed, is of a different type from that of the earlier portraits, and is in reality a pos-



Queen Louise and the Crown Prince, Frederick William IV

thumous painting. It is by that eminent artist, Gustav Richter, and was executed in 1879.

The queen's death occurred in 1810. The fact that she did not sit for this picture is but little known, and the Prussians themselves are not over fond of acknowledging the truth of the statement.

To the world it is the portrait of Queen Louise and none other.

A romantic story is connected with the painting of this picture, the face itself being that of a pretty young woman, the Fraulein von Seidler.

The son of Queen Louise, Frederick William IV, was once sojourning at Weisbaden, and like all visitors at the famous German Spa, went every morning to drink the healing waters. One day he encountered an exquisitely lovely young girl, and was struck with the resemblance to his mother. The gallant king asked for and received an introduction, and in the course of conversation, remarked upon the likeness. The girl blushed and replied that she had been told of the resemblance before. The king after several meetings begged her to sit to Richter for an idealized portrait of Queen Louise. The fair model was pictured with the historic scarf enswathing her head and throat, and a gown of the Napoleonic period. The result was the exquisite painting shown everywhere as that of Queen Louise.

On beholding the canvas, the king exclaimed, "How exquisitely lovely," and then in a tone of disappointment, "but it is not my mother."

The fact that a sweet-faced German maiden posed as the model for the head was promptly suppressed, so that the angelic countenance of Fraulein von Seidler will go down to posterity as that of one of the loveliest, and most unfortunate queens of history.

Fraulein von Seidler was greatly admired in her youth, and it is said, was betrothed to a young Prussian officer. Something intervened to prevent the nuptials and the Fraulein rejected all other suitors. The lady is now a middle-aged, placid faced woman, in whom strangers would be slow to recognize the original of Gustav Richter's beautiful Queen Louise.

TRUSTFULNESS.

At peace with all the world her soul looks down
From far, calm heights of bliss,
All doubt dispelled and happiness compelled
By just one loving kiss.

—Douglas Malloch.

THE ASTEROIDS VISIT THE PLANETS.

A MISSISSIPPI SKETCH BY A MISSISSIPPIAN.*

THE solar system with its central orb, planets, asteroids, satellites, comets and meteoric stones, is not without its correspondence in the social world. The sun in society may vary according to city or nation, from a king or president to any acknowledged leader on thick carpets and under glittering chandeliers; but the planetary bodies revolve about them nevertheless, and are in turn accompanied by their satellites which move in still smaller circles.

All the heavenly bodies transformed into human beings could be seen in the district of country between General Saturn's Mansion and the town of Medfield, which lay ten miles distant under the horizon, a faint white glimmering spot by day and a short line of twinklings by night. In this paper we have not time to speak of sums, satellites, comets and meteors, but will only deal with the asteroids.

There were neighbors of General Saturn who had one "place" as it was called in the South in ante bellum days, and who owned from forty to sixty slaves; but it was evident to any observer that they could not move in the social plane with the General, and other families like his, whose plantations went into the plural number, and whose slaves were counted by hundreds. They were good people, "most excellent people," as the General himself repeatedly said—but, they were asteroids.

There were more highly distinguished neighbors who were planets, and mind you, of the larger size. They were not Mercuries, almost out of sight, nor Mars just six or eight thousand dollars in commercial diameter; but they were of the higher order of planets, with rings, belts, satellites, white and black, and a million dollars through and through, and nothing

thought of it. There, for instance, were Judge and Mrs. Uranus, ex-Governor Jupiter and his wife, Colonel and Mrs. Neptune, and a number of others. Every one of these families owned from two to five plantations and from four hundred to twelve hundred slaves.

It was granted, however, among the planets that General Saturn sometimes departed from his orbit and acted as if he was a Sun; but this was only noticeable when he had taken a few glasses of sherry or a couple of mint juleps, and got to talking about the Mexican war. But these unusual demands that everything revolve about him, were only occasional, and after a few hours the General would return to his orbit and be content with five belts and seven moons.

The Asteroids, Mr. and Mrs. Vesta, Mr. and Mrs. Pallas, Mr. and Mrs. Ceres, and Squire Juno and his wife, not only saw these weighty and solemn differences but felt them, and sometimes most keenly. They had farms of from one hundred to three hundred acres under cultivation, but the General had five thousand. Mrs. Vesta drove to town and church in a one-horse double seated buggy that was fairly loaded down with children; and Mr. and Mrs. Pallas had a plain carryall drawn by two mules, whose manes and tails were garnished with a superabundance of cockleburs.

Over against this the General had several single turnouts as well as an open and a closed carriage. These last two were drawn by a pair of high stepping bays and an equally handsome couple of glossy blacks, respectively, who, when they came down the road with the family equipage rolling smoothly after them, did so with arched necks while flinging on their shining skins specks of white foam that came not from weariness, but from a haughty champing of the bit. They also made as they trotted sedately on, a curious jug-jug-jug sound, which ordinary horses do not make. It seemed to be an

*Ed. Note.—This is the first of a series of Mississippi Stories by a Mississippian, one of which will appear in each issue of THE MIDLAND.

abdominal language belonging only to high-bred and high-fed horses, as gout is the exclusive property of the rich, white toe ache belongs to the common people.

Here, then, are seen some of the great stellar spaces existing between people in the same county, and who are all moving on toward the unseen and unknown of another existence.

Pallas had been chosen by the Whig convention of the county to run for the legislature, it led by various mental processes to an invitation from the General and his wife to Mr. Pallas and his wife to dine with them and bring their family. The invitation was accepted with considerable elation, and the matter was carelessly mentioned, both by Mr. and Mrs. Pallas to the Vestas, Ceres and Junos.



'Cindy and Gabriella.

Nevertheless, astronomers tell us that orbits have been known to cross in the blue realms above. The same thing takes place far more frequently in the green fields below. It happened in the case before us.

When General Saturn heard that Mr.

We have no time to speak of the mixed effect that this information, given with such studied indifference had upon these worthy Asteroids.

The "family," strictly speaking, consisted of Gabriella, a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired miss of two years, the only child

of Mr. and Mrs. Pallas. Gabriella, however, had a colored nurse, aged twelve, black as coal, and called Lucinda, which name had been abbreviated to 'Cindy. The main duty of 'Cindy was to "amuse Gabriella," and "keep Gabriella from crying." It seemed a simple task, but it kept 'Cindy lean; while her lugging and packing of the solid Gabriella around, had evidently cheated her out of several inches of stature. It was a spectacle to see 'Cindy respecting laws of gravity of which she knew nothing in the way she carried the heavy child. With over thirty pounds on her left arm, to keep from toppling over she had to bend to the right so that the two standing or walking off, looked like the letter Y. There was one base but two divergent columns, and as Gabriella had a great way of leaning very much to the left, especially when she was mad, this caused 'Cindy to incline still more to the right and the Y was unmistakable. To bring the "family" then, was to take Gabriella, and for that young lady to go, meant that 'Cindy had to go to amuse Gabriella.

Still another indirect member of the household was Zeke, a name easily recognized as a corruption of Ezekiel. This individual was a small, dried up man, of about forty, whom Mr. Pallas had purchased in South Carolina. Having no relatives in the quarters among the other darkies, he had naturally gravitated to the house, and at last was taken from the cotton field altogether, by Mr. Pallas, and installed as a kind of general factotum, to weed the garden, cut the wood, slop the cows, attend to the stable and drive the carryall to town during the week, and twice a month to the church, which was located in a small village several miles away. To go to General Saturn's dining, then, meant that Zeke also had to be included in the party as the driver of the carryall.

When the eventful hour arrived for departure, Zeke appeared arrayed in blue cottonade pants, and a rusty looking stovepipe hat and long tail coat, given him by the circuit preacher, who had been presented with a new suit by Mr. Pallas.

'Cindy was not less gorgeous, with a flaming calico dress and a blue cotton

handkerchief, worn turbanlike on her head. Mrs. Pallas had trusted the girls mother to array her, and at the last moment she came running breathlessly to the carryall, preeminently satisfied with her appearance. Mrs. Pallas' heart misgave her at the vivid contrast of colors, and thinking to improve matters, had the girl change the turban and wear a sober-looking bonnet. The removal of the handkerchief revealed a most artistic dressing of the head, by the same motherly hands, which threw the turban entirely in the shade. The kinky hair had been gathered up in little fingerlike projections all over the skull, each one being encircled with red or white strings to keep them in shape. Between the turban on the one hand, and the knot and string adorned head on the other, it was hard to decide; it was six one way and half dozen the other, so Mrs. Pallas was in a quandary.

But this was not all the adorning of the day. Not to speak of Mr. Pallas' high color and, large, flashy necktie, and Mrs. Pallas' state dress redolent of camphor, the carryall had been rubbed up, while the mules, Pete and Dan, not only had had all the cockleburrs removed, but their manes had been roached and tails trimmed close, leaving a bunch of hair at the end resembling a paint brush. Off at last they went. All the negroes who were not in the fields stood gazing at them most admiringly, while the half dozen hounds who dozed and snapped flies or played a tattoo on the front gallery floor, with their hind legs, scratching fleas, tore after them with resounding howls, only to be ordered back at the lane gate by Zeke, who, with whip and loud exclamation made them return in a hurry.

The five miles intervening between the farm and the mansion, was covered in a little over an hour. The large stone and iron gate opening into the great circular avenue that swept up to and in front of the stately house of the General, came in sight, and from that moment and for several hours afterwards, Mr. and Mrs. Pallas began to make astronomical discoveries which bore upon the nature and difference between planets and asteroids, and especially in regard to their orbits.

They began to feel the dissimilarity the instant they drove through the stone gate under the sweeping boughs of the old oaks, got a sight of the statuary on the lawn, and drew near the majestic pillars of the front veranda. They realized even then that they would have felt more comfortable at home, where a sorghum mill was a leading feature of the landscape on one hand and a line of haystacks on the other.

The mules, themselves, showed evident uneasiness, and in spite of their improved appearance, did not look to be as much in harmony with the well trimmed hedges and gleaming white statuary as deer in a park. They showed unmistakably by their raised and inquiring ears that they were surprised and suspicious,—when suddenly at the sight of a marble statue in a green recess with hand extended, Pete snorted, swerved and broke a trace, while Dan got scared at the negro butler in a pigeon tail coat and patent leather shoes, who came down the stone steps to open the door of the carryall. At this Mr. and Mrs. Pallas were filled with mortification and trepidation.

In the asteroid realm it is the custom for the family to meet the guest on the porch with cordial greetings and loud welcomes. In the planetary orbits this is not done, but there are long waitings at the door, if the visitor comes on foot; or if in a vehicle, a servant appears with great stiffness and stateliness while the family are completely out of sight.

Mr. Pallas was also accustomed, when visiting, some of his neighbors, to being treated to a simultaneous yell from a half dozen dogs, who had been slumbering on the porch; but here nothing of the kind took place. A dignified Newfoundland was standing silently under the trees as if meditating whether he could afford to come to the house and meet people who drove such a rig and were drawn by mules.

In the hall two other servants met their visitors and escorted them up stairs to different apartments. In a short while they were summoned to meet the family in the parlor below. The greetings were scarcely over when Lucinda bearing little Miss Gabriella Pallas in her arms, walked into one of the great mirrows, which rest-

ing on a low marble pedestal, reached almost to the ceiling. There was a prompt and great outcry from Gabriella, a "Laws-a-mussy" from Lucinda, and a rush of both families to the place where the crash was heard. Fortunately, neither the mirror nor the baby's head was broken, but the daughter of the Pallas' wailed a long time over her bruise and Lucinda, from that moment, as she passed in and out of the room, gave all the mirrors a wide berth of not less than a dozen feet. She even manifested some hesitation about going through an open door, after that, believing that her eyes again deceived her, and it was only another mirror.

The General was polite and his wife and daughters quite affable and entertaining as well; but the dinner hour at Moss-Side was at three o'clock, while Mr. Pallas was accustomed to eat at about noon. He felt his head getting faint; he had a constant disposition to yawn, and finally fell into low spirited views of politics, the state of the country, the crops and everything. He had about concluded that they had arrived too late for dinner, and the next meal would be supper, three or four hours off, when the folding doors suddenly opened, and the table glistening with china, cut glass and silver, appeared to view. He was requested to take Mrs. Saturn out, while the General offered his arms to Mrs. Pallas. The two daughters came together, while Gabriella was retired howling, to the back yard, from which place of sequestration her screams could be heard for fully ten minutes to the obvious nervousness and distress of Mrs. Pallas.

Everything went wrong with the Pallas family that day. They did not understand the planetary orbit, so crashed into and collided with these bodies with remarkable regularity. Mr. Pallas was accustomed to seasoning his soup highly with tomato ketchup, walnut sauce, pepper, vinegar, etc., but here he looked in vain on the table for anything like condiments. When it came to the end of the fish course, he held tightly to his knife and fork, not comprehending the waiters' persistence in having them. Mrs. Pallas overturned a goblet of water on the table cloth, and the General's daughter, Mi-

riam, promptly did the same. It was very thoughtfully and considerably done, but Mrs. Pallas had a vague feeling that it was to spare her. The General marking it all, said, with a smile:

"I believe you ladies have been visiting the decanters on the sideboard, while we gentlemen were in the library." This led to an animated protest on the part of Miss Miriam, which was prolonged for a couple of minutes as a covering for Mrs. Pallas' possible embarrassment.

"De geese sah, dun took after Miss Gabriella, sah."

It seemed that these birds of the barn yard became much attracted by 'Cindy's radiant costume as she was lugging Gabriella about, and two or three dozen promptly surrounded her, and with elongated necks and loud hisses, not only alarmed 'Cindy, but brought the young daughter of the house of Pallas to screams of despair.

After this episode the dinner went on



Whoa, mule !

They were hardly in the middle of the next course, when a shriek from Gabriella was heard from the back yard, followed by a general outcry and then a burst of laughter from African throats. One of the servants was promptly dispatched to see what was the matter and returned in a few minutes, with his waiter held over the lower part of his face to conceal the working muscles, and with the dignified air, which was the atmosphere of the Faulkner mansion, he delivered himself as follows:

its stately way for another hour. Mr. Pallas gave hard unnatural laughs in the wrong place, during the General's anecdotes; and interrupted him in one of his stories, or rather, tried and failed, for the General, according to his custom went serenely and obliviously on, to the end. Unfortunately Mr. Pallas had laughed all his laughs out, and when the donouement came his lower facial muscles had a stiff frozen feeling, and utterly refused to act at all. So the prospective member of the legislature felt himself steadily

sinking in a bottomless quicksand of mental wretchedness.

If there was anything that Mr. Pallas felt sure of, it was the proper use of the fingerbowl. He had heard ludicrous stories concerning the mistakes made by the uninitiated with this, to them, superfluous piece of glassware, that had been an education in itself; so he felt specially strong here. Hence it was with a composed heart, and an inward smile of triumph that he looked down at the pale green crystal vessel set before him by the waiter. And yet, alas! while he dipped his fingers in daintily and properly, he failed to dry them on his napkin, but took the delicate little square of mesh work on which the bowl rested, and reduced the charming nothing to the shape of a wet ball in five seconds. A glance around the table showed him that no one else had done this, not even his wife.

His cup of misery was now about full, and yet one thing more remained to make it overflow. Strong black coffee was brought in cups so mintue that they failed to fit into Mr. Pallas' mouth, which was constructed on an order favorable for calling hogs, or driving stock out of the field. The consequence was that fully half of the hot, black, and odorous fluid went on the outside of his mouth and there divided into two streams, one of which traveled over his shirt front and the other taking a subterranean route disappeared under his collar; yet whose windings and wanderings were unmistakably felt beneath his shirt bosom by the happy candidate for the legislature.

Mr Pallas now began to feel a constriction about the throat and a nervous contraction of the hands which he felt nothing would relieve but tearing up cornstalks by the roots, or getting into a rough and tumble fight. He felt inwardly vicious. He hated Columbus for disturbing the primitive habits of the Indians and paving the way for all the social tom-foolery, nonsense and loss of time to which he had been subjected for five mortal, not to say immortal hours. Yet an hour at least had to elapse after this before it would be proper to leave. This interim was partly filled by Miss Miriam playing on the harp, and Miss Adele executing some complicated pieces on the

piano. On being asked if he liked the last composition, he replied,

"Yes—Oh, yes, indeed," when from beginning to end he had failed to recognize a shred a tune.

Mr. Pallas had no piano in his house, and the selections with which he was familiar were the "Arkansas Traveller", "Cotton Eye Joe", "Old Grey Horse Came A Tearing Out The Wilderness" and other choice melodies rendered by the hands of a negro fiddler on anything but a perfect instrument.

Hence when his wife finally spoke across the room to him and said,

"Mr. Pallas, we MUST go home now," with an accent on the "must" as if she was tearing herself away, he felt he could have shrieked for joy.

It was with a delicious feeling of liberty, a sense of escape from thraldom, that he stepped out on the broad veranda with his wife, 'Cindy and Gabriella, accompanied by the General, Mrs. Saturn, and daughters, all polite and gracious to the last. The asteroids and planets were about to part company. Perhaps the separation brought relief all around—who can tell.

The butler called for Mr. Pallas' "ker-ridge" and soon up the graveled road between the hedges they could see the waving ears of Pete and Dan, and the ancient looking stove-pipe hat on the head of Zeke as he with numerous clucks and suckings of mouth, was encouraging the mules into a livelier gait. Zeke's idea was to come up with a smart trot and sweep off with a rush that would be impressive. But, alas, for the plans, the ambitions, and the desires of men. Pete saw the statute looking at him, and Dan saw the butler, and both snorted and began to back.

Zeke sprang out and getting at the heads of the snorting animals, tried to pull them forward, one by the ear and the other by the bit, with various complimentary expressions.

"Drat yoh ole hide, Pete, whut's de mattah wid you ennyhow? Whoa, Dan, whar you gwine to mule? Laws-a-mussy, did you eber see two sech infunnel ole fools? Whoa mule! Why don't you whoa, when I tole you?"

But Pete and Dan kept backing and dragging Zeke, in the most undignified manner after them, until they pushed a hole through the hedge of evergreen bushes, and were only brought to a stand, by the back axle-tree coming in contact with a sturdy oak.

There was nothing to do but turn their heads the other way and lead them out of sight of the marble statue, some forty yards down the road. They then quieted down, and Mr. and Mrs. Pallas escorted by the General, walked to the carryall, where they found Zeke puffing and blowing, in his seat, and talking to and shaking his head at Pete and Dan.

The General was exceedingly courteous as Mr. and Mrs. Pallas with Cindy and Gabriella got in and drove off, but the candidate for the legislature and his wife were disposed to be exceedingly silent. They both felt that their visit from start to finish had failed to be what fancy had painted. On the way, it looked like a signboard pointing to honors ahead; in the evening light it appeared like a tombstone. Meantime Zeke, whose sky blue pants had been ripped from knee to ankle in the backing match through the evergreens, worked his steam off on the ribs of the mules, whom he basted well on the five-mile homeward drive.

As they were nearing home, after a long silence, in which thought, however, had been busy with all, Mrs. Pallas spoke:

"John?"

"Yes, dear."

"Don't you carry me to any more of these dinings among your big friends."

"I won't, dear."

By and by, after another silence, in which nothing was heard but the soft whir of the wheels in the sandy road and the drowsy song of the locusts in the trees, Mr. Pallas spoke.

"Sallie?"

"Yes, John."

"I feel like I had been through a spell of sickness."

"So do I, John."

Again a short pause and Mrs. Pallas said:

"John, if your election to the legislature is to bring us into such a life as

that to-day, I hope you'll never be elected."

"I hope so, too," replied the husband gloomily. "I believe I'll withdraw from the race to-morrow."

Still another pause and the candidate addressed his wife:

"Sallie, how did it happen that I made so many more mistakes at the table than you did? It seemed that everything that I did was wrong."

"Oh, I kept my eyes on Miss Adele, and did what she did."

"Yes, but you upset that glass of water on the tablecloth."

"I know I did, but it was so light and thin that even though half full of water, it was not sufficient to steady it, and over it went, under the slightest touch of my sleeve."

"I should say it was thin," replied Mr. Pallas. "I came near crunching the thing to pieces with my teeth the first swallow I took out of it. I felt like I had an egg shell in my hands."

Presently Mr. Pallas thought he heard a kind of smothered sound behind him, and turning, saw his wife with her handkerchief in her mouth and her face fairly crimson with suppressed laughter.

"Why, Sallie," asked the surprised husband, "what on earth is the matter?"

In response, there was a hearty peal of laughter from her lips, that made the shadowy woods on either side fairly echo. Wiping the tears from her eyes she at last choked out:

"John, didn't we cut a figure up there to-day?"

"There is no doubt about it, my dear. I don't think we did a single thing exactly right. At least I know I didn't."

"Just to think," she continued with a fresh outburst, which she seemed unable to control, and with her handkerchief still busily engaged in wiping her eyes which kept brimming over, "Just to think of Pete getting scared of the statue, and Dan afraid of the butler, and Zeke splitting his pants and smashing his hat, and Cindy walking into the mirror, and the geese getting after her, and you pouring your coffee down your shirt, and all the other things that happened—John," cried

the convulsed woman, "I believe this will be the death of me yet."

"I'm glad you find so much amusement in it," said the gloomy husband, "but it has made me sick in heart and body."

By this time the carryall came in sight of the house, and wheeled in front of the lane gate, and the hounds slumbering on the porch set up a general howl and came running down the road, but as they recognized the party to be friends and owners, the yells and yelps were speedily changed into pleased whinings and short

stately life up yonder. We were brought up to wait on ourselves. If we had a dozen servants in the house to do everything for us, we might learn in time to be stately, also; but we have not the hands to spare from the fields, and we were raised to wait on ourselves a good deal; so it is now too late to learn the other life and mend our ways."

Zeke, standing at the head of the mules, heard only the closing remark. The word "mend" seemed to revive his grief, and he muttered to himself:



Zeke went down the path in the gloaming.

barks of delight. Unmusical as were the sounds coming from these ungainly animals; yet, after the stiffness and formality of the mansion, it feel upon their ears as well as hearts most soothingly and agreeably. There was nothing cold and formal about the dog welcome they were receiving.

"John," said the wife who was now composed, laying her hand upon his arm preparatory to descending from the vehicle, "we were never made for that cold

"I likes to know who's gwine to mend my breeches." Then looking at Pete, who seemed to be listening, he exclaimed, as he saw that Mr. and Mrs. Pallas had gone and he was left alone:

"Yer looks mity innercent now, after you dun drug me in dem briers, and toh my breeches mos' offen me, an' sexposed me to all dem white folks an' quality niggers up dah. An' den you made outen you wuz skeered o' dat statter. I'll statter you nex' time, see 'f I don't. An' if

you eber dassunt ter split my Sunday breeches agin, I'll bus' yoh ole head wide open—I will. You hyer me, mule?"

Shortly after his billigerent utterance, Zeke led the unharnessed animals into the stable, and Pete and Dan were soon up to their eyes in long white and yellow ears of corn, and fragrant bundles of fodder. He stood watching them crunch and grind the corn, with a softening look in his eyes, for he was fond of them both in spite of his tongue lashings, and delivered himself once fore:

"Pete, you did kerry on ree-dikerlus to-day. I speck you felt strange 'mungst all dem fat slick quality hosses er kerryin' dey heads an' tails so hi' an' you nuffin but a blame ole flop yeared plantashun rule. Now didn' you, Pete?"

Pete said nothing in reply, only turned his head slightly, still munching, with one ear thrown back as if to catch all that Zeke was saying. Whereupon, the negro broke into a big guffaw which made the

stable rafters ring and caused several rats to scamper back to their holes.

Zeke went down the road, shaking his head and smiling and talking to himself.

"No, sah, me an' Pete an' Marse John don' mix up somehow wid dem hi-ferluttin' folks tother side de crik. De idee er dey puttin' nekid figgers out dare on de lawn wid no cloze on 'em, jes' sorter white washed, an' havin' dem peepin' outen de bushes er skerrin' mules as iz jes' er cummin' 'long de road an' thinkin' 'bout nuffin'. No wunder Pete snorted an' riz in de air. I'd er snorted an' riz too if I wuz Pete."

So, saying Zeke went down the path through the gloaming, stopping occasionally to look at the split in his Sunday pants and shaking his head as he did so until finally he disappeared in his log cabin, whose mud chimney went up straight for a while, and then suddenly veered off, reminding one of Lucinda carrying Gabriella.

THE LITTLE THINGS OF LOVE.

The little things of love we prize
Through all the after-years,
And, resurrecting them, our eyes
Beam through a mist of tears.
A fragile flower careful pressed,
A worn and crumpled glove,—
We somehow always deem the best
The little things of love.

The richer gifts are thrown aside,
Like shuttlecocks they're tossed
Within the court of years, so wide,
Until perchance they're lost.
Fate's battledore that wanton drives
Rare gifts our reach above
We'll not lament, while still survives
The little things of love.

Spare us but these, we'll ask no more,
For time's relentless mold
May rust, corrode, and tarnish o'er
The filligrees of gold.
The trifles all devoid of art,
A ribbon, note or glove,
We'll cloister these within our heart—
The little things of love.

—Roy Farrell Greene.

GRANT'S VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

BY COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

A History.

VICKSBURG—PRELIMINARY MOVEMENTS AND PREPARATIONS.

SOON as General Pemberton succeeded Beauregard in command of the Confederate forces, he exercised great energy in reorganizing his army. He speedily marshaled a force of 30,000 on the line, of the Lallahatchie River, in Northern Mississippi; this he fortified very strongly. At the same time the fortifications at Vicksburg and Port Hudson were made as nearly impregnable as skill and energy could make them. Pemberton was an able and energetic commander. He was supported by a corps of brilliant officers,—Chalmers, Forest, Bower, Loring, Stevenson and others.

General Grant concentrated his army, about 30,000 strong, at Memphis, Tenn., Corinth and other points in Northern Mississippi. East of him, in Middle Tennessee, Rosecrans and Bragg confronted each other, with armies about equal in strength, forty to sixty thousand each, watching for any vantage, ready to fight at the tap of the drum.

Sherman was at Memphis, and Admiral Porter, with his fleet, had command of the Mississippi River to Vicksburg. Farragut's fleet had command of the river south of Port Hudson; that port and the fortifications at Vicksburg were the only remaining Confederate obstructions on the great river. To capture and destroy these was, therefore, the task immediately before General Grant. It was now November, as yet not too late in the season for campaigning in this part of the South, and Grant resolved to move against Pemberton. On November 2d he telegraphed to Halleck, now Commander-in-chief at Washington:

"I have commenced a movement on Grand Junction, with three divisions from Corinth, and two from Bolivar. Will leave here (Jackson, Tennessee) tomorrow and take command in person. If found practicable I will go to Holly

Springs, and may be Granada, completing railroad as I go."

He soon confronted Pemberton's strong works on the Lallahatchie, found them unassailable in front, the water being high and he began a series of strategic maneuvers which forced Pemberton's army to retreat from his strong position, and fall back 30 to 40 miles behind the next river south, the Yallobusha, where he again fortified.

Grant established Holly Springs as his depot of supplies, and his army followed Pemberton; but at this stage of the war neither Grant nor any of the other generals had outgrown the military action that an invading army must not lose communication with its base of supplies. It was not known that an army could subsist off the country in which it was campaigning, and Grant felt obliged to move so fast only as the railroad in his rear could be repaired and his supplies could come over it. His cavalry, and detachments of his infantry, were, however, moving energetically on the flanks and rear of the enemy, and combats of importance were very frequent, but Pemberton avoided a general battle by keeping beyond Grant's reach.

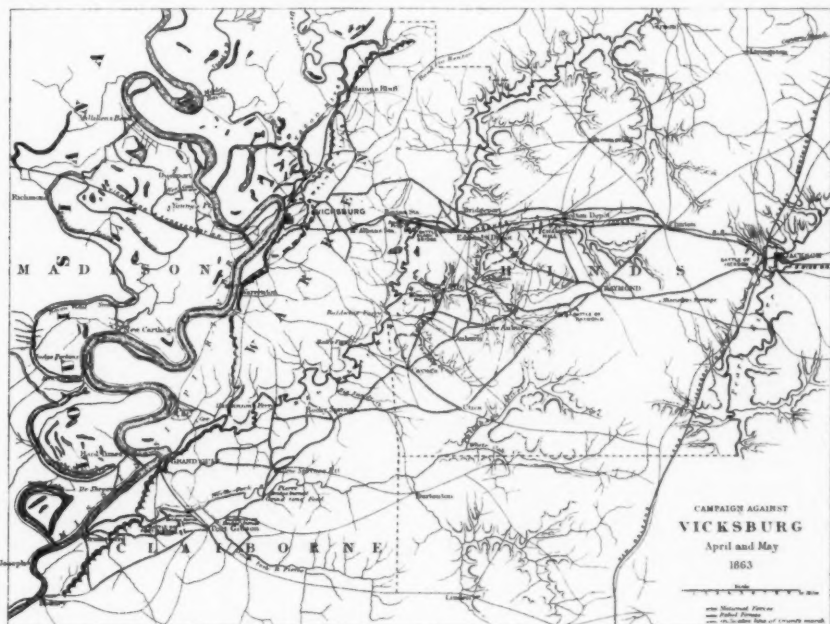
The region was heavily timbered, only a small percentage being in cultivation; and small bodies of Confederate cavalry were constantly stealing through the byways and forests in Grant's rear, screened as much as possible by a friendly population, so that the railroad was constantly being torn up, and unprotected culverts and bridges destroyed. Grant's forces were doing the same thing in rear of the Confederate army. His headquarters were now at Oxford. The distance on this route to the rear of Vicksburg was long, and the difficulties, with high water and muddy roads now in December, were very great. Grant asked Halleck if it

would not be wiser to hold Pemberton's army, by menacing it, on the Yallobusha, and send an expedition down the Mississippi with the fleet, and attack Vicksburg. That was on December 3d. On the 5th the request was renewed. On this day Halleck instructed him not to move his army farther south on his interior line, but to collect 25,000 troops at Memphis, and send them against Vicksburg by the 20th.

This was done, and he hastened Sherman forward to assume command of the

Meantime, Grant held his position in front of Pemberton, hoping to hold that army as far north as possible, while Sherman should gain the rear of Vicksburg. If the latter could make a lodgment on the high lands on the Yazoo River, and thus make a new base for supplies, then Grant could cut loose and move rapidly through the interior to that point, driving Pemberton out of the eastern part of the State.

The plan of the campaign was admirable, but it was doomed to failure. Sher-



expedition. He instructed him to collect the force at Memphis with all possible expedition, and, "as soon as possible move with them down the river to the vicinity of Vicksburg, and with the co-operation of the gunboat fleet under command of Flag Officer Porter, proceed to the reduction of that place in such manner as circumstances and your judgment may dictate."

* * *

"On arriving at Memphis, put yourself in communication with Admiral Porter, and arrange with him for his co-operation."

man got off with his expedition in the shortest possible time. But while he moved by river on Vicksburg, Pemberton sent Van Dorn, with several thousand cavalry, around in Grant's rear to cut and destroy the railroad. On the 20th of December, he captured Holly Springs and the garrison of 1500 men, under Colonel Murphy of the Eighth Wisconsin, and destroyed all the army supplies there collected. Colonel Murphy had been notified by Grant of Van Dorn's approach, but he made no preparation to meet the enemy; did not even notify his officers, and made no organized resistance. It is true, how-

ever, that his command was brave, and had he notified his force of the coming of the enemy, they could not have been captured by many times the force under Van Dorn. Murphy was peremptorily dismissed the service for cowardice.

Grant sent his cavalry after Van Dorn and in due time drove the marauders from the country. His communications with his base and with Sherman being thus severed, resulted in teaching him the enforced lesson so valuable later in the war, that an invading army may subsist upon an enemy's country. Grant's supplies being destroyed, he set about foraging upon the inhabitants; and he found to his surprise that he could subsist his army abundantly. General Grant tells what effect this had on the people. He says:

"The news of the capture of Holly Springs and the destruction of our supplies caused much rejoicing among the people remaining in Oxford. They came with broad smiles on their faces, indicating intense joy, to ask what I was going to do now without anything for my soldiers to eat. I told them that I was not disturbed; that I had already sent troops and wagons to collect all the food and forage they could find for fifteen miles on each side of the road. Countenances soon changed, and so did the inquiry. The next was: 'What are *we* to do?' My response was that we had endeavored to feed ourselves from our own Northern resources while visiting them; but their friends in gray had been uncivil enough to destroy what we had brought along, and it could not be expected that men, with arms in their hands, would starve in the midst of plenty. I advised them to emigrate east or west fifteen miles and assist in eating up what we left."

Sherman found Vicksburg unassailable in front, and moved up the Yazoo River to a point where dry land approached nearest the river banks. Here the Confederates had erected powerful batteries, and thrown up strong works for infantry and artillery on the elevated ground. There were impassable sloughs running along the foot of the hills occupied by the enemy in strong force. Sherman made a

brave and skillful attack, but was unable to effect a lodgment, and withdrew.

After repairing the railroad in his rear General Grant withdrew his army to Memphis, leaving Corinth and other interior points strongly garrisoned.

Meantime McClelland had arrived with orders from Washington to take command of the Vicksburg expedition, and reached Sherman as his forces were withdrawing from the attack on Haynes Bluff. Sherman proposed to him that, while they were waiting reinforcements, they move up the Arkansas River and attack the fortified position of Arkansas Post. They did so, and after a three days conflict, reduced the fort and captured it with its armament and garrison of 5000 to 6000 men.

This expedition immediately returned to the Mississippi River, and Sherman and McPherson urged General Grant to come in person and assume command, they distrusting General McClelland's fitness and ability to command so important and intricate a movement.

Grant visited the fleet (for the army was mostly afloat on transports) on the 17th of January, off the mouth of the Arkansas, and found the officers of the army and navy so distrustful of McClelland's ability that he saw this want of confidence would be a great element of weakness. McClelland ranked Sherman and McPherson, and Grant was the only general in the department who ranked McClelland. He therefore assumed personal command January 20th, 1863, and ordered McClelland with the entire force to rendezvous at Young's Point and Milliken's Bend, a few miles above Vicksburg on the Louisiana shore. Grant returned to Memphis to arrange for the defense of the territory in the interior. He placed that sterling soldier, General Hurlbut, in command of the District of West Tennessee, and bravely and ably he performed his difficult task during the ensuing year.

While visiting the expeditionary fleet, General Grant saw so many evils growing out of the sale of liquor, and of gambling, that he issued on January 26th, the following general order: "The bars on all boats in Government service in this

department will be closed, and no spirituous or malt liquors will be allowed to be sold on the boats or in the camps. Card-playing and gaming is also strictly prohibited."

Having arranged all things with great expedition, he joined the forces at Young's Point on January 29th.

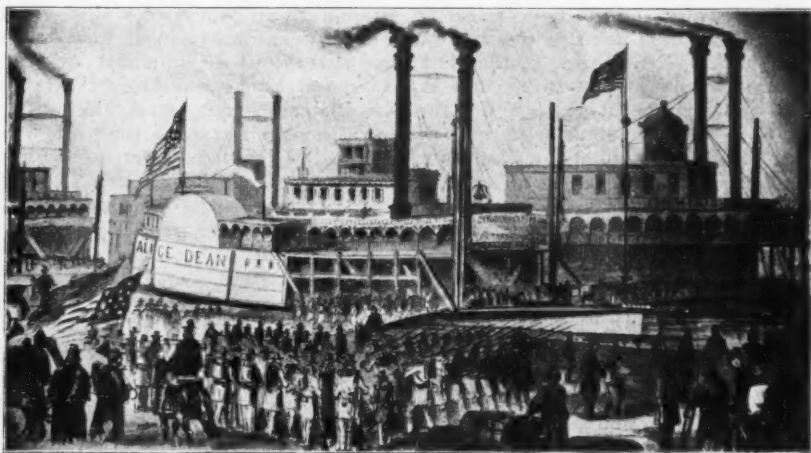
The first difficulty which he encountered was a protest from General McClelland against his (Grant's) assumption of personal command. McClelland insisted that he was placed in this, as an independent command, by the President, and denied General Grant's right to supersede or control him. "As I am invested," he said to Grant under date of January 30th,

authority and orders, that I may be enabled to guide my action intelligently."

Next day General Grant answered him, saying:

"The intention of General Order No. 13 is that I will take direct command of the Mississippi River expedition, which necessarily limits your command to the Thirteenth Army Corps."

To this General McClelland responded on February 1st, saying: "I acquiesce in the order for the purpose of avoiding a conflict of authority in the presence of the enemy, but * * I protest against its competency and justice, and respectfully request that this my protest may be forwarded to the General-in-chief, and



Grant leaves Memphis on his Vicksburg Campaign.

"by order of the Secretary of War, indorsed by the President, and by order of the President communicated to you by the General-in-chief, with the command of all the forces operating on the Mississippi River, I claim that all orders affecting the condition or operations of those forces should pass through these headquarters.

* * If different views are entertained by you, then the question should be immediately referred to Washington, and one, or both of us, relieved."

Again, on the same day, he wrote General Grant a long letter, insisting upon his right to command, in which he says: "I repeat that I respectfully ask for an explanation of this seeming conflict of

through him to the Secretary of War, and the President."

General Grant duly forwarded the protest to the War Office, and his action was approved, and here the matter ended.

THE TREMENDOUS TASK BEFORE GRANT.

From the time the Confederate fleet was destroyed before Memphis in June, the Federal fleet became familiar with the fortifications at Vicksburg. Very few days passed that exchange of shots between the gunboats and the batteries did not occur. The naval officers and officers of the army reconnoitered and examined the defences and

the difficult approaches, so that it was known by Grant and the others that Vicksburg was unassailable on the river front, or from the water, either immediately above or below the city. How then could this Gibraltar be reached and subdued, so that this mighty river could again "go unvexed to the sea?" All the bright military and naval minds of the country had pondered the problem without reaching a satisfactory conclusion. No army could approach it from the South nearer than Port Hudson, 150 miles distant. An impassable overflowed region along the river protected it on the north for 200 miles to Memphis. No high land came within scores of miles of the river bank in all that long and dismal stretch of swamp and overflow. Here at Vicksburg the high lands of the interior pushed out to the east side of the river in precipitous bluffs, 100 to 200 feet in height, on which the city is built; and the river, in its serpentine curvings through the great alluvial bottoms, ran straight against these bluffs; strong in natural difficulties and now fortified by the highest military skill, bristling with cannon of the greatest power then known to the science of war, and defended by a brave, skillful and vigilant foe.

General Grant wrote Halleck, saying: "The enemy have the bluffs from Haine's bluff, on the Yazoo (this is where the raft across the river is constructed), to the Mississippi, and down until they recede from the river, completely and thoroughly fortified."

Again he wrote Halleck in January: "What may be necessary to reduce the place I do not yet know, but since the late rains I think our troops must go below the city to be used effectively."

On the west side of the river there was but little dry land, even for camping an army, much less for moving it overland, for twenty to fifty miles interior, and a hundred miles both north and south. Vicksburg, therefore, was located at the eastern and southern edge of this mighty area of water and low-land, swamp and bayou covered with entanglements of great primeval forests, cane and vines, overlooking it, as an island, high, defiant and unapproachable.

Through these immense areas of bot-

toms, of timber and flood, ran Bayous, nature's drains carrying off the overflow. These were tortuous, filled with immense trees and driftwood, their banks and slopes thick with cane; and over them leaned timber of immense size. Could any of these be utilized? Could any of them be opened, cleaned of submerged and overhanging timber and entanglement, so that boats could land Grant's army on dry land sufficiently near this "Gibraltar" to enable him to reach its rear? This was the problem. All minds in army and navy were upon it. To march a large army two hundred miles from Memphis through the interior, without the possibility of any communication with the force on the river that entire distance, would be a most difficult if not impossible task, in the then strength and vitality of the Confederate army.

General Banks was below Port Hudson, the next strong fortification obstructing the river 150 miles south of Vicksburg. If Grant could get his army, or part of it, south to join Banks, capture Port Hudson, then move up with the united armies and again attack his greatest of strongholds,—this, indeed, seemed a plan that had promise of success. But how could Grant move south of Vicksburg? Its guns closed the river. Could anything that floated, pass those frowning and formidable batteries? The ironclads had many times drawn their fire, and knew the weight of their metal, and the reach of their huge shells.

Grant's active brain was searching for every clue. Time was passing. His army was being constantly reinforced, and the waiting and expectant country was growing impatient, and the restless newspapers fanned the flame of discontent. Whither, and by what means, could Grant flee with his army and strike the vigilant foe?

Away over in Louisiana, twenty-five, thirty, forty miles in the interior, ran Bayou Macon. This had its rise near Lake Providence, fifty miles north of Vicksburg. It ran into the Tensas, and finally emptied into the Red River. Much of this was navigable, and if the upper portion could be cleaned, and its connection with the Mississippi enlarged for the successful passage of boats, the problem

would be solved. Thitherward Grant looked hopefully. And here, on the 30th of January, began that wonderful series of activities and devices, which were then the surprise, and ever since have been, the admiration of the world.

A new and helpful inspiration to Grant came at this time—a knowledge that Commander-in-chief Halleck had changed his attitude toward him, and was now his friend. His contact with other officers and the inefficiency which

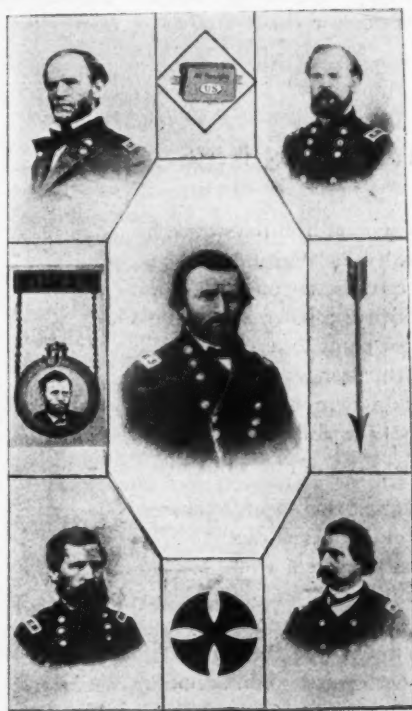
"Young's Point, La., Jan. 30, 1863.

Rear-Admiral David D. Porter:—

By inquiry I learn that Lake Providence, which connects with Red River through Tensas Bayou, Washita and Black Rivers, is a wide and navigable way through. * * I would respectfully request that one of your light-draught gunboats accompany this expedition, if it can be spared.

U. S. Grant."

At the same time a brigade of troops



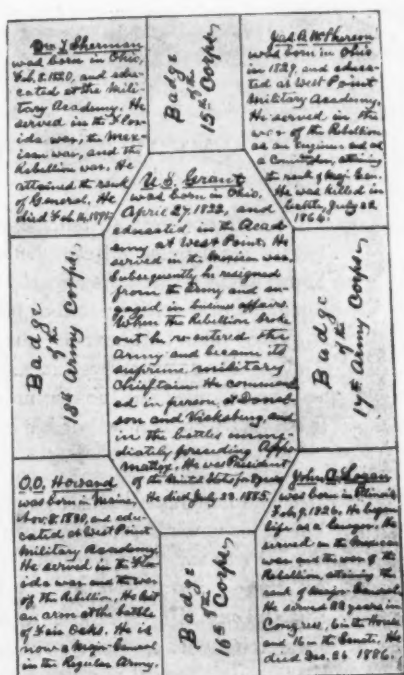
Gen'l Grant and his Corps Commanders in his Vicksburg Campaign.

he saw in others changed Halleck's estimate of Grant, and henceforth to the end of the war,—and under the mellowing influences of the great, well-balanced and judicial Lincoln, he remained, with Stanton in the War Office, Grant's steadfast friend.

On this 30th of January Grant issued his first order for an actual move. At the same time he wrote Admiral Porter:

was sent, with tools for digging through the levees and enlarging the channel from the river. General Grant went up in person. The work had made some progress, and on the 5th of February, he wrote to General McPherson, saying:

"Move one division of your command to this place with as little delay as practicable, and come with it yourself. * * You will notice from the map that Lake Providence empties through the Tensas,



Washita, Black and Red Rivers into the Mississippi. * * *

"On your arrival here you will find the work progressing, which, it is expected, your command will complete.

"Cotton speculators will follow you in spite of every effort to prevent it. Make orders excluding all citizens from coming within your lines, so that if any of these fellows get outside, they can be kept out.

U. S. Grant."

The cotton speculators and the newspaper reporters were the bane of the

service at that time, in these parts. They were omnipresent, and through them, innocently no doubt, the enemy constantly gained information of intended movements. Frequently information would be sent from these interior points, telegraphed to and published in the New York, Philadelphia and Washington newspapers; these would be sent through the lines, and next day Jefferson Davis would telegraph the information to the Confederate generals in the West in time to thwart the intended movements or make them less effective.

WHERE THE DIFFICULTY LIES.

Aunt Patience used to tell me, in my youthful days gone by,
That when a feller suffered he had better laugh than cry;
There wouldn't be no sympathy expressed if you were sad,
But the world would pat the shoulder of a feller who was glad.
A motto, "grin and bear it," she took pains to teach to me,
And cautioned me to heed it, didn't matter where I be.
So I've followed out the maxim, and I've found when tried like sin,
It isn't hard to bear it, but it's mighty hard to grin.

You find that fame's elusive and that trouble seems to chase
The feller who's a forgin' in life's quite uneven race.
The way to fortune's rough to tread for tired, achin' feet;
An' there's obstacles of envy, hills of worry and deceit.
But still you lift your burdens and you try to do what's right;
You strive with all your strength to win a feather in the fight;
And then, when all is over, and you find you didn't win,
It isn't hard to bear it, but it's mighty hard to grin.

And so I'm testifyin' to the motto's wond'rous truth,
To follow it takes metal in the aged or the youth.
A feller soon gets used in life to disappointment's sting,
And after while gets calloused so he'll bear most anything;
But that ain't all the motto, for the difficulty's where
It tells you to "look pleasant," sorter like you didn't care;
To look like you was happy when in trouble to your chin—
It isn't hard to bear it, but it's mighty hard to grin.

—Roy Farrell Greene.

ANGLO-SAXON COLONIZATION.

BY WILLIS G. CLARKE.

THE results of the Spanish-American war and the overthrow of the Madhists in the Soudon by the forces of the Sirdar are attracting wide attention to the subject of Anglo-Saxon Colonization.

Under the term expansion, it is being discussed in many quarters as a new departure, and an untried experiment, the ultimate advantage of which is a matter of doubt.

It is not our design in the brief space allotted to us, to weigh the merits or demerits of the question, or to predict results, but rather in general terms to indicate the work of the race originating on the German and Danish coasts of the Baltic and North Seas and now established in England and America, in the field of colonization. Introductory to the subject it may be remarked that the mainland of the American continent was discovered by the Anglo-Saxons.

John Cabot and his English crew sailing westwardly from Bristol under a commission from Henry VII, in June explored and took possession of what is now Canada, being the first Europeans to set foot on either the northern or southern continent.

Actual settlement, however, was delayed by European wars more than a hundred years.

The pioneers of permanent English colonial settlement both on this hemisphere and elsewhere, were Capt. John Smith and his one hundred and four companions, who landed at Jamestown, Virginia, on May 13th (O. S.) 1607. The two hundred and ninety-one years which have elapsed since that date comprehend the period of Anglo-Saxon colonization. Preliminary to a review of the subject proper, we should first, perhaps, note what has been accomplished by other races and peoples in the same direction.

Foremost among these may be mentioned the enterprising people of diminutive Holland, who, in the interval of their

struggle with the encroaching waters of the North Sea, have established, considering their extent, the most profitable colonies in the world. Although yielding the New Netherlands and Cape settlements, she still retains Java, Sumatra, part of Borneo and New Guinea, Celebes, Timor, the Spice and other islands in the East Indies, Sprinam in South America, and Curacao and other islands in the West Indies.

These possessions contribute much to the commerce and wealth of the Dutch whose foreign trade, \$225.00 per capita, proportionately exceeds that of any other nation. Through the East Indies they have for nearly three centuries enjoyed a monopoly of the spice trade.

Sweden and Denmark possess a few unimportant islands, as St. Thomas, Santa Cruz, Saba and others in the West Indies and also Greenland, Iceland and the Faroe Islands. Fortunately for America, the overflow of population from those countries of late years has come to its shores where their kinship race, love of freedom, and loyalty to American institutions, has rendered them a most desirable element in all the States from Michigan west to the Pacific.

The Germans have made great progress in the acquisition of colonial territory since the united empire was established in 1871. An extensive and growing foreign commerce, a desire to extend trade and provide for a large surplus population, is impelling the Kaiser's government forward upon an aggressive colonial policy. America has heretofore profited by the enormous emigration from this great kindred people. The Kameruns, German East Africa, Great Namaqualand, and other regions in Africa, part of Paqua, the Gilbert and Solomon and other islands in Oceania, and the recent acquisitions in Shantung, China, constitute their colonies. There are also important German settlements in Chili, Argentine and Southern Brazil, which at

some future day may aspire to independence.

That vast empire of the North, Russia, has continually advanced her frontiers during the past three centuries. She has rushed over the "frosty Caucasus" into Armenia and Persia, absorbed Turkestan and now seeks a route for the trans-Siberian railway line through Mongolia and Manchuria at the very gates of Peking. Her successful administration and assimilation of the hordes of Bashkirs, Kirghiz, Tekkes, Turcomans and other Tartars form an interesting study.

Belgium holds Congo Free State under a convention. The Italian colonial possessions of Eretia are menaced by the fierce tribes of Abyssinia.

Coming now to France we find that she has been an ambitious competitor with England for the control of remote and uncivilized regions, but with less success. All her colonies, including even Algeria are said to be a drain upon the treasury of the republic. Her empires in India and America early fell a prey to England's superior naval prowess and the financial necessities of Napoleon occasioned by his schemes of European conquest compelled the sale of Louisiana to the United States in 1803, for \$11,250,000. The present dependencies of France, Super mare, are, Tonkin, Cochinchina, Anam, Cambodia, Pondicherry, the New Hebrides and other small groups in the East, Cayenne, Martinique, Guadeloupe, and Miquelon in America and Algiers, Tunis, Senegal, Dahomey, French Congo, Madagascar and certain portions of the Soudan and Sahara regions in Africa, of very indefinite extent.

The scope of this article will only permit an inadequate allusion to the colonial career of Spain and Portugal.

The latter impelled by financial embarrassments is negotiating a sale of her African dependencies to Germany and Great Britain. There remain Goa, the Cape Verde, Azores, and other scattered islands. After the ratification of the treaty of Paris, Spain will still possess the Carolines, Canaries, part of the Ladrões, Ceuta and Melillo. Her early colonial career was no less romantic than magnificent, but owing to a variety of causes with which we cannot now deal, the great

empire of Charles V and Philip II has gradually crumbled until now but a vestige remains.

First in settlement and relative importance of England's colonial undertakings must ever be reckoned the thirteen colonies, the immediate predecessors of the American republic. They outgrew the dependent relation and entered upon a career of federal development which has been a benefit to both peoples. Although America has discarded kings, a titled nobility and monarchical government, who shall say she is not yet essentially one with England in language, law, literature, religion, and that love of freedom which sustains stable representative government? Had England never planted another colony this great nation of itself would have crowned her name with glory for all time.

The present possessions of Great Britain, whether designated as colonies, dependencies, protectorates, or by that more elastic term, spheres of influence may be divided into four groups.

First, those upon the American continent. The most important of these, Canada, then predominantly French, passed under British control when Wolfe won his tragic victory on the Plains of Abraham, September 12th, 1759, and with what now constitutes the Dominion and other North American possessions was formally ceded by the treaty of Paris in 1763. Upper Canada has since been settled largely by Scotch and Scotch-Irish. Its crowded population has overflowed into the United States and more recently into Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, creating there a New Ontario. Flourishing cities are connected by a trans-continental railroad system whose terminals are the fortified forts of Halifax, Quebec and Victoria. English speaking Canada is so closely identified with this country in location, institutions and commercial interests, that in a general survey it may be regarded as a part of our great English-American community. Other British possessions on this continent, omitting the unimportant, are Newfoundland, the Bermudas, Bahamas, Jamaica, Virgin Islands, St. Kitts, Antigua, Dominica, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Granada, Barbadoes, Belize and Trinidad,

whence comes asphalt used in paving. In South America, British Guiana and the Falkland Islands are the only Anglo-Saxon communities.

In the South Pacific we find the English-speaking race as dominant as in North America. The Island continent of Australia with the neighboring islands of Tasmania and New Zealand are now under favoring conditions, rapidly developing into a great people, although their early progress was retarded by the transportation thither of convicts. The entire population prior to 1840 was under 46,000, but now approximate 5,000,000. They are still sparsely settled and occupying a territory capable of supporting a population as large as that of any European nation, are surpassing either America or the mother country in rapidity of growth, for we find that exclusive of Tasmania they gained 39.13 per cent. during the ten years ending with 1891 and Tasmania even exceeded this figure.

The influence of these antipodal states has already been recognized elsewhere in many new ideas which they have originated. As, for example, the enactment of Australian ballot laws the world over and the partial adoption of the system of land-conveying and registration known as the "Torrens." It is not impossible that the science of government may be further benefited by the elucidation and evolution of political and social problems by these far away kindred of the South Seas.

Another important group are the Fiji Islands, but a few years, since synonymous with cannibalism, now a prosperous Christian crown colony.

Without enumerating other less important groups, archipelagoes and islands in that part of the world, we will consider the Asiatic possessions of the Queen.

These chiefly comprise India, Burma, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements (including Singapore) Hong Kong, British Borneo, the Andaman Islands and Aden.

The English East India Company obtained a foothold in Surat in 1613. In 1644 the struggle for supremacy between France and England commenced which resulted in firmly establishing the sway of the latter. In 1857 occurred the terrible revolt of the Sepoys. Upper Burma,

Malacca, Beloochistan and considerable portions of Afghanistan have from time to time in recent years been subdued and annexed. This oriental empire, whose conquest was the dream of Alexander, Tamerlane, and Napoleon, successively, with its hundreds of millions of fanatical inhabitants has been held in peace and order by Anglo-Saxon valor and administrative genius for considerably more than two and a half centuries. Railroads and other great works have been constructed, the awful atrocities of heathenism restrained, and the severity of plagues and famines largely mitigated. All observers, even the Hindoos themselves, recognize the improved conditions now existing.

India can scarcely be termed a colony in any sense, or even an anglicized community as yet, but affords the best modern illustration of government under the greatest possible difficulties.

South Africa, acquired in 1815, is the youngest and now the most rapidly developing of the four great Anglo-Saxon communities. Each successive year recently has witnessed important additions to its territory. Matabele land was recently conquered and the frontiers extended thence northward to the highlands far beyond the Zambesi to the shores of Lake Tanganyika. General Kitchener has advanced to Khartoum, and is extending the Egyptian protectorate up the Nile to Uganda. The gold and diamond fields of South Africa are stimulating a considerable English and American emigration which will, as in the case of Australia and California, speedily populate the country, much to the discomfort and disturbance of Oom Paul and his sturdy trekkers. Other important possessions in Africa, are British East Africa, Somaliland, Ashantee, Wolvisch bay, Zanzibar, Uganda, the Niger Protectorate, Serra Leone, St. Helena and Mauritius. In the Mediterranean are Gibraltar, Malta and Cypress. The principal routes of commerce, narrow seas and straits throughout the world are also commanded by Great Britain. Gibraltar, Malta, and the Suez Canal dominate the Mediterranean, Aden the Red Sea, and Singapore the Straits of Sunda, Hong Kong, occupies a strategic position near Canton, China's greatest port.

To briefly summarize then, this almost inexhaustible subject, we find as a result of the colonizing disposition or instinct of the race, four great Anglo-Saxon communities; two, Britain and America, in the northern, and two, Australia and South Africa in the Southern hemispheres, each remote from the other and each like the mother country so isolated as not to invite foreign aggression while affording facilities for most successful defense should occasion arise.

These four great peoples are practically one in blood, language, religion, literature and habits. Their only rivalry is in the peaceful pursuits of trade, commerce and social advancement. This disposition to acquire and rule is manifesting itself in the younger communities as well as in the mother country. Since 1890 Australia has extended its authority over more than half the vast adjacent island of Paupa or New Guinea and has seized other smaller islands. New Zealand also, has taken possession of several neighboring islands and covets the Samoan archipelago.

The policy of Sir Cecil Rhodes, former premier of South Africa, contemplates nothing less than the extension of an English speaking confederation in compact form, from the southern extremity of Africa to the sources of the Nile.

Can it be properly claimed that Americans are an exception to the other branches of their racial family in being indifferent to the acquisition of territory by colonization or otherwise? A very brief review of history will serve to throw light upon this subject.

Since the adoption of the constitution in 1788 we have appropriated ostensibly by treaty, but actually by conquest and forcible occupation, from its Indian owners, nearly the entire area from the Alleghenies to the Pacific. Under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, February 2, 1848, California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico and part of Colorado were ceded by Mexico.

France, Spain, Mexico and Russia have each in turn conveyed extensive regions to America by sale. Texas and Hawaii have been annexed entire. The acquisition of Porto Rico, Guam and the

Phillipines, considering area, is a much smaller transaction than was either the Louisiana purchase, the annexation of Texas or the Mexican cession. We, therefore, are led to the conclusion that no other power with the possible, but doubtful exception of Russia, has so extended its boundaries over adjacent continental regions within the century.

In conclusion let us enquire as to a few of the more obvious causes of this remarkable career of Anglo-Saxon colonization, and extension, and ask whether the resources of the parent countries have been exhausted or their vigor impaired in any serious degree. England's vitality and progress, while peopling these vast new regions with her children is a phenomenon in human history. Her rapid increase and the great density of her population afford assurance that the supremacy of her race will be maintained in all her possessions and colonies as in the past. With now about 500 inhabitants to the square mile, the increase in her population exceeds one per cent per annum, despite the enormous emigration to America and the colonies. There has thus far been but little emigration from America, but it may be interesting to notice present conditions.

Our estimated numerical growth has been about two per cent, or 1,250,000 per year of late. For the decade ending in 1890 it was a trifle over twenty-four per cent, and fairly distributed considering agricultural and manufacturing conditions. Massachusetts had 269 people to the square mile and being a manufacturing community was, perhaps, no more crowded than agricultural Iowa with 34 to the square mile. In the former State the people were living chiefly in cities and industrial villages; in the latter, upon farms. The raising of grain and live-stock requires more land than small farming and gardening as conducted in proximity to populous cities, hence in Iowa we find practically the entire State under cultivation, or enclosed by fence, in farms worked by the owners or their tenants, while land has become valuable and difficult for the poor man to longer obtain. Everything now indicates that the Anglo-

Saxon hunger for land cannot much longer be sated within the limits of this country, and Canada. A few years since, an entire territory (Oklahoma) was occupied in the space of two days. Settlers are now braving the climatic obstacles of the arid west by pre-empting and cultivating, where the rainfall is sufficient for little else than the native sage-brush and cactus. Uncle Sam is no longer rich enough to give us all a farm.

The benefits accruing from these three centuries of colonization are almost too great and varied for human comprehension. It has contributed to the world's commercial activity in a remarkable degree and secured supremacy in trade and wealth to the English-speaking race out of all proportion even to its numerical superiority. Of the world's steam and sailing tonnage England and America own approximately 16,000,000 tons, or more than two-thirds of the whole. According to Mulhall and the census of 1890 the English-speaking race is vastly wealthier than any other.

English has already become the language of commerce. The exact number who speak it cannot be accurately determined, but is now certainly somewhere between 125,000,000 and 150,000,000, or about one-tenth the world's population.

Let us hope the rest of humanity has shared in these blessings as well as the race itself; for Anglo-Saxon settlement has carried in its train commercial prosperity, social order, religious toleration, and free representative institutions to the ends of the earth, and we trust has made mankind better.

THE CARPENTER.

My lover is a carpenter;
 I love to know.
 His work is building homes, where souls
 May live and grow;
 Fitting themselves for heavenly homes
 In these below.

He says a carpenter for aye
 He will not be.
 The last and dearest house he builds,
 Will shelter me.

My lover thinks we ought to start
 A "Union"—don't you see?
 And yet he's a "monopolist,"
 And wants to "corner" me.

But while my lover buildeth homes,—
 Doing his part,—
 I, too, would be a carpenter,
 And learn the art
 To build, for aye, my happy home
 In his dear heart.

—M. E. V.

YELLOW FEVER, A BUGABOO.

BY COLONEL BEN E. GREEN.

MY experience in Havana, Santiago, Porto Rico, and other West India ports may carry comfort to many anxious mothers, wives, daughters, sisters and sweet-hearts. In that hope I write. Perhaps some of our gallant soldiers, whom neither shot, shell nor dynamite can frighten, may be saved from being scared to death by the yellow fever bugaboo.

Eighteen hundred and forty-nine was a year of yellow fever panic. My first visit to Cuba was in midsummer of that year. Senator John W. Clayton, of Delaware, occupied for several years one of my houses fronting on the East Capitol park, where the new Congressional Library now stands. He was a good talker and a good listener; sociable, especially fond of the company of young men, whom he sought to draw out by asking questions and suggesting topics which he thought would interest them. As a new neighbor, I saw him frequently. On warm summer nights it was his habit to sit on his front porch to catch the breeze coming up First street, East from the Potomac. If I failed to join him there, he would send for me to talk with him, and detain me until all around us had been long asleep, answering questions about Mexico, Santa Anna, Honero, Arista, Ampudia, Bocanegra, Trigueros, Echeverria, and others, whom I had known, when acting charge d' affaires of the U. S. A. in that capitol.

When he became Secretary of State in President Taylor's cabinet he moved to the West End, to be nearer his office, and I did not see him again until late in June, when he sent me a note asking that I would call on him at the State Department.

He wanted me to go on a secret mission to the West Indies, to report on the condition of Cuba, as bearing on the question of acquisition by purchase, and to secure a naval station on the bay of Samana, by treaty with the Dominican

republic, with plenipotentiary powers, to be used or not, at my discretion.

I was then a partner in the contract for building the railroad from Knoxville, Tennessee, to Dalton, Georgia, for which and other reasons I told him I could not go. He urged that he and the President considered this one of the most important measures of their administration; that it could be accomplished in a few months; and that my associates in the railroad contract could carry it on without me for that short time. When I suggested that there were others, who were foot-loose and would be glad to go on such a mission, he said that those, who had the other qualifications, did not speak the Spanish; and that he and the President would esteem it a personal favor to them, if I would undertake it. Thus urged, I agreed to go, if my partners in the railroad contract assented.

I sailed from Charleston, South Carolina, on the steamship Isabel, with a clean bill of health, and reached Havana on the 4th of July. A newspaper notice of a fatal case of cholera morbus somewhere on the Mississippi river, caused our detention on the quarantine ship in the harbor for eight days. At first I chafed at this delay; but soon found that it was providential. Fellow prisoners, with me in quarantine, were a number of Cubans, old, middle-aged and young, some returning from the United States, some from Europe, all anxious to reach their homes, and all disgusted with the ignorance, which did not recognize the difference between cholera morbus and Asiatic cholera nor know the distance from Charleston to the Mississippi. A fellow feeling soon brought us close together, and the relations thus established with them, and through them with other Cubans, when we were released from quarantine, greatly facilitated the inquiries I went there to make.

I may here remark that I found but one sentiment among the better class of Cu-

bans,—an intense longing for independence; and this was most pronounced among the young men and girls of wealthy Cuban families, who had been educated in Spain. Where the British North American colonies had one good reason for wishing to separate from the mother country, the Cubans had a hundred for throwing off the galling yoke of Spain. But the system of espionage and repressive police was so rigid that two Cuban friends, meeting on the street and stopping to speak to each other, ran great risk of being thrown into prison, *incomunicados*.

When released from quarantine on the 12th of July, General Campbell, our consul general, met me at the landing. He said that he had not taken rooms for me at the best hotel, as I had requested; but at Fulton's, because the yellow fever was epidemic and more fatal than ever before known—that Fulton was an American, who had been many years in Havana, and reputed to be the best yellow fever nurse on the island. Moreover his hotel was in a healthier location, and my chances for survival would be better there.

Then, as now, there was much talk of "the fever," and great exaggeration of its terrors and fatality. It was the one topic at Fulton's table d'hôte. Near me sat an old gentleman, a Spaniard, with a Cheerful Bros. cast of countenance. He was very quiet, taking little part in the conversation, which evidently was not to his liking. When it became passing-panicky, the Cheerful brow would contract in a frown of disapproval. One day he followed me from the table and asked permission to accompany me to my room. After some pleasant introductory talk, he said that he sought my more intimate acquaintance, because ever since my arrival the table talk had been of a character to frighten me; that he had lived many years in Havana; that nine out of ten—perhaps ninety-nine out of one hundred—cases reported as yellow fever should have been reported fright; that, to a great extent, the yellow fever was a disease of the imagination, the result of fright, which acting on the nervous system, reduced vitality and made the subject more susceptible of morbid influences; that, in all his long experience he had

never known of a fatal case of yellow fever where there was no fright; that if I should be taken sick, he would see that I was properly nursed and would guarantee my recovery, if I would not let the table talk "scare me to death."

The good and bad are found everywhere. My courtly old friend was one of the good Spaniards. He was not a physician; yet his views, as just given, have received the endorsement of some of the faculty no less eminent than Doctors Taft, of New Orleans, and Marcy, of New York. Dr. Taft's success in the treatment of yellow fever "astonished" the people of New Orleans, especially the physicians. Quoting from his notes, Dr. E. E. Marcy, next after the "too free use of animal food and stimulants," mentions "mental anxiety, depression of spirits, and fever" as the "powerful predisposing influences" that tend to make yellow fever fatal.

Some days later the "premonitory symptoms" came upon me "suddenly," all as shown in Dr. Taft's notes. It was just as I took my seat the breakfast table. In those days—a half century ago—the habitual remedy for "lassitude and want of appetite" was what we Yankees called "bitters." The Spaniards call it "*stomachal*." If I had taken that remedy, and, under its stimulus, eaten a hearty breakfast, the probability is that I would not now be here, to write this. Instead of calling for a stomachal, I asked Fulton to send to my room a half tumbler of pure olive oil, with a tablespoonful of castor oil and some limes. This he did, only substituting almond oil for olive oil, because, as he afterwards explained, he had some doubt as to the purity of the olive oil. The limes made the oil palatable, and nature provides them in the West Indies as a febrifuge.

Having taken the oils, I sat down to enjoy Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*. Between the medicine and the book I soon forgot all about the yellow fever. At 5 p. m. the servant announced that my *volante* was waiting for me. I had engaged a *volante*, by the week, for morning and afternoon drives, and had not sent any notice that I would not need it that afternoon. Every symptom of the fever hav-

ing disappeared I concluded to take a short drive and get back before nightfall. I called on one of my young Cuban friends, who had just returned from Spain, where he had been taking an University course, when we met on the quarantine ship. His sister, beautiful and accomplished, was just starting to a party. They insisted that I should accompany them. I offered, as excuses, the fever symptoms of the morning, and my dress not being *en regle*. At mention of the "bugaboo," they laughed, obviously to encourage me, and allay any fears I might have of a recurrence of those symptoms. Party dress, they said, was neither required nor expected. Moreover I would see the best Cuban society at such a summer party, which meets at about 6 p. m., and ends by 10, to better advantage than if I spent a dozen winters in Havana, for I would see them *en famille* and without any of the ceremonious etiquette and formality of the winter parties. I went, intending to stay only a few minutes, and to reach my lodgings before night. My reception by the host and hostess was so cordial, and the com-

pany so charming, that our party was the last to say "buenas noches." It was after midnight, when I got back to my hotel—from that time an immune.

By immune I mean one, who refrains from excessive use of meats and stimulants, and has become sufficiently familiar with yellow fever not to be frightened at the mention of it.

From Havana I went to Santiago and thence, to Puerto Rico, now frequently mis-called and misspelled Porto Rico, by adoption of the incorrect pronunciation of uneducated sailors. Later I visited many other West India ports. In all the yellow fever was said to be epidemic. I was more exposed to the infection than our army, officers or men, are likely to be. Outside of the ports the country is healthy, the nights cool and refreshing, and the sun, tempered by the sea-breezes, is not so oppressive as in the northern States. One of the most effective remedies for the prevention of yellow jack would be to disarm him of his imaginary terrors.

SUMMER TWILIGHT.

Softly blow the gentle breezes,
Whispering secrets to the flower;
That bend and sway in happy silence,
Then sleeping, dream of summer showers.

With a soothing, drowsy murmur,
Flows the river to the sea,
Faintly sounds the chirp of nestlings,
Sheltered in the leafy tree.

Slowly steals the gathering darkness
Over meadows, sea and plain,
Bring rest to wearied Nature,
Sleep, to ease hearts' throbbing pain.

Far up on the distant mountain
A crimson glow is lingering yet,
Like memory! That tender radiance
Of half forgotten suns long set!

—Maude Carradine.

WALT WHITMAN AND THE WEST.

BY JOHNSON BRIGHAM.

"The prairie draws me close, as the father to bosom broad the son."

I.

THOUGH his life was passed in the East, Whitman had traveled far into the West and in imagination had traveled farther. Like Childe Harold he had a feeling of kinship with the vast, the wild, the grand; and wherever he rested, on lonely prairie or on snow-capped mountain, "there to him was home."

The many impressions Whitman received during his eventful four months' journey to the Rocky Mountains in 1879 were few compared with the impressions afterwards made upon his sensitized mind. Thereafter, no Western State or territory long remained unfamiliar ground to him, for he was an eager listener to stories of life on the plains, in the forests, in the mines and on the great lakes of the West, and every report through which ran the life-blood of actual experience found lodgment in his memory and became part of his own inner life. Thus, in imagination, he had traversed all lands, and sailed all seas. He was as much at home in the Mississippi Valley and in California and on the sea and in Asia's "ancient unnamed lands" as in his native Paumanok or in his beloved "Manahatta."

In his first long poem, "Starting from Paumanok," Whitman sings "chants of the prairies, chants of the long running Mississippi, chants of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota." He longs to voice the West in song, "in pulses of fire ceaseless, to vitrify all." He would prophesy in the name of the West and in its name would strike telling blows at the conventionalism of Eastern and Old World literature and life, and against that curse of society in the older civilizations, the spirit of caste.

He styles the prairie States "the food-yielding lands," "the land of the pastoral plains, the grass-fields of the world." His imagination lingers long on "the plains west of the spiral river, the Mis-

issippi." He loves to roll upon his tongue the rhythmic Indian names that happily have clung to many of the rivers and cities and towns of the West. He has a pretty fancy that as "the red aborigine" with their "naturally breathed, liquid names" melted away into the farther West, they electrically charged the water and the land with their names.

In "Song of Myself" he is at home "where sundown shadows lengthen over the limitless and lonesome prairie." He lingers in "the Mississippi country," "in Iowa, Oregon, California." He talks knowingly of "prairie life" and "brush life." He loves "the great pastoral plains," "for I know very well," he says, "that I and robust love belong among you, inland, and along the Western sea."

Elsewhere he expresses joy in "natural persons old and young, on the Mississippi and on all the branches and towns of the Mississippi."

He dreams aloud a prophecy of "a superb friendship between the East and the West," a friendship "previously unknown" but "latent in all men."

In imagination he is "on interior rivers by night in the glare of pine knots."

He sees "the scout riding on horseback over the plains west of the Mississippi."

He notes the compactness of these Western States and this close interrelation and "the individuality of the States each for itself."

He rejoices "always" in the West, with its "strong native persons."

In his "Song of Joys" he sings the farmers' joys; and, lest the reader fail to locate his farmers, he enters upon one of his monotonous "enumerations," naming "Ohioans, Illinoisans, Wisconsinese, Iowans," and so on across the country, stopping with the "Oregonese." As though an Ohioan's or an Iowan's joys were different in kind from those of a New Jersey or New England farmer!

But perhaps the poet attributed to the average Western farmer greater breadth, in life as in horizon, than is enjoyed by the average kitchen gardener of New Jersey, or the average product of generations of side-hill plowmen and stone-pickers in hill-enclosed New England. Certainly there is one joy felt by the Western farmer, which his Eastern brother cannot know—a joy voiced in one of the longings of this shut-in seer of visions:

"O to realize space!
The plenteousness of all!"

He would "emerge and be of the sky, of the sun and moon and flying clouds, as one of them."

Though his western journey did not include them, in imagination he is at one with "the settlements of the Arkansas, Colorado, Ottawa, Willamette." He shares the pioneers' "scant fare." He enjoys their elemental simplicity. He feels their slow and certain progress.

In the "Song of the Broad-axe," he penetrates the forests of the Northwest and holds untrammelled conversation with "the woodmen with their untrimmed faces." He is awed by the ghostly silence of the woods. He is captivated by "the natural life of the woods." He sees in the woodman's life "the beauty of independence, departure, actions that rely on themselves." He revels in "the boundless impatience of restraint" found here—an impatience which at times is the despair of the Western politician.

With boyish heartiness he enjoys "the blazing fire at night, the sweet taste of supper, the talk, the bed of hemlock-boughs."

In "Birds of Passage" he terms the Nebraska, Missouri and Arkansas pioneers a "central inland race," "with the continental blood interveined."

He dreams of "minstrels latent on the prairies," and, in his faith that his dream will soon come true, he coolly tells the "shrouded bards of other lands" that they may rest, "they have done their work." Addressing these on-coming poets of the West he exclaims:

"Soon I hear you coming, warbling, soon rise
and tramp amid us.
Pioneers! O, Pioneers!"

In '61, "the arm'd year," he watches the great uprising and among the "strong

men clothed in blue" he complacently regards the young Western soldier, "with large step crossing the prairies, rapidly crossing the West with springy gait."

"From Paumanok starting," his imagination takes flight to Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota, his avowed purpose being "to sing their songs," which songs he pronounces "inimitable."

"On Blue Ontario's Shore" he chants to the winds his favorite theme, Democracy, and in his chant his mind takes its favorite westward look. Complacently he exclaims:

"We stand self-poised in the middle, branching
thence over the world,
From Missouri, Nebraska, or Kansas,—
laughing attack to scorn."

In "Autumn Rivulets" he thus apostrophizes America:

"Thou Prairie Dame that sittest in the middle,
and lookest East and lookest West,
Dispensatress, that by a word givest a thousand miles, a million farms, and missest nothing!"

The machinery on our prairie farms fascinates him and fills him with wonder and awe. He looks over "the fields of the West," and beholds "those crawling monsters, the human inventions, the labor-saving implements." He sees them "moving in every direction, imbued as with life,—the revolving hay-rakes, the steam-power reaping machines and the horse-power machines, the engines, threshers of grain and cleavers of grain, well separating the straw, the nimble work of the patent pitchfork."

In that fragment of his "Drum Taps" entitled "To the Leaven'd Soil they Trod," Whitman dedicates his song—

"To the leaven'd soil of the general Western world.

To the Alleghenian hills and the treeless Mississippi,

To the plains of the poems of heroes, to the prairies spreading wide."

And then he adds: "The prairies draw me close, as the father to bosom broad the son."

In "Rise, O Days" this seer of visions and dreamer of dreams pours out the infinite longing of his soul: "Hungering, hungering, hungering, for primal energies and Nature's dauntlessness." He clearly has in mind those "great luminous days" when he "travelled the prairies over and slept on their breast."

The concluding fragment in "Autumn Rivulets" is a tribute to "the Prairie States." Whitman has seen these States in their desolateness and in their awakening to consciousness of power. He now beholds them with the eye of prophecy:

"A newer garden of creation, no primal solitude,
Dense, joyous, modern, populous, millions,
cities and farms,
With iron interlaced, composite, tied, many
in one,
By all the world contributed—freedom's and
law's and thrift's society,
The crown and teeming paradise, so far, of
time's accumulations,
To justify the past."

In "Whispers of Heavenly Death" he relates that on a certain night, to him ever memorable, he lay in camp on the prairies and while the fire burned low and the emigrants slept, wrapped in their blankets, he walked by himself and stood and looked at the stars, "which," says he, "I think now I never realized before."

Recall Whitman's characteristic tribute to Grant. Let me quote it for the strong Western sentiment it contains:

"What best I see in thee
Is not that where thou mov'st down history's
great highway,
Ever undim'd by time, shoots warlike vic-
tory's dazzle,
Or that thou sat'st where Washington sat,
ruling the land in peace,
Or thou the man whom feudal Europe, feted,
venerable Asia swarm'd upon;
Who walked with kings with even pace the
round world's promenade;
But that in foreign lands, in all thy walks
with kings,
Those prairie sovereigns of the West, Kan-
sas, Missouri, Illinois,
Ohio's, Indiana's millions, comrades, farmers,
soldiers, all to the front,
Invisibly with thee, walking with kings, with
even pace, the round world's promenade.
Were all so justified."

And in his feeling tribute to our great citizen-soldier, after his death, the poet exclaims:

"Man of the mighty days—and equal to the
days

Thou from the prairies!"

One of Whitman's most notable "Songs of Parting" contains a loving prophecy for the future of these middle Western States,—

"Of all sloping down there where the fresh,
free giver, the mother, the Mississippi
flows."

He prophesies:

"Of the growth of completer men than any
yet,
* * * * *

Of mighty inland cities yet unsurveyed and
unsuspected,
* * * * *

Of the new and good names, of the modern
developments, of alienable homesteads,
Of a free and original life there, of simple
diet, and clear and sweet blood,
Of liteness, majestic faces, clear eyes, and
perfect physique there,
Of immense spiritual results, future years far
West, each side the Anahuacs,
Of these songs, well understood there, being
made for that area.
Of the native scorn of grossness and gain
there."

Even to the last,—on the last page of
his last lines entitled "Sands at Seventy,"
—his "loftiest look at last," by aid of the
light from "old age's lambent peaks," in-
cludes the mountain, the wood and the
prairie.

II.

It is scarcely necessary to quote further from his verse to show that Whitman was in fullest sympathy with the scenery and the life of the Prairie States, that he believed in the growing greatness of these states, and that he felt commissioned to sing their songs, voice their aspirations and interpret their dreams.

And yet this poet, who would be to the West a voice, an interpreter and a prophet, has had few western readers and drawn to himself fewer western sympathizers and supporters. But the reasons for the indifference of the West to its would-be apostle are not hard to find. The people of the West are a hard-working people. Many of them are over-ambitious and, as a consequence, not a few are hopelessly and some are hopelessly in debt. Outside the magazines and newspapers, they read little. When they turn to poetry, they hope to find recreation, not exhortation, not speculation, not oracular announcements as to man's destiny, society's mission and wisdom's ways. They weary of search for hidden meanings in the text, of effort to harmonize apparently discordant notes in the song. In music, they prefer the simple ballad to the oratorio. In poetry, they turn from Browning's obscurities to Longfellow's simple heart-touch and Riley's homely verse. To them Whitman's poems have

the austerity of a Rocky Mountain canyon with its "tumbling rockpiles grim," its "heaven-ambitious peaks," its "turbulent clear streams," its "naked freshness," its "formless, wild arrays."

But in this the West is not altogether peculiar. The author of "Leaves of Grass" who early revealed himself to Emerson as a soul fortifier and encourager, who drew from Stedman such phrases as "exquisitely idyllic," and from Symonds a sonnet to "the bard sublime"; the poet who found an editor and interpreter in Rossetti, a friend and valiant defender in Burroughs; whose poems have found their way into many languages and into many Old World libraries, is nowhere a poet of the common people. Mr. Burroughs somewhere says it is the uncommon people who hear Whitman gladly.

There is a touch of pathos in the fact that this "poet of Democracy," whose heart's desire was to be read and loved by the masses, is virtually unknown to the masses except as he finds interpreters among the scholarly. Having traced the smooth-flowing streams of modern poesy back to their rough, wild mountain sources, in the Anglo-Saxon, Greek and Hebrew classics, scholars and original investigators take such keen delight in the "turbulent clear streams" of Whitman's verse that they rejoice with the joy of the discoverer in making known their find.

This would-be savior and regenerator of society is likely to remain almost if not quite unknown to the tiller of the soil in whom he so heartily rejoiced. The thoughtful farmer who tries to read Whitman must respect him and feel a desire to know more of him; but he turns instinctively to Burns and Riley for so companionship.

The soldier whom Whitman loved with the tenderness of an elder brother will know little and care less about "the good

gray poet" who, in his time, ministered to the wounded, comforted the dying and cared for the dead, but is quite likely to sleep with a volume of Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads" or "Departmental Ditties" under his pillow.

The feller of forests, the delver in mines, the worker in machinery, the railroad employee, the sailor on the sea or the great lakes—all these will remain in comparative ignorance of what this man would have been to them and of the great joy he found in companionship with men of their kind. But, here and there and everywhere in the book-reading world you will find an advanced thinker, a dreamer of "golden ages coming," a scholar who lives with Homer and Hesiod and Chaucer and Spenser and Shakespeare, to whom Walt Whitman is confessedly a source of unfailing strength and inspiration.

This poet of the East, whose "vision westward turning" was not shut off by the Allegheny mountains, whose soul found delight in our vast areas and a prophecy in the dwellers thereon, whose sympathies were as boundless as our prairies, who turned from Eastern and Old World themes and conventions to sin, our songs and voice our hopes and prophesy in our name; this poet in whom the Old World finds most that typifies the new; this strange anomaly—maker of verse "exquisitely idyllic" and of lines scarcely more than "formless, wild arrays"—this unclassifiable genius who will not down at the bidding of the critics, who has forced for himself a place in literature and, having won it, now, on his merits, lays claim to larger place and will not be denied, must sooner or later compel the attention of all thoughtful and scholarly men and women in this great Western world.

"A Western Estimate of Whitman's Verse," by Mr. Brigham, will appear in the MIDLAND for March.

A NOBLE LIFE.

A noble life is not ablaze,
Of sudden glory won,
But just an adding up of days
In which good work is done.

—Frank H. Sweet.

A HERO AND HIS WIFE.

BY CLARA H. HOLMES.

JOE REMSON and Milly, his wife, were as opposite as the antipodes. Milly was spasmodically energetic, but at times suffered so from relaxation that things went at "sixes and sevens"; in fact, she was much more inclined to push others than to forge ahead for herself. Joe was a good natured giant—too good hearted—giving way to others when it was his duty to have withstood their demands, thus seeming to give the lie to the square cut of his chin.

If Milly remonstrated as to his course, he but laughed and said, "Better yield than fuss, little woman."

"You must think more of others than you do of me," she would argue.

"Now, you know better than that," he would reply, still laughingly.

"Yet you favor them at my expense," still more angrily; she resented his laughter as much as his words.

At this retort he would rub his head thoughtfully. He seemed obtuse as to the nice shades of right and wrong. "I don't see it in that light."

"You haven't any light; you are all in the dark," and there the discussion would end, but not the feeling engendered in Milly's mind. Joe seemed willing to work, but he shirked the asking for a job; a sort of moral cowardice which sat strangely on such broad shoulders. Poverty does not tend to the development of amiability. From angry resentment Milly had drifted to a half-hearted negligence of self and home duties. Joe made no remarks. If things were uncomfortable he took them as he would have taken his medicine—in silence. This seemed to vex Milly the more. "You haven't spunk enough to resent a kick," she would say angrily.

He seldom replied to her taunts, more often, taking his hat, he strolled down the street.

He had been out of work a long time when war was declared, and their finances were at a very low ebb; he was roused to

much more enthusiasm than was usual to him when he heard the news. In vain Milly scoulded because he hung around the recruiting places; he either silently smoked, or answered that he would like to tweak their Spanish noses.

Milly was in a worse temper than usual; it was wash day, and Joe had left her without wood, and had neglected to draw water for her; by the time these tasks were accomplished she was too angry to care about the appearance of the house, and not even the odorous morning breeze, or the generous sunshine of early summer stirred in her heart one pleasurable throb. She pushed the untidy hair away from her heated brow with both wet hands, and proceeded to wash the freckled face of little Billy; he protested vigorously with two very active feet, a pair of chubby fists, and a misfit voice—it being many times too large for so small a body; however, he managed it admirably, ranging it from a mournful adagio, to the most excruciating crescendo. Milly gave him a vicious shake: "Will you hush?"

"I want to go to my daddy!" he bawled.

She gave him another shake: "Oh, no one knows where your father is, the shiftless thing!"

"He's down where the soldiers are; say, Ma; he's goin' to 'list!" sputtered little Billy through the soap-suds.

Milly paused with uplifted towel: "I'd like to see him enlist! He'll not go away and leave me to care for you!" she cried wrathfully, more to herself than to the child. Billy took advantage of the angry pause, and ran down the street, kicking up such a dust that he looked like a mote in the midst of a yellow haze.

Milly flung the towel over the back of a chair and sat down, her head resting in her palm, her elbow on the table; the attitude expressed her dejection. When she married Joe Benson her hands and arms were very pretty, and he was never tired of praising them; hard work and

lack of care had hardened and coarsened her hands, and her arms were browned by exposure, and not so plump as in former times.

The clock on the wall ticked drowsily; puss purred as she stretched herself in the sun; except the occasional crackle of the wood fire, or the hissing of the water as it boiled over upon the stove there was no noise. Milly still sat with her elbows upon the table, unmindful of the untidy house; the disagreeable order of the boiling suds, or her own personal appearance. She at last raised her head and a great tear rolled down her cheek and splashed on the floor; she angrily threw back her hair as though resenting the emotion.

"It's no use fretting over a man that don't care for his family—that can't, or won't work. Dear, dear! Why did I ever marry?"

She snatched the towel off the chair, and hung it on a nail cornerwise; she slammed the chair back against the wall, and viciously brushed the crumbs from the table, leaving the floor in an equally untidy condition by the operation.

"I do wonder where that young one is; he is the most impatient, restless little wretch on earth! I am sure he doesn't get that trait from me—and his father is too shiftless to ever get impatient. Oh, dear! A woman's a slave from the minute she gets married!"

Glancing out of the window she saw Joe coming up the street with little Billy cuddling his hand in his great palm; the homely, little face was turned upward much as a bird might look into the blue sky, and with as worshipful a regard as the feathered songster might be supposed to have for its ethereal home above the earth. His shrill, piping voice reached her ear, fitfully mingled with the deeper, steadier tones of the man; there had been a time—not so long since—when that deep, melodious voice had thrilled her heart pleasurably; now it but stirred her anger to more active expression:

"It's a wonder that you came home at all," she said in a rasping tone.

"I don't know about that; I seem to come home pretty regularly—about meal time," he answered quizzically.

"Huh! Yes, whether you bring anything to eat, or not!"

Joe only laughed good naturedly.

"Daddy's goin' to 'list," cut in Billy, in his piping treble.

"Good riddance!" snapped Milly; but a troubled look grew in her eyes, and she added as an afterthought, "he wouldn't go; he's too lazy to march." There was an uncertainty in her tone as though she sought an assurance against a fear.

Joe laughed again; it was a way he had of covering any feeling which he did not wish to betray; "I think I should make a very fair mark; perhaps a Spaniard might be able to hit me; so I might be of some use as a target, if good for nothing else."

"Don't talk nonsense; you are not going!" she said sharply.

"Oh, I don't know! You don't seem to have much use for me;" he began the speech drolly, but it ended somewhat sadly.

"I'd want you right enough if you tried to make a living for us; as it is—" she broke off impatiently.

"That's the reason I'd best go; I'm no good here, and if I get shot you could get some one that would suit you better; you'd be as pretty as ever if you'd fix up a bit," he said reflectively.

"Daddy, you isn't goin' to get shooted; daddy—oh, daddy, you said I could have a drum," piped Billy.

"Sure thing, little man," answered Joe, tossing him up on his shoulder. "You'll be daddy's drummer boy while he marches away to war."

He tried to say it cheerily, but a sad look gathered in his clear blue eyes, which little Billy's so much resembled.

Milly flared up again: "You'll not go—that's all there is of it; you'll stay at home and take care of your family; let those do the fighting who advocated war; you had nothing to do with it!"

Joe answered slowly and significantly: "Remember the Maine!"

Milly gave her shoulders an impatient jerk. "Oh, I've heard that until I'm sick of it. Of course, I am sorry for the poor fellows, but it won't bring them to life to have thousands more killed, and it will not heal broken hearts, by breaking more hearts," protested she volubly.

Joe passed his hand over Billy's head meditatively. "Some way, that sounds all right; but—I can't help feeling that the Spaniards need correcting, and—I'd like to take a hand in the job."

Milly had taken the boiling clothes off the stove, and was setting the table in a careless fashion; instead of replying to his words she said: "Come to your dinner;" but her face lost none of its acrimoniousness. Joe talked to little Billy, but it was evident that Milly's angry silence depressed him; after the meal was over he stood by the window filling his pipe, thoughtfully packing the tobacco down with his thumb, as though it were a thing which needed to be very nicely done; without turning around, he said: "Milly, I enlisted this morning."

"What?" she questioned sharply, not that she had missed hearing, but that she doubted the evidence of that sense.

He merely repeated the words. Surprised that she did not speak, Joe turned to look at her; he had expected fierce reproach, and angry vituperation. She stood motionless; a curious, tense line drawn from her nose to the corners of her mouth which lifted her upper lip slightly, and gave her the look of an animal at bay.

"What is the matter, Milly? Why don't you speak?" cried Joe, roused from his usual calm demeanor. She did not appear to hear him, but stood with blank, unseeing gaze. He went up to her and laid his hand upon her arm—the bare, round arm which he had so admired and caressed in the early days of their marriage. At his touch she started as though galvanized into life. "Go away! Let me alone, you heartless wretch! You leave me and your child to shift for ourselves—or starve—you are not caring which it may be—while you get a living from the government by a pretense of patriotism!"

"Don't, Milly! I thought it my duty to go. I never looked at it in the way you put it—it's hard to know what to do when one owes a duty in two places which conflict." He said this despondently, almost humbly.

"Duty! Duty! You promised to 'love and cherish' me; and the child has no claim upon you, I suppose? It is surpris-

ing how easily some people can shift their responsibilities!"

Her eyes were flaming wrathfully; not a token of sorrow at parting from him, or of regret as to his danger softened her face; only cold, hard anger at his failure in his duty to her.

Joe stood silent under this storm of words until she taunted him with wishing to shirk his responsibilities; then he lifted his face.

"Milly, stop! I have been bad enough, the Lord knows; but never have I refused, or desired to evade the support of you or the child; I own that it hasn't been a very good living, but—I do hate to urge a man to give me work—it makes me feel like a beggar; perhaps it's the wrong feeling—I think it is. God knows that I've always been willing to work if I had the chance—"

Milly interrupted sarcastically: "Yes, if some one would do the disagreeable part for you—stand behind you and push you forward—you would use your muscle as much as you must and no more; there isn't any part of a man about you except your size."

The stinging bitterness of her tone is not to be conveyed in written words.

Joe dropped his head again dejectedly. "I hope to God that I will get shot," he said bitterly. Little Billy pulled at his coat. "Me don't want daddy to go, too; Billy wants you to stay home," he cried piteously. His father laid his hand on his head caressingly, and though he did not speak it seemed to satisfy the child.

A month later Joe Benson marched away with his company, looking "every inch a soldier" in his uniform. Little Billy bravely pounded upon a drum as big as himself, while the tears washed gutters in the dirt on his freckled face; but when they turned a corner and passed from sight, loyalty could carry him no further. "I want my daddy! I don't want him to go away and be shooted," he sobbed, as he wound himself tightly in his mother's skirt. Milly neither moved, nor spoke; hours before, without a tear, she had said good-bye, and now with tightly compressed lips, she saw him pass from her sight; she took little Billy by the hand and silently walked out of the crowd

of weeping women and excited men toward home.

"That Milly Benson don't care at all," said one who might have fitly represented Niobe.

"She's got an awful temper, and Joe was shif'less," answered her companion.

"For my part, I don't 'no what she's goin' to do with that young one," continued the first speaker.

"No, she's not any too tidy an' hus'lin' herself."

To disparage another seems to a certain class to be a roundabout way of extolling their own virtues.

As the days went by, Millie, contrary to expectation, asked aid from no one; she procured work, and stayed at home to do it. She was much more tidy, and took better care of little Billy; as to her personal appearance, although her dress was but a cheap print, it was neatly made, and her hair was kept smooth and nice; she was more careful of her hands, and her sleeves were closed tightly at the wrists to protect her arms.

"You must be prinkin' up for another man," said one of the neighbors offensively.

"I have one man, and that is enough, unless there is a great improvement in the breed," she answered sharply.

"I declare to goodness, I thought she'd snap my head off; one thing is sure, she'd be glad if Joe Benson never came back," was the uncharitable comment.

There came news of a battle; all was excitement and rejoicing. With shrill voices the newsboys cried the "extras" as they raced wildly up and down the streets. "All about the great victory! Only four Americans killed! Hundreds of Spanish slain!"

Milly heard the shouts with an awful sinking at her heart and a buzzing in her brain. Joe's company were among those who went into battle; but—only four were killed; well, those four belonged to some one; some heart would ache for each of them; but—it couldn't be Joe! She remembered with a quickened heart-throb his stalwart frame, his merry, good natured laugh came back to her from forgotten byways. She had been so angry

with him for taking reverses and disappointments in so cheerful a manner; a dim idea had possessed her that it would ease the stress if he fretted more; the thought occurred now to torment her, that he had been kind as well as wise. She had worried over the inevitable, making bad worse; when he sought to make it easy for her she would not accept it. A tear trickled down her cheek and wet the pillow; she turned impatiently in the bed. "It can't be Joe!" she said aloud.

Little Billy raised up with round, frightened eyes, and his little lips quivered pitifully. "Is my daddy shooted? I want my daddy!" She tried to soothe him—and herself—by saying again and again, "It can't be Joe. No, no, Billy; it can't be daddy!" Yet all the while a fear gnawed at her heart which would not let go.

As though half ashamed, she had bought a paper and eagerly looked it over. Among the names of the unfortunate men that of Joseph Barton, headed the list. She shuddered, the name was so fearfully like; then she drew a long breath of relief. "Thank God! It is not my Joe!"

Notwithstanding, she tossed restlessly, and thought the same thoughts over and over again; she vaguely wondered what sort of a woman this Mrs. Joseph Barton was, and if she had parted from her husband in anger; she hoped not, it made her sorry for the woman to think of such a thing now. Presently it tormented her to remember that her Joe had never given her an unkind word, no matter how bitterly she had upbraided him. "Oh, dear, I will not think about it—but I will not be cross when he comes home," she whispered to herself—but she did think of it with aggravating persistency.

She arose the next morning haggard and despondent; she hurriedly dressed the restless little Billy and sent him to play with a neighbor's child, his questions annoyed her so; she listlessly prepared the morning meal, and without knowing it placed a plate for Joe—her mind was so full of him, and the old days. A wave of loneliness swept over her as she noticed what she had done; she had just set the tea to draw, when Billy burst into the house screaming at the top of his voice:

"Oh, mammy, Tommy Brown says my daddy is shot; I want my daddy!" Milly grasped the edge of the table. "Hush your screaming; it isn't your father." Mechanically she repeated the assurance, "It can't be Joe!" But she sat limply down. She had no desire for food with this black shadow trailing over her head.

A little later Tommy Brown's grandfather came in, bringing the morning paper folded at the amended list of names. She silently held out her hand for it. Heading the list of killed she read, "Joseph Benson, private, Company A, Amherst." Her hand dropped nervelessly at her side and the paper fluttered to the floor unheeded. Grandfather Brown, good, kindly old soul, took her hands between his trembling palms: "I'm so sorry for you, Milly." He knew how worse than useless are words; how like a mockery are the usual condolences; she clung to his hand convulsively, but repeated the old, condoling formula, "It can't be Joe!"

"I am afraid it is, Milly. They made a mistake in spelling the name," the kind old voice quivered with sympathy.

She made no outcry, and shed no tears; but she gathered little Billy in her arms and rocked him to and fro as though he were a little babe. The papers were filled with accounts of the heroic conduct of these four men, but Milly would not read them, and when one tactless woman said to her, "I should think you would like to read everything you could get about such a hero," she blazed out wrathfully, "I'd rather have a live coward than a dead hero!"

It is safe to say that the neighbor had never heard the old saying, as she remarked confidentially to a neighbor, when recounting the circumstance: "She's just an old Spanish sympathizer. I do believe that she thinks it was a disgrace for him to go to war."

When they brought her the articles found in his pockets, a month later, she took them with the same apathy which characterized all her conduct; among the things was a letter addressed to herself; she thrust it in her pocket without so much as looking at the superscription. "That Milly is perfectly heartless," re-

marked a bystander. Grandfather Brown, to whom the remark was addressed, made no reply; but a little later went over to the house and built Milly's fire, carried in the night wood and brought a pail of water.

"Is there anything more that I can do?" he asked wistfully.

"No," she answered, but she reached out her hand to him, showing him that she understood and appreciated his sympathy; his old fingers closed over hers for an instant: "If you need anything else let me know, and—read your letter, and—cry; it will do you good." He turned away his face, that he might not appear to see her emotion; these two understood each other well.

Without reply she turned and went into her room, but instead of reading her letter she locked it away in a drawer—it almost seemed with aversion—and not until she saw Grandpa Brown go down the street did she come out; she then finished her work as upon ordinary occasions.

The well meaning and the curious sought her, but none found admission. Those who persisted were sure to receive a sharp and irascible speech for their pains. None but little Billy and Grandpa Brown knew any change in her; it was to the child that the change was most wonderful; she had never been a very tender mother, not that she had ever misused him, but she had missed the tender ways of motherhood; the soft kisses and cooing speech so natural to womanly lips; but now she cuddled him to sleep, and sung soft lullabys in a deep contralto voice; or told him stories of his father—a thrill of regret softening her tones—and blending with all was a sweetness that warmed little Billy's heart as nothing save daddy had ever done.

The day had wept itself away, and evening had stolen on, with low, forlorn sobbing of winds, and a heavy mist had settled over all things; a damp unwholesomeness pervaded the atmosphere until breathing seemed a heavy labor; while the arc lights in the streets but served to punctuate the gloom. Milly felt more than usually depressed, and little Billy crept sobbingly into her arms. She sat in the darkness, rocking and crooning to him, when she heard the click of the latch

as some person entered the gate; she was instantly on the defensive. "I wonder why they can't let me alone? I want none of their platitudes—their affectation of sympathy. It is much like watching a person swallow a bitter dose of medicine. Well, they shall not see me make a wry face!"

She indignantly sprang up to close and lock the door, but something familiar in the dim outline made her pause. "Is it you, Grandfather Brown?" she asked in a low tone.

"Yes; the night is so disagreeable, and I thought perhaps you might want something from town; or perhaps you might not have wood enough, or—or—something," he explained, not very coherently.

"Thank you, but I need nothing; it is kind of you to let your sympathy take so practical a turn. Every one else wants to know just how I take my trouble, and if I mourn, how much. I hope they have found out!" she finished bitterly.

"Sho, sho! Perhaps you do them an injustice. People judge us by our words; we mustn't blame them if they take our own word for it. Must we, now?"

"But I couldn't tell them just how I feel, to have them go away and make remarks about it!"

"No, no; you couldn't; that's so; but perhaps they wouldn't if you wasn't so different. I know that your grief is none the less because you do not talk about it, but most people can't understand. They think you ought to tell it; they don't know how deep down 'tis; 'twould be ever so much better for you if you could cry it away," he said gently.

She was swaying back and forth in the rocking chair, holding little Billy close to her aching heart; the gloom gave her but a dim outline of grandpa's bent figure; she was glad that he could not see her working features. She cried out sharply: "No weeping can undo the past—Oh, that I let him go away believing that I did not care!" It was as though his gentle words had touched the one vulnerable spot in her armor, through which she must yield up her life blood. It may have been the gloom of the weather; it may have been the touch of a sympathy that she knew to be genuine; or that, having permitted herself the first token of emotion, it was like the flood

which breaks over the dam, it will not from that time be stayed; she gave way to such tempest of grief and self-reproach that it frightened him. When she became enough composed that he could speak to her, he asked, "Did you read the letter that he left you?"

"N, no, no! I dared not! I could not bear his reproaches, and—he dead!" She was wildly hysterical.

"I do not believe that he would reproach you, and I know Joe pretty well; read it, Millie; I believe that you will find comfort in it." The quavering, cracked old voice sounded sweet in its sympathy, and gentle earnestness.

Millie gently laid little Billy on the couch, and lighted the lamp; she brought out the letter, carefully wrapped in tissue paper; her hands trembled as she opened it; in a low, sad tone she began to read it aloud; her head drooped lower, her voice quivered with emotion; her shoulders were shaken with the effort to suppress her sobs. Grandfather Brown bent over her in an attitude expressive of his interest in the letter, and his sympathy with the reader; the wind from the open doors swayed the flame of the lamp to and fro, casting a dancing silhouette on the wall beyond them.

The crumpled sheet began: "My Darling Wife: We are going into battle with the coming of the morning; I have a presentiment that I shall be killed, and I wish to assure you that I love you as well as upon the day upon which we were married. I do not blame you for being angry that I left you destitute; I realize now, that my first duty was to you and the little fellow; but Millie, I also believe that it was my duty to serve my country; my fault was that, I should have made a better provision for you; but Milly dear, I did try to get work; that I failed was not my fault. I did not tell you so for I knew that it would fret you, and when I tried to keep cheerful you blamed me for that. God knows that I tried to do right, but I seem to have made a mistake in all ways. I knew that you were tired of me; but I did not, and do not blame you. My duty in the present is clear; I am here, and my business is to fight, and I am going to do it for all I am worth; if I fall—well, good bye, Milly,

and—believe that I loved you until my last breath.

"Your husband,
"JOE BENSON."

No sound broke the silence, but Milly's heavy sobs, and the moaning of the wind as it swept the rain in fitful gusts around the house. The hatch clicked again, and the woden gate swung to with a muffled thud, but both were too much absorbed in sad thought to heed it. Milly lifted her face—the tears streaming down her cheeks: "Grandfather, these people,—and the papers—say now, that he was a hero, and some of those detestable women sneered at me because I would not read the printed praise. Why, grandpa, I told him that he was not even a man! He was a hero long before he went to war—he did not give me a harsh answer although I abused him so shamefully; he never gave me a cross word, and now—he is dead."

Grandfather laid his hand on her shoulder: "Don't, child, it is past recall."

Up through the unreal, sodden gloom came a shadowy figure, and entered the circle of light—the fitful swaying light of the lamp—a grey, cadaverous shadow, which seemed unnaturally tall so emaciated was the person, and the left sleeve of his military coat was pinned against his breast; he leaned against the door jamb, regarding the occupants of the room intently, and heard the closing of Milly's speech. She raised her face to answer grandfather, instead, she gave a little shriek: "Joe, you good for nothing thing!" was her characteristic salute.

"Oh, I don't know! Maybe you think so," was the equally characteristic reply.

Half an hour later Joe was saying: "You see, Bill Huggins was confident that he would come out all right, and I was just as sure that it would be the finish of me; so I handed him those things to give to Milly; after the battle they found Bill's body, and by the clothing, and the papers in his pocket thought it was me. You see, we were fighting side by side when he fell, and the impulse took hold of me like a demon, to exchange identity with him; so, I seized his cap, putting mine beside his head—and in the midst of

the hellish tumult, the whistling of bullets, the bursting of shells, and the fiendish shrieks of maddened men—I took all of his papers from his coat pocket, but left mine; this was easily done as he lay behind a small hillock, surrounded by low bushes, and the army had gone on a hundred yards or so. Ten minutes later the ball struck me which cost me this arm," glancing down at the empty sleeve, but smiling brightly as Millie laid her hand upon his shoulder, "I thought I was a goner, too; and right there it struck me what a scurvy trick I had been guilty of, and I thought if I lived long enough I would explain. It was a good many days before I knew anything; then, as I lay on my cot in the hospital, I chewed it over and over; I thought for sure that Milly didn't want me, and Bill didn't have any folks that any one knew of, so it couldn't do him any harm, and I argued to myself that it would be all right for me to drop out; so I never cheeped, and I was Bill Huggins, sure enough. But as the time went on I fought a fiercer battle than on the field; there I had all the excitement of numbers and conflict to carry me forward; but in the quiet ward of the hospital it was different; the nurses went around as though shod with velvet, and all their ways were gentle and quiet. Occasionally some poor fellow would groan, or get off his head a bit; or maybe they would quietly carry out what one had known as a jolly good fellow, and it made one wonder if it would be his turn next. Whenever they carried it out, it made me sorry for all sorts of things. That which gave me most worry was, that I was sure that Milly didn't want me when I had two arms, and I knew that she would want me still less, now that I was lopsided physically as well as energetically; after turning it over about a million times, I made up my mind that I would never let her know that I was alive. It was awful funny to read the account of my own death, especially as I was feeling much better before I saw the item. But the days got so awful long; I never knew it could be so lonesome as it was when I thought that I had no one to care for me; I knew the little man would be sorry for 'daddy,' and it just made me sick, the

thought of cheating him. Then there was another thing which did not set well on my stomach; the papers, and the people were all talking about my heroism, and it made me feel like a sneak, for Bill Huggins was the man, not me."

"But you fought side by side with him, in equal danger, didn't you."

"Oh, yes; but Bill was killed; I got off right enough," carelessly, "but that settled the question; I couldn't take honors that didn't belong to me—though I had a fine time convincing those army fellows of it; and now if Milly won't let me prove to her that I am a man, and able to earn a living with only one arm, why, I'm in pretty bad shape. The army has no use for me at present, and the Great Com-

mander wouldn't have me, so if Milly will not try me—" he paused wistfully.

Milly smiled grimly: "I suppose I shall have to put up with what's left. Grandfather, I think that I prefer a one-armed man; he will not be subject to draft."

Little Billy stirred in his sleep, and drew a long, sobbing breath.

"The little fellow cried himself to sleep," said Milly.

"Daddy's man," said Joe, picking him up in his one arm; the child opened his eyes sleepily, but seeing the face above him, cried out, joyfully: "My daddy isn't shot! Gran'pa tell Tommy he didn't know right, 'cause my—daddy—he—come—home," he finished drowsily.

THE OLD BACHELOR'S STORY.

BY MATTIE A. CURL.

I AM a man of thirty-five and more, a bachelor—and they call me a cynic. I do not deplore my lonely lot and expect to continue so until the end. It is not that I depreciate the sentiment called love; nor have I ever been indifferent toward woman; and I would not state on theory that marriage is a failure. Moreover, I know beyond all doubt that more than one woman has been in love with me, and my life has not been without its romance, for in my youth I was not unattractive to the fair sex, nor was I lacking in chivalry, or in sensibility to feminine charms, and my later manhood is but a superstructure upon the old foundation, with all that maturity adds mentally, and I have lived always in the midst of civilized society.

There is mystery in life; there is paradox in human social intercourse; there is Magnetic attraction between a fair woman and a strong man. It is hard for power to restrain itself when it can so easily make or mar; it is hard for the tendril-like nature of a woman, always seeking some object about which to twine in sympathy or love, to refrain from embracing what it should not in a misguided way. Hence our ethical codes, and our civil laws.

One woman showed me the most angelic side of her being—the highest, noblest phase of mind and character of which she was capable; another the worst; another tried to excel herself and others, at my inspiration and for my entertainment; another reformed from a frivolous, vain career into a dutiful, noble woman through some influence which I inadvertently exercised over her; and, another, an innocent, pure-minded dreamer of a girl, awakened with a start, and developed into a passionate, eager-souled woman at a single bound, and in wild unrestrain—madness, threw herself with all her wealth of affection, and world of longing and pent-up ardor and capacity for reverential adoration, that should have been directed toward heaven, at my feet. I was shocked; I pitied her; I disapproved the whole thing. I could not love her—the fool—not after that. There is just one impulse between fair fame and infamy. One is alive on Tarpean Rock, but a slight move, hurled—self-hurled, or by the hand of fate, or by the law, from its precipitous edge into the depths below—demolition! Well, I lived to see that woman in carmine, with a reputation of the same hue; and she, the cynic, asserted that I made her so. How false

may one become. And yet when I saw her first she was as good, truthful, sweet, and white-souled as your own fair school-girl daughter of sixteen. And I only smiled on her, and talked a little to her, and turned away, and took up my own life-work again. But the impression had been produced ;she looked after me, heard the blows resounding, and remembered my smile—and must needs call it love. Pshaw! Who will hold me responsible? I say girls are foolish, and women are either knaves or fools.

But, to my story—those things were after the episode that gave my life its trend. I had started to say that the fickleness of one woman and the noble self-sacrifice and life-long fidelity of another are two of the causes that have led me to adjure all love and remain free as I am to-day.

It was ten years ago that I met Clare Mervale. She was beautiful and charming—that was my first impression, and afterwards I had no reason to change the opinion. But while she was attractive, and her society was pleasant, the thought of sentiment or love did not occur to me, at first; but we drifted into it. It was she, I think, who furnished the key-note of our mental attitude, and paved the way for what followed. Being feminine, she was more or less romantic and sentimental, although she did not look it—for she was tall, stately, proud, superb, with a trace of hauteur that harmonized well with her olive brunette style. Her social popularity and success caused me to glance her way, as all others did, then I was drawn into the charmed circle, and from that hour I was won, and she was won, although we knew it not at the time.

I was thinking and working rather hard at the time, every day, for it was in the early constructive stages of my business and professional career; and I was ambitious to succeed in the world; that was where all my hopes, aspirations and interest centered. So of evenings I was tired, mentally and physically, and disposed to rest and be entertained, diverted, amused, petted and flattered, and have my praises sung. And Clare Mervale's parlor was a most inviting place, where I was always welcome. She entertained

extensively, was a queenly hostess; and when general society did not claim her, or she its presence in her own domain, and I could see her there alone, it was a pleasure for which I would surrender even my club, and the vivand company of my clever and witty bachelor friends.

Clare Mervale was an artist in a way, and gave the artistic touch to her surroundings, as well as to her conduct. There was an atmosphere of elegance, refinement and repose; there were music, flowers and pictures, statuettes, bibelots, books, and grace in action; lights whose radiance filtered softly subdued through tinted shells; above all there was Clare Mervale herself, so fair, so brilliant, so serene, so vivacious, so sympathetic, so gracious, with her gentle voice and powers to charm, so anxious to please and adulate me. Is it strange that after a time I came to think her superior to all others of her sex, and her society more congenial to me than any others? And under that delusion, I told her so. And then it was, she responded—while I stood almost trembling to hear the issue, like a man with his life at stake, just about to know the eternal verdict—that she had long cared for me, and much more. I hung on the words, I thought they were true. And then I kissed her, just once—beautiful, superb, proud Clare, and she slung to my hand a little at parting. And then, later, in my den, I smiled and congratulated myself over my cigar, and thought my fate was not half bad; and I had won somewhat “across lots,” as it were. I knew my friends could not but approve the Mervale—“Vere de Vere” she was called, and the name suited her perfectly. No, granting a man was going in for that sort of thing, one could make no better selection than to let the choice fall on that one. “Vere de Vere” would represent me well; and she came high—I knew there were others who could not have had her for the asking.

And it was about this time Leon Alderson came to the town of L—, where I was a young practicing physician and my father's partner, and opened an office, hung out a professional shingle and entered the ranks of the local bar. Alderson

and I had been college chums and classmates, and there immediately sprung up a new friendship upon the remembered basis of the old comradeship.

Shortly afterward my cousin Estelle Banks came among us, and then there were soon some shifts in our social relationships. For the sake of my mother's peace of mind, I was at home under my father's roof, and Estelle, who taught classes in music and languages, and was out mostly, boarded there. As Leon Alderson and I were much together, it was but natural that he and Estelle soon met, and also, in due course, I was but too proud to introduce my admirable friend—Leon was a noble fellow—to my beautiful fiancée—never doubting, such was my sincerity and friendship.

Estelle Banks was a sincere, independent, rather transparent girl—character, not overly self-possessed, not wise, not calculating in the least, not heroic nor brilliant, but self-respecting and intelligent. Leon Alderson was tall, handsome, strong, clever, intellectual, brave, bright, honorable, charming; in fact, admirable in every way, one to be a favorite with both women and men. Estelle frankly admitted to me that she admired Alderson and was interested in him. I was not surprised; others thought the same, and it only argued her good taste and showed that she knew a good thing to conform with the popular opinion. But Estelle was too sensible and proud a girl to do more, I thought, to lose her heart and head absurdly. I knew Leon Alderson's points of view, as one man can know another's, knowing him so intimately as I did. And I knew that he was one who held high ideals and high criteria, and had kept them intact so far and unrealized; and he would be most hard to please or win—the woman scarcely lived who could do it. And what was more to the point, that he was not in the position or phase of mind to be susceptible to impressions of a sentimental character.

Estelle had some musical talent and other social accomplishments, and had soon acquired a circle of friends and acquaintances. Leon Alderson, as my friend, was very kind to her in the way of polite attentions, and I was glad to see

it, for I knew that my cousin Estelle, while younger and not the fascinating woman of the world that Clare Mervale was, was as nice and sweet and charming a girl as could be found search the world over, and deserved the attentions of the best men in the social arena. I was just then more interested in Clare Mervale than I had ever been before—or ever afterward—and made it convenient to go where she went, and see that she went where I was pleased to go; and Alderson took my cousin off my hands. He understood how it was with me was very obliging, had no choice among the young ladies, and Estelle amused him a little; and he knew that I would have favored him in the same way had our positions been reversed and he had been situated as I was. That is the way it commenced, that branch of the story. I had not confided in Estelle then about my engagement. It was not necessary. She and Clare were comparative strangers, and it was not a subject easy to introduce; but I meant to do so afterward—and I did, some time afterward, a little too late, in fact, which I regretted.

One evening Leon Alderson was with us; he and Estelle and I sat talking late; Estelle thrummed on the piano, and Alderson picked a guitar a little, and they both sang some snatches of song. I had a current magazine, which I had gotten and glanced over, and my attention and interest caught and excited by something midway a page, I carried it home and put it down somewhere; had forgotten it, and found it next on a fauteuil in the parlor there, where Estelle had brought it, turned open face downward at a poem on one page and a short story on the other. I remembered with a flash that line I had read and forgotten; and picked up the book, fluttered the leaves, found the place and tried to finish the article, under the sound of their voices and the music across the room. But they would not let me alone in any such studious and unsocial lapse—and called at me, and referred to me to come and straighten a tangled conversational skein, and to pronounce on the music, etc., and I threw down the literature in disgust, and joined them in what they

liked—which was nothing but just not to seem to be “out of it.”

And during the course of the half hour that followed it was that my cousin did or said or looked something—ever so slight and trivial a thing in itself, which, while I could not analyze it or reproduce or describe it—its significance and effect lay in the impression it made on us two men, and the little truth, a surprise to us both, which it revealed. It was involuntary, too, an impulse, a flash-light revelation of an unguarded moment.

We exchanged glances, quickly, instinctively, Alderson and I, while her face flushed from throat to brow, her eyes lowered, her head bent over the piano keys, her hand trembled perceptibly, and her slender form swayed just a little. There was a momentary silence, a full silence, an intense silence, a critical silence, a difficult silence, a silence that spoke, as it were, during which it is safe to say each of the trio thought with electrical rapidity, and gathered the strengthening forces that maintain self-control and the ligaments of will about us, to keep the not-to-be-expressed in the background, and ourselves in well-bred, cool composure. I, with my eyes on the carpet, could conceive how Estelle, impulsive, sensitive, modest and proud, must be suffering most terribly; and I thought, too, as I gazed through a fur rug blankly, and the thought kindled me somewhat, that Alderson was, no doubt, laughing in his sleeve. For Estelle had been absurdly false to herself, and showed her whole hand, as it were: Leon Alderson and I knew that she was in love with him. He had, perhaps, never thought of such a thing before, and it was not reciprocal. Fool—he could say that of Estelle now, and it could not be successfully contradicted—not because she cared for him so, but because she could not guard and conceal the fact. I was annoyed and provoked.

Then a moment later the silence was broken—something was said, and then it all went on very much as before—apparently—the occasion, on the whole, passed off as if nothing unusual had occurred.

When Alderson bade Estelle good-night and took his leave somewhat later, I went out with him into the open air, and

we walked together a short distance. Then we stopped beneath an arc light, and I laid my hand on his arm and turned him so that the light fell full in his face and I could look straight into his eyes, and said:

“Leon—old fellow—”

“Well—friend of old—?” he replied, placing his arm affectionately over my shoulder, an old boyish way he had had at school. We were friends, at any rate, the best of friends, and both rational men. He returned my gaze frankly and fearlessly, not another word was spoken; then we both laughed together, let our arms fall, and turned away. We lighted a cigar each shook hands good-night and parted.

After a little, when I sprang up the steps at home again, and across the hall, through the half-open door I saw Estelle standing beside the piano, closing it; she turned toward me with an inquiring glance as I appeared on the threshold.

“Estelle,” I said, “don’t be a fool.”

“What do you mean?” The wistfulness in her eyes gave place to a flash of resentment.

Then I passed over to where she stood out in a clear space of the room, straight and rather tall, and prettily gowned in a shade and color she knew Leon liked—erect and sheer from all furniture. I touched her hand lightly to detain her, for fear she would escape before I had said what I wished to say, but she quickly drew her hand away and stood aside a little, rather disdainfully and coolly.

“Estelle, my cousin,” I said kindly, but impressively, “Leon Alderson is an admirable fellow, the finest, best fellow in the world, a gentleman and the soul of honor—but, girls need to be careful.”

Her eyes had been searching my face, but when I had uttered this, she looked down and flushed deeply; and then put up her hand and laid it on my sleeve, and I felt the fingers tremble.

“My dear cousin, what have I done?” she exclaimed.

I laughed softly; she looked so pathetic, so frightened, and so comical.

“Nothing, Estelle—don’t be alarmed; only—don’t do it again.”

She stood perfectly still, gazing blank-

ly forward, like one in a dream for a moment, and then roused herself, glanced in my face again, and threw back her head, with a little affect at dignity and a show of pride, and said, in a clear, bell-like voice, sustained and unafraid: "I do not care—on the contrary, I glory in it; he is grand—I would be less than a woman if I did not—"

"Estelle," I interrupted, "do not, I pray, say this or think it—it is sheer nonsense. That was the wrong impulse, and you have a wrong conception of the whole affair. You must allow for a different point of view in Alderson. He is a man of the world, a strong intellectual force, no sentimentalist, no soft-pated susceptible cad. Your caring for him does not flatter him in the least. He can't approve it—so, he will think you either silly or—bad—which do you prefer? And then—moreover—sometimes a man likes to make discoveries; the longer the search, the more difficult the process, the more prized the success in the end—"

My last words were lost on her, but what went just before struck home—it stung to the quick.

"Bad!" Her eyes dilated in astonishment and an awakening to a realization of a hitherto undreamed-of idea. And then, shrinking with apprehension:

"Oh, what shall I do? How turn? It was the impulse of a moment, and never meant to be wrong; if it was an error, I regret it so! Is it irretrievable? Tell me, will you not, how to redeem myself?" eagerly and pleadingly. Estelle was indeed sore pressed in that moment. She thought she had made the false step of her life, and that it was all over for her.

Then she drew a chair forward, had me sit down, and showed a willingness to take counsel with me, caressed me a little, declared I was the dearest, wisest person in the world, saying again and again: "Tell me something; talk to me, Paul; tell me a nice story."

I knew that it was not I, but Leon Alderson who invoked the tenderness; and that she wished to know through me how it was with him, some message, or my opinion. And, poor little girl, I hadn't a crumb, a fragment, a ray of hope, to give her. For I knew he did not care; she

was all wrong and deluded, and self-deceived. But it was almost brutal to tell her the whole truth. I thought she had best learn it by degrees, so I said:

"My dear Estelle, don't be absurd. Take your time to think this matter over in your more rational moods; and depend upon me as a brother always, come what may; but do not expect too much—"

"I expect nothing," she returned.

I thought this sounded more philosophic than her normal self justified, but simply said, consulting my watch:

"Had you time to better go to your room now—to sleep—see here, it's so late, it is almost early," the hands indicating some minutes of twelve. "You will lose your beauty-sleep altogether to-night."

Presently Estelle looked down at me in the hall from over the balusters midway the staircase as she ascended, and stopped there, and, with an appealing smile—

"Paul, darling—I—" longingly. I knew that she did not mean "darling Paul," but "darling Leon."

"Pooh! Estelle, you remind me of my dog when he wants a bone, only his manners are really better; and he has the grace to be nice and appreciative of me at other times as well," I said, heartlessly.

She turned quickly and went on without glancing back.

She wished to know what I surmised apropos Leon's state of mind and heart; and how could I tell her? That laugh of his, the import it conveyed to me. It would have broken her heart or at least caused her to spend a storm-tossed night on a tear-drenched pillow. It is merciful we do not know some things. But the disillusioning would come sooner or later.

During the days and weeks that followed, a change came over Estelle! She became more subdued, more thoughtful, more earnest, dignified, industrious, alert, more elusive—one could never see her alone—more circumspect in speech and act, but sometimes her tongue said things rather hard, a trifle bitter, but she was kinder, more humane and helpful in conduct, more considerate toward others. Well, there's pro and con to such sentimental affairs; one has to suffer somewhat to appreciate the fact of pain in

others. She avoided Leon Alderson, but when they chanced to meet she hung on his smiles.

I was quite busy professionally just then; illness incident to a severe winter was prevalent around. I had acquired the "bubble reputation," and jointly with my pater was active in a large and successful medical practice demanding constant attention. It extended into suburban and rural districts; and I was going day and night, so I had little of Estelle's companionship. When free for society, I flew to Clare, my beautiful fiancée.

But, after a little, a change came over the spirit of my own dreams. The charm in Leon Alderson that had attracted my cousin was perfectly apparent and magnetic to others, also, natural gifts cultivated into art with him. Clare Mervale was attractive; one old enough to have left the crudeness of girlhood behind and developed the essential charms of a fascinating woman.

These two had a great deal of each other's society, to some extent through me. Alderson was of a diametrically opposite style of man and temperament from myself; was interesting, charming, full of resources—character, talent and brain, perfectly admirable, perfectly successful, always master of himself and the situation; Clare could but like him, and she fell to studying him. But I was not jealously inclined, and believed in fidelity and principles of honor. Perhaps I did not take into due consideration and allow for the human propensity to err, and the progress and change of personal tastes, and how easy it is to be deluded, and how most all things are comparative. Above all, I did not understand Clare Mervale, nor she me.

Well, to make a long story short, it was only a question of time when I began to know that Alderson and I were possible rivals; then that Clare was more interested in him than in me. Would she prove fickle? Was not he a man of honor? I began to doubt. An estrangement sprang up between my fiancée and me on the one hand, and my friend and me on the other.

The days flitted; there were events and episodes. Finally a crisis—just the logi-

cal sequence of the state of things, for the truth would transpire, despite all dissemblance. I knew at last beyond all peradventure that had my friend been upon the scene first, that—it would all have been very different. There was but one course for me. Our engagement was broken off by mutual consent. The veil once torn from my eyes, I could see clearly. My idol was shattered, the only idol I had ever worshipped. Clare Mervale's slender white hand had hurled it to fragments, and smiled at Leon Alderson across the ruins. I was wretched. I thought it was all over for me. What of beauty and good life can hold was never to be mine; but instead a blank, a drear, desolate waste, strewn with gray ashes, paralyzed in ice-locked clutches, bleak, cold, deserted. But I must go on, try to forget—ah, I never could forget, that I knew; crush out the heart live love down, and exist and strive mentally for my profession only. I must not permit my life to "lose the name of action."

Shortly afterward Leon Alderson went away. Of course, I kept no espionage on either, and did not know how affairs were between he and Clare. But meantime Estelle Banks mystified me. She waxed pale and wan and restless, and though she strove to appear gay, I could see that she was unhappy. My father—who was nothing if not a physician—construed these signs as indicative of physical causes, and prescribed and advised. But I knew it was mental trouble—and "who can minister to a mind diseased" or a heart unrestful? I tried to shake off my own unhappiness and divert her—threw books and invitations and other entertainment before her, and in vain sought to lead her into foreign fields, as it were. And she saw, with eyes made clear by sorrow, my disappointment and sadness, and sympathized; but we could help each other but little. Then pride led us to shrink; a wounded deer seeks to hide.

After a time I was called on business to a distant State. And, finding prospects good, the locality inviting there, I decided to remove my professional abode and cast in my lot among the people of that region; and I did so.

It was several years later I returned on a visit to my former home, and found myself arrived just in time to be present at the wedding of Clare Mervale and Leon Alderson. It was a coincidence, as I had heard nothing of either one of them since my departure from L—.

It is said that time heals all wounds. Whether that is the case or not—granting there had been a very great wound inflicted on my heart by my old love; or perhaps it was just that—"love is of man's life a part," and a small part, and I had forgotten and ceased to care for her during my absence—I do not know; but, at any rate, I watched the proceedings incident to that occasion with an indifference or lack of pain that was almost cynical. And Leon Alderson and I stood face to face again in totally different attitudes than any before known. He was a little older, a little graver; and I, perhaps I was altered. Life brings changes; indeed, my pier glass revealed a frostlike trace upon my temples, premature; but then I always had a tinge of melancholy in my temperament. There was no animosity on the part of either of us. I marvelled that I could ever have cared seriously for the one who had fascinated me so in those old days. I was past all that now.

But what was not insignificant—Estelle Banks was there. She stood in the bridal group, on the other side of the bride. She, too, was not the same; had evolved, improved, was more civilized, more graceful, more self-contained, more inscrutable, perhaps a trifle colder—perhaps less true than the younger Estelle, more a woman of the world. But I did not think to analyze her, or to hold her to the old folly of sentiment and error of judgment in the affair apropos Leon Alderson. Surely that belonged to the past.

But as the bridal party marched up the church aisles to the music of Lohengrin's wedding march all eyes upon them; white ribbons and floral decorations all about, and the faint, sweet fragrance of orange blossoms and lilies of the valley in the air, and the solemnity of the occasion impressive, my eyes surveyed them. The bride was beautiful—had always been, and seemed at her best, radiant and hap-

py. The groom had no peer, tall and dignified, his pale, strong, clear-cut, fine face befittingly earnest and serious. The others, of whom there were several, for it was rather an elaborate affair, were all strangers to me except Estelle Banks. As my glance rested upon her, she looked across, and our eyes met—over the heads of the crowd, the watchful, silent, waiting, varied, thoughtful, breathless crowd.

Just a fleeting, mutual look, evanescent, but I shall never forget the expression in her eyes—the strange, sad, hopeless, yet determined, longing, half-submissive, half tragic, somewhat bitter meaning in their depths. It startled me perceptibly. The person next me noticed, and peered into my face inquiringly. It was a revelation; it told me all; she still loved Leon Alderson, and this affair was breaking her heart; but she would not yield nor grieve, nor betray to the world how it was with her. A fleeting glance, then we mutually lowered our eyes, and turned away; and after that Estelle Banks never gave sign or token to any one on earth as to the sad truth. It is safe to say Leon Alderson, who had trifled so fatally with her heart-strings, nor Clare Mervale, nor any one, ever knew but me.

I learned subsequently that Leon Alderson, in pity, perhaps, or false kindness, or remorse, had, on a generous impulse asked Estelle to accept his love and share his life with him, but she, too subtle of insight not to discern where his heart was, and that another was more to him than she could ever be, declined, saying "No, no," as if she cared nothing, and sent him to Clare Mervale. Was Clare grateful? That is hard to say. Did Leon Alderson realize the sacrifice the girl made? Between the two they made a wreck of one woman's life and a cynic of one man. However, Estelle went in for a mental career—a little world-work; and is charitable, helping as lies in her power the good causes along, independent and useful. She is the one woman whom I thoroughly respect; she can read hearts like open books; is kindly and considerate without obtrusiveness or solicitation. She has uplifted and preserved the ideal of womanhood which another so ruthlessly dashed to the ground. She is stronger.

better, wiser, and withal a graceful, sweet person. But why will she not forget Leon Alderson? I leave others to answer.

She knows my story and I hers; and we are the best of friends. It is not that I have been true to that first false love. No—all the sentiment of my being I lavished on her, then it was spent. She was not worthy of it. A whirlwind—simoon—of that passion said to be divine swept


through my heart and over my life carrying all before its fervid intensity; and it burnt, destroyed, laid waste the whole scene, leaving in its waste a broad stretch of gray, lifeless, forbidding desolation. It is impossible for the experience to be repeated. I am older and wiser; and there is a world of life over there regardless of that.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

By DUFF REED.

There is some hidden power within the fire.
Some fascination in each burning coal;
Such mingled joy and sadness to inspire,
While thoughts and dreams tumultuous o'er
me roll.

The crackling fagot and the fitful blaze,
Invites the spirit to a distant flight;
While fancy sees with fixed, abstracted gaze,
A thousand phantoms flitting through the
night.

 ARCH is a stormy month even in San Antonio, the land of flowers and sunshine. The houses in the old city of the Alamo are delightfully cool during the long hot months of summer, but at times during the winter, the invalids who are to be met at every turn, suffer intensely and the hollow cough of the consumptive is heard on the street and in the home with great frequency.

* * * * *

Slowly and painfully the invalid turned on his bed. The moaning wind swept round the eaves with a melancholy cry, and the rain beat noisily against the windows. A young woman with her chin resting on her hand, sat gazing, with unseeing eyes, into the fire. So engrossed was she with her own thoughts, that she did not hear until the sufferer on the adjacent bed, called her the second time.

"Oh, are you awake dear? Let me arrange your pillows for you—there, now, that's better.—You have had such a nice long nap, I know you feel refreshed.—Now take your medicine like a good boy.—There, you look better already."

"Oh, what's the use of giving me all that stuff? It just takes what little appetite I have, and does not a particle of good."

"Now, don't talk that way, Will, dear. I can see that you have been growing stronger ever since you changed physicians. Spring will soon be here now, and you will be your old self again, almost before you know it. No doubt you feel depressed by this gloomy day; and I am not surprised—I feel a little blue myself; but really and truly, sweetheart, you are very much better."

"I don't wonder that you feel blue at times, Helen. Nursing an invalid husband could hardly be called a pleasant diversion.—You have been patience and tenderness itself.—I thank you Helen,—very much more than I can say; and—I—love you."

"There, now, don't talk any more.—See how it makes you cough. I will pull down the shade, and you must try to sleep again."

With that tenderness of which only a woman is capable, the young wife brushed the hair from his forehead, kissed the fevered brow, lowered the shade, and then resumed her seat before the fire.

The occupant of the bed raised his thin, white hand, and counted the blue veins standing out like cords, pushed back his sleeve and contemplated his withered arm.

"Get well! Humph! That looks like it, doesn't it? They are all kind, or mean to be—they come in every day, assume a cheerful air, and tell me how

much better I am looking; and they think I believe them. If I am improving so much why do they place the dresser so that the mirror will not give the lie to their words by revealing to me my sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, which grow more palid and deathlike with each succeeding day? If I am 'getting well' why does the doctor come so frequently and hold such long conversations with my wife in the hall? Why will they not be honest and tell me what they really think,—what I know myself—that it is no longer a question of months, but of days? Do they think I am such a coward that I cannot face death? Do they imagine that I have found life so sweet that I am loth to die? Bah, 'tis they who do not know. I know everything. They think to deceive me and and they deceive only themselves. They mean well.—Yes, they mean well; and I suppose I should feel grateful, but I don't.

"And Helen—poor girl—she means well, too—women always mean well, but seldom do well. She has been kind, however, very kind. She has endeavored by tender care and watchfulness to conceal from me the fact that her whole heart was given to Jack before she ever saw me."

"She calls me 'dear,' and 'love;' but her 'love' is more than a thousand miles away. Women never appreciate the true value and meaning of words, especially is this the case with regard to terms of endearment. A woman will call her

meanest enemy, 'sweet thing,' when the enemy is present.

"I did not know at first—I only learned it by accident; and I have made no sign—they have no idea that I know."

"That was a sad quarrel, Jack,—sad for all three, and for such a little thing, too. You quarreled and she married me, to show you she 'did not care.' Only a woman could do that. She did not think of me—women never think, until it is too late. They are strange creatures—these woman—generous to a fault in most everything; but when it comes to love, they are selfishness itself. A woman will accept the devotion of one man as her due, giving nothing in return and caring less what the ache of another life be, and at the same time pour all the wealth of her love at the feet of a man who never gives her a thought. I cannot decide whether to love or hate, reverence or despise them.

"Ah well, it matters little now. 'Yet a few days and I shall be resolved to dust again'; and—Jack—and—Helen at least—may be happy."

* * * * *

"Helen, Will has been dead two years now. I have waited for you very long—I think it is time that I had my reward. Will you not appoint the day for our wedding?"

"Yes, Jack, it shall be whenever you wish."

"———."

"I wonder if Will ever suspected?"

"I am sure he never did."

ACROSS THE STREET.

'Tis just across the street she lives,

My lady fair—

But not to me her smiles she gives,

To my despair—

For every eve at hal past eight,

I sigh and swear—

To see her rush down to the gate,

To meet — mon frere.

—M. C.

THE PLAYERS

THE PLAY OF THE HOUR.

Unquestionably the event of the season in the dramatic world is Richard Mansfield's production of "Cyrano de Bergerac," and it can probably be said with equal truth that no play of the last decade has attracted so much attention, or has met with so favorable a reception at the hands of the press and public.

One critic pronounces the play as presented by Mansfield to be, "great, in the real meaning of the word."

One thing that contributed greatly to the almost phenomenal success of the play, is the fact that it affords excellent opportunity for Mansfield to display his remarkable versatility.

The majority of our readers have in all probability either read the play, or the book by Edmond Rostand, but a brief review of the drama and the facts on which it is founded will be apropos nevertheless.

It has been said that "all fiction is founded on fact"; and the truth of this old adage has not been disproven, in this instance at least.

In the days of Richelieu, there lived in Paris, a poet and soldier, named Cyrano de Bergerac. His nose was abnormally developed; he was possessed of the sensitive nature, keen wit, and sarcastic tongue, which so often accompanies a deformity of any kind; and he was also a swordsman of very great skill. He fought at the drop of a hat and would drop it himself, and placed the death penalty on any reference to his nose.

This is certainly not a very promising figure about which to build a great and popular drama; but the genius of Rostand and Mansfield has succeeded in giving us the most wonderful and fascinating play of recent years.

Loved by none, hated by many and feared by all, the real drama of Cyrano's life began only when he fell a victim to the tender passion. In this respect he

was not more unfortunate than the large majority of his sex.

He had always regarded his nose as a deformity which would render him obnoxious, if not absolutely repulsive, and hence preclude all possibility of ever winning any woman's love. He loves Roxane, his cousin. She tells him that she loves a man in his regiment who is both brave and handsome, and in this one word deals the death blow to all his hopes. She then asks him to protect Christian, the object of her affection, in the quarrels into which recruits were usually drawn, and this, with wonderful magnanimity, he promises to do.

Shortly after this Cyrano encounters Christian and fails to resent an insult offered to him by the latter. His companions marveled at this, but he drives them all from the room and tells Christian of Roxane's love for him.

Roxane being a woman of considerable intelligence, though it seems of no great perspicacity, Christian despairs of retaining her esteem, as his own mental attainments are practically nil. Cyrano then suggests a partnership, the most unique and unselfish that human mind could conceive, where one should enjoy all the gains and the other suffer all the losses. He offers to dictate the tender missives, so necessary in any well regulated courtship, allowing Christian to receive credit for them, and—in short, agrees to furnish the brains necessary to the wooing, plan and conduct the campaign, and then step quietly aside and permit Christian to carry off the prize. He faithfully performs his part, Roxane is completely deceived, and she and Christian are wed.

Immediately after the wedding both Cyrano and Christian go to the front and the latter is killed in battle. Cyrano, generous to the last, returns and for fourteen-years devotes himself to Roxane,



Blanche Walsh as La Tosca. Photo by Schloss.

comforting her while she mourns for Christian.

Only in the moment of his death does she discover that Cyrano is the man whom she has loved during all these years, and that Christian, her idol, was but common clay.

Was it ever the case, that a man made a great invention, a great discovery, or wrote a great book, but someone came forward so soon as the success of same was assured, and claimed to be the inventor, the discoverer, or the author, as the case might be.

In the early part of January, Mr. Mansfield was made the subject of an injunction suit filed in the United States Circuit Court at Chicago by S. E. Gross. Mr. Gross is a wealthy real estate dealer and attorney in the Lake City, and alleges in his petition that the play is plagiarized from a literary production of his own which was published in 1876. In an interview which Mr. Mansfield, granted to one of the Chicago papers recently, he is quoted as saying: "The whole thing is ridiculous. Mr. Rostand, the author, is a gentleman, a scholar, and a poet; and that Mr. Gross should at this late day, claim that the play was stolen from his 'Merchant Prince of Cornville' is simply absurd."

MISS MARGARET ANGLIN.

It has been said that "fortune knocks once at every man's gate." Fortunate is he who is on the alert and opens to this fickle dame. When it was found that Beatrice Cameron's health would not permit her to undertake the rehearsals in "Cyrano de Bergerac," Mr. Mansfield told Miss Margaret Anglin, that she might undertake the part of Roxane if she so desired, but he was very sure she would not be equal to it. Miss Anglin, nothing daunted, applied herself assiduously, agreeably disappointing Mr. Mansfield, and at the same time virtually assured for herself a prominent and permanent position in "the mimic world."

The play has really but one part, that of Cyrano, so Miss Anglin has little opportunity for displaying the ability of which she is undoubtedly possessed. What she does however, she does well, and who of us can do more.

Miss Anglin began her professional career at seventeen with a small part in "Shenandoah" and later spent a season with James O'Neill. Last year she was with Southern in a soubrette part. Then at the opening of the present season came the "chance of a life time" in the role of Roxane and Miss Anglin in a moment leaped from comparative obscurity to the most enviable position of the hour.

Miss Anglin is rather small, slender, and pretty. She has the poetic eye and sensitive chin which denotes the artistic temperament.

The Midland predicts great things for Miss Anglin.

THE IDEAL QUEEN BESS.

We present in this issue, a picture of one of the most conscientious and painstaking artists on the American stage, Miss Blanche Walsh, in one of her late and most successful roles, La Tosca.

Though still a very young and most charming woman, Miss Walsh has already "played many parts." That she is versatile, is proven by the fact that the roles she has assayed have been as varied in nature as they have been various in number.

She made her debut on the professional stage at the age of sixteen with Marie Wainwright, as Olivia in "Twelfth Night." She remained with Miss Wainwright three seasons, playing during that time, Lamora in the "Honeymoon," Florence Marygold in "London Assurance," and Queen Elizabeth in "Amy Robsart." A more ideal Queen Bess it would be impossible to find. She then became identified with Charles Frohman, and created the part of Diana Stockton in Bronson Howard's "Aristocracy." In January 1895 Miss Walsh joined Nat Goodwin, playing Margaret in "A Gilded Fool," Kate in "In Mizzouri," Ada Ingot in "David Garrick," Annie Harrington in "The Nominee," the Hon. Mrs. Meredith in "The Gold Mine," and Mrs. Major Phobbs, in "Lend Me Five Shillings." Then followed a season with a stock company in Washington, during which time Miss Walsh played leading parts in "Pink Dominoes," "My Awful Dad," "American Assurance," "My

Wife's Mother," and Romeo in Lancaster's one act piece "Romeo's First Love." She then went under Mr. Palmer's management and created the part of the adventuress, Mrs. Bulford, in "The Great Diamond Robbery." Rejoining Mr. Goodwin, she accompanied him through-

Chicago; and shortly afterward appeared in the dual role of brother and sister. Harold and Clara Nugent, in "Straight From the Heart" at the Academy of Music.

In August 1895 Miss Walsh played the role of "Trilby" in the original company



Margaret Anglin. Photo by Harold Climo.

out his Australian tour playing all the parts she had previously played with him in this country and also Lydia Languish in "The Rivals," and Loise in "Gringoire." Returning to America she created the part of Margaret Neville in "Hearts-ease" with Palmer's stock company,

with only two hours' notice. So well did she acquit herself of this well nigh impossible task, and such high praise did she win, that she was retained for the balance of the season.

Again in Boston at twenty-four hours notice, and with only one rehearsal, she

played Edith Varney in Gillette's "Secret Service." In this instance she met with the same success which has crowned all her efforts, and was retained for the remainder of the Boston engagement and also the twelve weeks which "Secret Service" played in London.

On her return from England Miss Walsh played in "A Bachelor's Romance" with Sol Smith Russell, and later in the "Conquerors." Then followed another season of stock company work at the Harold Square Theatre, New York, where she appeared in "The Banker's Daughter," "Diplomacy," "The Ragged Regiment," and others, finishing the season in Denver. It was a peculiar coincidence that she opened the season with Sardou's greatest tragedy and closed with his best comedy.

Miss Walsh was selected by the late Fanny Davenport as her successor, so this season she is starring with Melbourne MacDowell in "Fedora" and "La Tosca." Miss Davenport could hardly have wished a worthier successor, and though in some respects her conception of how these roles should be interpreted, is different from that of her predecessor in the same parts, Miss Walsh gives a clean, polished and interesting performance. She at least has the courage of her convictions, for which we must admire her, is not lacking in personal magnetism or beauty; and is a wonderfully rapid and intelligent reader. She is tall, very graceful, wears charming gowns in the correct manner, is an intelligent woman and is unquestionably destined to become a famous one.

THE SORROWS OF SATAN.

The dramatization of Marie Correlli's famous novel, "The Sorrows of Satan," after repeated postponements, was at last presented on December 24 at the Broadway Theatre, New York, before the proverbially large and appreciative audience. To give the story of the play, would be to reprint Miss Correlli's book. It is about his most Satanic Majesty, the Devil, who having been cast out of Heaven, is doomed to tread this vale of tears until mankind shall have become wearied in his service, and adopt as their model "The Man of Galilee," and lead that life which the clergy say, "brings

peace and contentment here, and an eternity of happiness beyond the grave." When this occurs, his own redemption shall have been attained.

Satan, as depicted by Miss Correlli, is a model of propriety, wears good clothes, stops at the best hotels, has an unlimited bank account, which he spends with prodigal liberality, and on the whole, seems to be a thorough good fellow. He meets Geoffrey Tempest, calling on him one stormy night in his lonely attic chamber, and being desirous of working out his own salvation, decides to begin with Tempest; so he endeavors to induce the young man to expend the enormous fortune, which is left him by an uncle about this time, in the uplifting of mankind. Tempest however, like most young men who have been placed in a similar position through the munificence and timely death of relatives, having experienced only poverty up to this time, is not stirred by philanthropic motives and prefers to spend his wealth in reckless dissipations.

Through the assistance of Satan, Tempest is wedded to Lady Sybil Elton, but this lady very promptly becomes enamored with the handsome face and courtly bearing of Satan, who is known in the book as Prince Lucio Rimanez, thus disgracing herself in the eyes of her husband and being spurned by Satan, takes her own life.

The young man in search of forgetfulness, like many another who has basked for a while in the light of a woman's smiles, embarks on Satan's yacht. Satan orders his pilot to steer toward the uttermost ends of the earth, where he doffs his modern clothes, reappearing in the red tights of the conventional Mephistopheles and announces the fact that Tempest is a bankrupt; where upon the yacht collapses, and the apotheosis shows Satan surrounded by cumulous clouds, angels, imps, etc., while Tempest, clinging to a spar, flounders in the sea; and Satan observes that he is "Nearer, nearer to his lost home."

That there are possibilities for a wonderful drama in Miss Correlli's novel, is true beyond all peradventure of a doubt, but whether the dramatist has proven himself equal to the emergency or not, it is impossible for us to say.



Sol. Smith Russell.

DRAMATIC FADS AND FASHIONS.

There are fads and fashions in the dramatic world as well as in matters of dress. At present there seems to be a revival of the stock company, though they are now operated on rather different lines than formerly.

In the "good old days," we hear so much about, the public demanded classic plays and were content with one great dramatic luminary. These stars, such as Forest, James, Buckley and others, had a repertoire of forty or more classic roles, traveled from city to city, and were supported by the stock companies which they found at the various theatres. To-day however the public insist on an all-star-cast but seem to care little what plays were presented.

The real craze at the present, however, seems to be for vaudeville. The variety theatre, like the poor, we have always had with us, but in the last two or three years the disagreeable features have been eliminated and the variety has become "fashionable vaudeville." Aerial acts, at one time so popular in the variety theatres, like the minstrels, are now out of date, but fashions recur at intervals, and possibly before another decade has passed the restless public will again clamor for the flying trapeze and the contortionist. The Spectacular, such as "The Black Crook," "The Devil's Auction," etc., are also things of the past.

Prize-fighters are excluded from all the leading vaudeville houses and one may attend a performance given at any of these theatres, and witness nothing which could offend even the most fastidious.

Possibly the acts most popular with the vaudeville patrons, are such short sketches as those presented by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, Mr. and Mrs. E. Milton Royle, etc. Batty's Bears, and Jess, the educated monkey, of course attract the children, as well as many adults, and the Rossow Midgets seem to be growing in popularity every day.

The vaudeville theatres, by working in concert, as they do, are able to book better attractions than would be possible if they operated independently; for they can sign a player for a season of thirty-five or forty successive weeks. They are also enabled to keep an agent in Europe,

and hence can secure the best European as well as American attractions.

The expenses in a theatre of this class are enormous, the prices for each number of the olio ranging from \$50 to \$1000 per week, \$300 being about the average.

So tempting have been the offers made by the managers, that many of our best actors have deserted the legitimate drama, and gone into vaudeville. Of this class, some of the most prominent are: Clara Morris, Pauline Hall, Robert Mantell, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, Charles Dickson, Robert Downing, Maurice Barrymore and Marie Wainwright. Just how long the present craze is likely to last it is impossible to foretell; but if we judge from the past, in two or three years more the fad will run its course, and the public will demand something new. When this time comes, the class just mentioned will regret having taken the step, for they will probably not find it so easy to secure an audience at \$1.50 and \$2.00 after having played to popular prices, and those who were wise enough to refuse the bait, will have cause to congratulate themselves.

To reverse the picture for a moment, the much despised variety theatre proved an excellent school of acting, and many of our best talent graduated therefrom. Willie Collier was once a call boy in a variety theatre, Francis Wilson (formerly of Tiernon & Wilson, "The Hotentots") did an acrobatic turn, song and dance, etc., and Fritz Emmett, was once a sign painter, and later an actor in Deagle's Theatre, St. Louis. Scanlan, Sol Smith Russell, E. Milton Royle, Selina Fetter, Andrew Mack and the Landis Brothers received their training in the same school. If the vaudeville theatre of to-day can do as much, we shall be glad that they have been with us.

* * * *

Possibly the most novel and popular attraction which has appeared at the vaudeville houses this season is the Chinese magician Ching Ling Foo.

In the opinion of many, Ching out-Hermans Hermann. He produces tubs and jars of water apparently out of air and makes them disappear in



Beryl Hope in "A Southern Romance."

the same manner, eats burning paper, emits clouds of smoke from his mouth, and performs many other equally interesting and mystifying feats. He is assisted by several members of his family who are clever jugglers and acrobats, including his wife, Mrs. Fa Dick Foo and little three-year-old daughter, Chee Fai Foo, the only Chinese woman and child who ever appeared in American vaudeville. Ching prides himself on the fact that he can play for several weeks and present an entirely new program at every performance.

It was only through political influence, and after pressure had been brought to bear by the State Department of this country, that Ching secured a leave of absence for four months that he might appear at the Omaha Exposition. His leave expires in a few days and the penalty for failure to appear at the Imperial Court, where he occupies the position of entertainer to His Majesty, at the expiration of the prescribed time, is death, and the only alternative is perpetual exile. It is rarely that a man can resist the temptation to acquire a competency in a short space of time, and the "almighty dollar" appeals as strongly to the celestial, as to any of mankind.

The worshiper of Confucius has been taught that unless his bones rest in the sacred soil of the Orient, his soul will be denied entrance into Paradise, and this privilege would never be granted to one who had violated an edict of the Emperor.

It remains to be seen whether God or mammon gains the ascendancy.

* * *

In the days of Shakespeare, and even at a far more recent date, the actor walked through his part without stage scenery or accessories of any kind. To-day it seems that the public are not blessed with a very vivid imagination; and elaborate and expensive stage settings are absolutely essential.

The above illustration gives but a faint idea of the beauty of the scene, as it appeared to the audience at the Columbia Theatre in St. Louis. Mr. Downing complimented Earl Sterling, the stage manager, under whose direction it was prepared, declaring it the most elaborate

setting he had ever seen in a vaudeville theatre. It was at Mr. Downing's request that the flash light was taken from which the above cut was made.

* * * *

Apropos of Mr. Sterling—he once came into very close contact with President Cleveland and we think the story is well worth repeating here.

In 1884, Sterling was stage manager for Florence, and they were playing in Buffalo. Mr. Cleveland occupied a box, and listened to the election returns which were read, by Mr. Sterling, to the audience, between the acts. As will be remembered, it was announced that Blaine had been elected, and the returns for several hours, seemed to verify this announcement. Mr. Cleveland, smarting under what he thought was defeat, finally left the box and the theatre.

One year later. Florence was playing in Washington City, Sterling was still his stage manager, and Mr. Cleveland (now President), occupied a box. Between the acts the President concluded that this would be an excellent opportunity to have a chat with his old friend Florence, in his dressing room, and left the box for that purpose. Just at this moment Sterling rushed through the first entrance and caught the President squarely amidships, causing that august personage to sit down with rather more force than grace. Sterling was prompt and profuse in his apologies, which of course Mr. Cleveland accepted.

A few moments later it became necessary for the luckless stage manager to consult with Florence concerning some matter connected with the play. Florence after giving the desired information said:

"Mr. Cleveland, have you met our stage manager, Mr. Sterling?"

Cleveland regarded Sterling intently for a moment and replied:

"Mr. Sterling, didn't we meet a moment ago?"

Sterling replied in the affirmative and began to apologize afresh, when the President interrupted—

"Look here, you took the wind out of me in Buffalo a year ago, and you did the same thing just now. Now, young



Olga Nethersole.

man, you quit fooling with the President of the United States or you'll get into trouble!"

THE LOCAL DRAMA.

The local theatre calendar for February shows some of the best attractions of the season. Some new productions are on the list, and several old favorites will make their annual appearance. Possibly the most capable representation will be that of the Lyceum Theatre Company, with James K. Hackett in the star roles. Mr. Hackett, a rising young actor of the romantic school, has made an unequivocal success this season in the title part of "Rupert of Hetzau," a dramatization of Anthony Hope's stirring novel. This is a sequel, so to speak, of the "Prisoner of Zenda," and will afford St. Louisians an opportunity of comparing Mr. Hackett's work with that of Mr. Southern's, who presented Rudolf to us for the first time, when he produced the "Prisoner of Zenda."

Following this attraction will be Hoyt's latest success, "A Day and a Night," with Otis Harlan in the leading comedy part. Harlan needs no introduction to local theatre-goers, as his success in Hoyt's plays has been firmly established since the day of the "Black Sheep."

Another favorite of yesterday, who will appear in a new frame is Anna Held, the piquant French maid who created such furore with her milk baths and roguish wink. Miss Held has learned to speak English since her last visit here and is now the bright particular star in "The French Maid." This vehicle for Miss Held's peculiar accomplishment has also been seen here before, but Messrs. Brady and Ziegfeld, who are now directing Miss Held's tour, have given it a most elaborate setting. Miss Held plays the title part, of course, and, though only a French maid, wears gowns in this production which as her press agent vows, cost upwards of \$1,000.

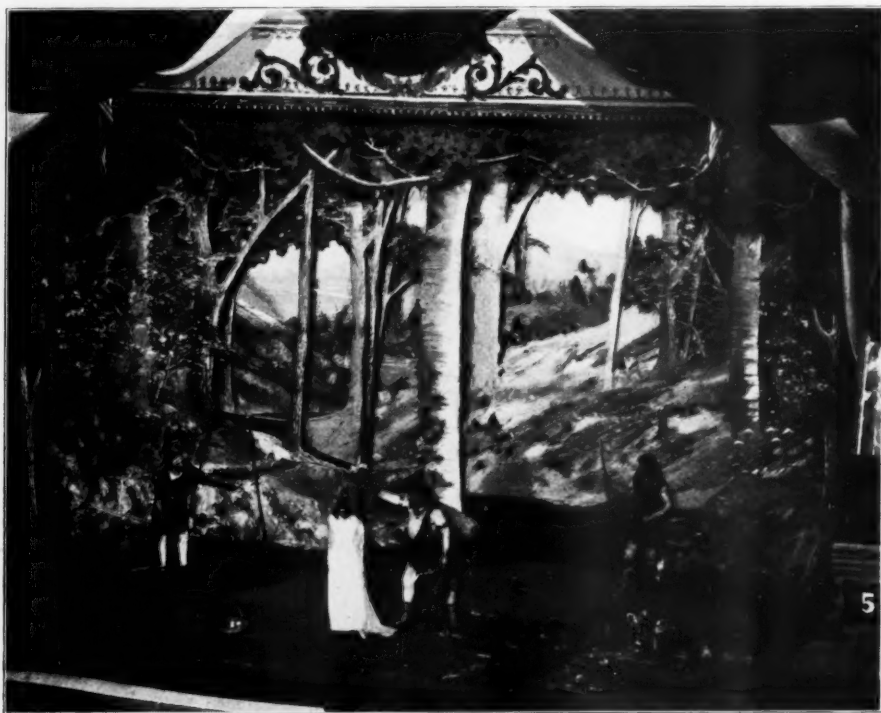
Sol Smith Russell, a particular favorite here, follows the "French Maid" at the Century. Perhaps no actor upon the stage to-day is nearer to the hearts of St. Louisians than Mr. Russell. They sel-

dom question the nature of his play, nor the manner in which it is constructed, the chief thing, is to see "Sol Smith." Mr. Russell has tried several new pieces with indifferent financial success this season, but his latest, "The Honorable John Grigsby" was declared to be an emphatic hit. Of course its style and character is the same in which we always have, and always want to see Mr. Russell; the dear kind benevolent gentleman, whose tribulations in life never sour the milk of human kindness in his breast, only make him more sensible to the sorrow of those about him. The "Honorable John Grigsby" enjoys the distinction of holding the record for being the quickest written play to order. The idea was conceived, put into Mss. form, and given from a single rehearsal in three weeks' time.

The offerings of the Olympic are almost, if not quite upon a par with those Manager Short has booked at the Century. "Way Down East" is the first with which we will have to deal. It tells a tale of New England folk life and is said to possess a dramatic interest even in excess of that which James A. Hearne gave us in "Shore Acres." It is one of Wm. A. Brady's productions and is elaborately staged. The story of the play is simply this: A young woman has been deceived by means of a mock marriage, and finds a home with a kind old New Hampshire farmer. Her child is dead, and so are all hopes in life, nevertheless she wins at once the love of the farmer's only son, unknowingly, however. The young farmer is engaged to be married to a cousin, his father's pet. Neither of them care for each other, and the unhappy waif who has been taken into the family circle seems likely to find a husband and happiness, until a village busy-body reveals her past. Then the old farmer, sets down his foot, and drives the girl out of his house in the winter's night. Before she departs, she is able to denounce the author of her wrongs, who happens to be a visitor at the house that evening, and is laying suit for the young girl to whom the old farmer was intent upon marrying his son. The young lover refuses to renounce her, declares his faith in her honor, flees from the house, and finds her by

the way-side in a bank of snow and takes her to a near-by maple sugar shed. The old farmer upon further investigation and taking to task the young man whom the injured girl accused of deceiving her, finds his mistake, and discovers that the girl was really ruined by a mock marriage. He at once set out in pursuit of her, assisted by his wife and friends.

the days that our fathers love to talk about. It is said that Mr. O'Neill had never a better opportunity of displaying his talents than in this play. It throws a side light on the French Revolution, the motive being a love match in which a leader among the Royalists and another among the people (the men being half brothers) are concerned. Others in the



Robert Downing in "Ingomar." (Columbia Theater, St. Louis, 1898.)

Coming across the young lovers he becomes reconciled to their infatuation, and all ends happily. Miss Phoebe Davis and Odell Williams have the leading parts, the latter is familiar to us through his appearance in the "Heart of Maryland."

Another attraction of more than ordinary interest, will be the coming of James O'Neill in his new play, "When Greek Meets Greek." O'Neill is one on the list of the fine old school of actors who thrilled the heart and stirred the blood in

play are half way dominant, and thus love and war go on to the end. Mr. O'Neill, for leading lady this season, has Miss Minnie Radcliffe, said to be a woman of marked ability.

After O'Neill's season, the spectacular burlesque, "Jack and the Bean Stalk," will be the Olympic's offering. The play was seen here last season, and was well received, but it has been entirely remodeled, newly costumed, and a new list of jokes and songs added.

One more event which is awaited with considerable interest will be the engagement of Wm. H. Crane in his new comedy, "Worth a Million." Crane is said to be funnier in this than he was in the Senator, and has never appeared so young and spritely since the days when with Stuart Robson he toured the country in the "Two Dromeos." "Worth a Million" is one of the funniest as well as artistic successes of the season, and is said to have made more money than any play upon the road, with possibly a few exceptions, such as "The Christian," "The Little Minister" and Mansfield's version of "Cyrano de Bergerac."

STAGE NOTES.

One of the conspicuous successes of the season is Mrs. Leslie Carter's "Zaza," which was adapted from the French by David Belasco.

Viola Allen has made such a hit with Hall Caine's "The Christian," that she will remain in New York for the balance of the season.

Olga Nethersole announces an innovation by producing "Camille" costumed according to the fashion of the period during which the scenes are supposed to have been enacted. This means, that the women will be attired in hoop skirts, and the men, in peg-top trousers. At present Miss Nethersole is meeting with great success in "The Termagent" at Wallacks.

Another society belle, whose picture appears on the cover, Miss L. Beatrice Wishon, is taking a course in dramatic art under Mr. Guy Lindsley.

Julia Arthur has secured the American rights to "Plus que Reine," in which Jane Hading is appearing in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Sullivan (Rose Coghlan) have been engaged for Caudil lot's new farce "Mademoiselle Bebe."

which follows "The Turtle" at the Manhattan.

Otis Harlan will star next season in "My Innocent Boy," under the management of Frank McKee.

There is a movement on foot in New York to erect a new theatre in which American plays only will be produced. Brownson Howard and Cyde Fitch are pushing the scheme.

Beryl Hope, supported by a strong



Ching Ling Foo.

company, is playing to large audiences in "A Scrap of Paper."

The latest news from New York announces the failure of "Sorrows of Satan"; a deputy sheriff having taken possession of the scenery and costumes.

Maude Courtney, who sings the old songs, after a successful tour of the West has returned to New York, and is singing at Tony Pastor's.

EDITH.

By C. H. ROBERTS.

THE fiery red disk of the sun was just touching the blazing horizon with his lower edge sending great beams of lurid light through the planet dust up to the zenith, making a glare oppressive to the eye and soul alike, and a dreadful desolation of the miles and miles of treeless prairie (browned and parched by pitiless scorching rays of light and heat), that stretched away to the very edge of the couch into which the Monarch of the day was sinking to rest. As he dipped lower and lower, a gentle breeze began to stir through the dry blades of prairie grass, and the leaves of rosin-weed and golden-rod, whispering of coolness and refreshing rest to the sons of men and the beasts of the field—weary with toiling through the dust and heat of the day. The little streams had vanished, their beds being desolated mosaics wrought by the magic power that had carried their waters away bodily to give life to far-away Eastern lands. It was at some such time as this that civilized men first saw the land and received the impression of a great desert. Even at this time there was nothing to indicate a region of boundless fertility, except great piles of straw that, burning at night, blazed in the horizon, and paled the stars in the black and blue sky, and lit up fields of martial maize that swayed with waving pompons and a clattering and a rustling like warriors clad in mail and eager for the fray. Through the thin herbage a gopher now and then darted until he reached the entrance of his home, and then before entering with his ill-gotten booty, reared upon his haunches, and with comical, quizzical glance surveyed the broad prairie to see that no lurking danger was near. The querulous quail piped its clear cry of "Mate! mate!" from the tall "blue joint" over in the "draw," and the turtle doves cooed to one another from some covert place, while the night hawk swooped and boomed in the cool atmosphere above.

Abner Courtney stood at his gate, with

a hoe in his hand, heedless, perhaps, of all these things, and unconsciously enjoying the refreshing zephyr that fanned his heated brow, from which the straw hat was pushed to the back of the head. Above the swish and rustle of the withered grass could be heard the rush of a train, and the whistle of a locomotive signalling a station far down the road. Abner was evidently looking for some one down the track that led from his gateway to the "city," at least two miles away; and at last his search was rewarded as he descried a horse and buggy coming swiftly along and raising clouds of dust that appeared to reach all the way from the vehicle back to the "city." "Here she comes at last," he said aloud, with some impatience, and his dog that had been lying at his feet arose and trotted along the way to meet the rapidly approaching carriage.

Abner opened the gate, and, with his hand on the latch, waited for the newcomer to drive through. This was a young woman, not yet eighteen, but with that decisive air which is characteristic of the true "Western girl," and gives her an appearance far beyond her years. "What kept you so late, Edith?" he asked, so that she knew he was vexed. "I couldn't help it, father; Miss Thompson had my dress almost finished, and she said that I should wait for it, and when it was done I tried it on, and it did not fit properly, and she had to change it a little, and so she kept me. I knew you would be waiting for me, and worrying, and I came as quickly as I could. I needn't have waited, but wanted to wear my new dress to church to-morrow, and I think you will be very proud of me; now, please don't scold, for I am vexed with myself"; and she assumed so demure and penitent an expression that he could do nothing else than yield to her pretty pleading, and without closing the gate, he sent the dog after some cows that were at a distance on the open prairie, while Edith drove on toward

the neatly painted white cottage standing prettily embowered in a cluster of apple and plum trees at the end of a barberry hedge that enclosed what was a veritable oasis in the prevailing desert. There was an ample lawn of luxuriant blue grass, with a bed of roses on each side of the gravelled pathway, and a "Prairie Queen" that clambered between the green shutters of the two front windows, and was then trained across the whole front space between the windows and the eaves.

There was no dust arising from this Edenlike garden, and a spirit of delicious coolness and quiet restfulness seemed to pervade the place. The house and other buildings occupied a little rise that sloped gradually away in all directions. There was a windmill industriously pumping water into a huge tank elevated some twenty feet—being built on immense piles—and from this a great length of hose conducted the water wherever desired. Looking over the enclosure, one could see three other similar structures, all designed for furnishing water to the garden spread out before him. Abner Courtney was an idealist, and, believing that a great deal of energy is wasted in attempting to cultivate a wide expanse of land, he had taken twenty acres of his half section, and put his theories to a practical test, with a result that was too plainly profitable to be disputed.

At the edge of the orchard was a row of bee-hives, and beyond, the neatest of poultry houses, and a large area, divided into compartments for the different kinds of fowls, enclosed and divided by woven wire. Everything was neat to elegance—the trunks of the fruit trees even being smooth and bright and glossy, as though they had been lately varnished.

Edith drove to the hitching post in front and alighted, but before she could tie the horse, a young person whom she called Will, and who was the factotum of the place, had come from the barn, and, taking the reins, waited until Edith took several parcels from the back of the buggy, and then he led the horse to his stall. Abner soon came down the lane, preceded by three sleek Jerseys, marching slowly and solemnly in single file to the cow-

yard, stopping long enough, however, to quaff a great draught from the cottonwood trough full of sparkling water.

It was now darkening to twilight and the cool wind was filling the fans of the windmill and making it spin round with ever increasing velocity and it rustled and murmured through the leaves of the trees and then hurried away to the grove of cottonwood and box elder, and over the land down to the gulf—with the sound of rushing water.

Mrs. Bronson, a widow lady who helped Edith in her household duties, had gone to her home long since, and upon Edith devolved the pleasant task, to her, of getting the supper. It was a strict rule with Abner that no meal should be partaken of without Edith's presence, unless it was impossible for her to be there. The neighbors said that he was completely wrapped up in his child. She was all he had, and as she sat at the head of the table, it seemed to him that the spirit of her mother—the wife who had left him years ago—was present. He was old-fashioned in his religious faith, and firmly believed that he should again meet her for whom his heart had never ceased yearning.

Will came in from the milking and then they sat down to the repast—Abner, with bowed head, asking the blessing of the Heavenly Father in a few earnest words.

"Now, Will, help me to wash up the dishes, and then you may see my new dress," Edith laughingly said, when the meal was over. "You'll wear it to-morrow, and then I can see it without washing dishes," he replied.

"No, I won't wear it to-morrow unless you help."

"Then I will help." And he did, and when everything was finished and the table set for the Sunday-morning breakfast Edith disappeared, returning after awhile in a gown that was, Will declared, "awfully stunning." "And ain't I glad I helped?" he asked. Abner said little, for his thoughts would go back to the days when the "Absent One" had stood like this before him in all her girlish pride and beauty. Edith had a perception of his thoughts, but she was conscious

of her father's love and admiration, and as for Will, she was perfectly aware of his absolute enthralment to her.

"The image of her mother," Abner thought, and taking his pipe he went out on the porch to smoke and meditate in sweet sadness on the past. He could hear all that was said by Edith and Will through the screened window near which he sat, but he paid little attention to their talk, until he heard Will say: "You saw Ed Vincent, of course?" "Yes, I saw him, and what business is it of yours, I should like to know? You have no right to trouble yourself about such matters in relation to me." "I have a right to warn you against a man old enough to be your father, who I believe is a villain—at least, I shall exercise the right." "You shall not call the man, whom you think, whom you know, I admire, such names—it is unbecoming, it is impudent in you, our servant, to assume such arrogance."

"You must not talk to me in that way; you shall not talk to me in that way," Will said, in a voice trembling with great excitement.

"Pray, what will you do about it, if I choose to talk in that way?" she asked.

"I can do nothing but submit, I suppose, if you choose to be so base," he replied, and then left her presence.

Abner thought that Will was right in his estimate of this Vincent—he himself did not like him, and yet he did not know why. He had not supposed that there was anything serious in his attentions to his daughter, but Edith's declarations and the evident excitement of her manner revealed to him that which greatly troubled him. He had looked with great disfavor on the two visits that he had made, and had treated him with the utmost coolness. Edith, however, with what seemed an unaccountable perverseness, appeared to encourage Vincent in his attentions.

Abner had made some inquiries as to Vincent's character, but nobody knew where he came from, and he was an exceedingly reticent person. At the hotel at which he boarded, he was well spoken of as being very gentlemanly, and one that always paid his bills regularly. It was supposed that he was interested in

cattle, as he was often absent for a week at a time. "Just about long enough to go out to a ranch and look around, and somebody said that he had a ranch, is all that I know about it," was the extent of the landlord's information. It would be hard for him to give his daughter up to any one, but his instinctive dislike to this man was so great that it was with a heavy heart that he lay down to his rest that night; and Will, poor Will, fell asleep at last in the deepest dejection, but with a firm resolution to win the object of his soul's affection.

During the night a shower fell—cooling the quivering air, laying the all-pervading dust, and making the typical Northwest Sabbath day, on which all nature seems to repose and to join in subdued, silent hymns of praise to the Creator for the gifts of the beautiful land—the life-giving purity of the air—His sun in the bright blue sky without a cloud to throw a shadow over the fair scene where all is restful, peaceful, Paradisiacal.

Mrs. Bronson did not come on Sundays, and it had become Will's habit to assist Edith in many ways, and unconsciously she had accepted these attentions that were given on his part, too, without his knowing—without her thinking that it was all for love. It was only recently that he had awakened to the knowledge that life was nothing to him without her—the attentions of Vincent first arousing him; and Edith's taunts of his inferiority created a very demon of hatred and bitterness toward his rival; but he was of a hopeful, trustful disposition, and on this new, delightful morning that seemed to breathe but holy benedictions, his ill-humor had passed away and he stood ready and willing to perform all that his hands might find to do. But she still nourished her resentment, refusing his ready proffers and performing herself the little chores, the doing of which for her had been so full of pleasure for him. She had not carried a bucket of water for a long time; but this morning while Will was busy at something else, and she knew that he would bring the water next, she seized the bucket and went herself. He saw her while she was at the pump, and, going to her, he offered to carry it for her. This

she would not permit him to do, saying sarcastically: "When I need your help, I may, perhaps, be allowed to ask for it." And he said: "You shall have my help whether you ask for it or not. Let me have the pail, Edith." "May be you will take it away from me." And she looked in his face defiantly. His glance met hers, and for a moment there was silence. Then he said: "Edith, how can you? You know I love you. Why will you treat me so badly?"

"No, I do not know any such thing—nor do I care—I despise you, now let me pass."

His face was ghastly white with his emotion, but he turned from her. Her scorn was hard to bear, but he conquered himself, and when he next met her he was the same cheerful, willing helper that he had always been. Will had become indispensable to Abner, and the two were like father and son. Latterly Will had done the marketing of the garden stuff in the town, and Abner trusted him with perfect confidence, for, as he acknowledged, Will was a better salesman than himself. And yet Abner would not have tolerated the idea of Will's being a suitable mate for Edith—the thought had never occurred to him of any such probability—and yet he must have been blind; for how could it have been otherwise. The mystery was, how could Edith prefer the man whom she evidently admired to the manly, handsome young fellow who would have given his life for her—unselfishly and devotedly. "I am sunburned, and my hands are hard with toil, and I cannot dress as Vincent does, but he can never love her as I do, and he shall not have her." And then he set his teeth with a determination that, scorned and despised as he might be by her, she should be his. "She does not mean it. Girls do not know their own minds. I can wait, and meanwhile I can make it very unpleasant for Vincent."

He was a waif. His mother had come on a visit from the East to a sister living in the "city," and she had died there, leaving him an orphan. He had lived with this aunt until her husband, seized with a desire to go to the Pacific Coast, had taken wife and all, leaving Will, who, finding

employment with Abner, had become one of this little family. He had heard nothing from his relatives since their leaving for the coast, and, indeed, he did not care to, for they had not shown much affection for the fatherless and motherless lad. As to his people in the East, he had not so much as the thought of them, although in a dim sort of way, he knew that both his father's and mother's people lived back in New York somewhere. He groomed the horses with extra care that morning, and washed the double buggy so clean that it glistened in the bright sunlight, and not one speck of dust was allowed on the cushions to soil the beautiful silk in which his queen would be arrayed. All that love could suggest for him to do was done, and it was with great pride that he drove up to the front of the house when they were ready to start. She must see what pains he had taken; but she appeared perfectly unobservant, taking not the smallest notice of him; and he, in retaliation, took little of her, apparently; but when they had driven off Will went into the house to dream over the music that he loved so well. There on a stand he saw her old kid gloves—she had bought a new pair yesterday, and these she would want no more. He took them in his great brown hands, and then raised them to his lips. So pretty a little hand it was. "I will keep them," he said, and he took them to his own room and put them in his trunk; then he lost himself in passionate, musical, outpourings on the piano making the instrument quiver with emotion of his love. Abner did not notice Vincent until the services were, perhaps half through when happening to glance at Edith he saw what caused him to look about, and then he perceived that Vincent's eyes were on her and that it was this that caused the mantling blush that showed her love. The remainder of the sermon was unheeded by Abner; for his vexation was very great. He hated the man who dared to come between him and his daughter's love with a very keen hatred. He observed him with more attention than he had ever before done. Vincent was, as Will had said, old enough to be her father, he was twice her age at least, and was becoming bald. He was the best

dressed man in the church, without doubt; and on the white hand that lay on the back of the pew, were several rings that sparkled with the diamonds' light. Abner could not prevent the blushing curtsy in answer to the uplifting of the silk hat as they passed from the church to the street. He said but little on their way home; but this was not remarkable to Edith; for her father had much of the Puritan spirit that regards Sunday as a day for religious thought and seriousness; and they had often driven home from church with scarcely a word spoken, and as for her, she could think of little except the gentlemanly and distinguished-looking besieger of her heart; and in consequence she was in a very abstracted condition of mind, and this her father, now thoroughly awakened and alarmed, observed. A strange infatuation, he thought it, and resolved that his opposition should be more resolute. He was one of the veterans of the Union army, and had faced Rebel bayonets and bullets with none of the trepidation he now felt. Much as was his instinctive repugnance to the man, if it was right for his child to marry him, if she loved him, if he was an honorable man, he would withdraw his objections; but all these things must be established beyond a peradventure. He would not permit his own selfish desires to have his child with him to interfere with her happiness; but, Oh, what would he do when she should leave his house for some stranger's! It would be very much like death for him. Will and Edith had been in the habit of playing accompaniments on the piano on Sunday afternoons, and of singing together; but on this afternoon, she would take no part, going to her room, and leaving him to amuse himself as he might. "I had no idea that he would presume so much, or I should not have been so familiar with him. It must stop right now. How ridiculous in him to declare that he loves me. I would not have him if there was not another man in the world." But as she thought about it, more, she began to feel sorrow for Will, and as nearly all do after a fit of anger with a brother or friend, she felt remorseful and pitiful, and thus pitying she said

"If Edward had not come, I might have grown to like Will a little."

The sun had set on that Sabbath evening when Edward Vincent drove up to the door, and then was ushered into the parlor by Edith herself. After a little she sought her father and said to him, "Edward wishes me to go to evening meeting with him," and then she paused awaiting his answer. "Do you wish to go?" her father asked. "Yes," she answered. "I think you would better not do so," Abner said, quietly. "We do not know this man, and I cannot give my consent to this rapid wooing."

"Then I suppose I must not go," she replied, but hot anger flushed her face, and her heart rebelled against her father for the first time in her memory, and after Edward had gone—he did not stay very long—she shut herself in her room, and thus caused the deepest dejection to Will, who for the first time in his life was unable to sleep well through the night for the disquiet that agitated his soul. He had also made a discovery that interested him and caused him much reflection; for going to the barn that night, as he did every night, to see that the animals were all right, he found a letter that had been opened, lying close by the hitching post. He read this by the light of his lantern in the barn and he was exceedingly puzzled by its contents. He believed that it had been dropped by Vincent and strict honor would have dictated perhaps that he return the letter to Edward; but as he argued, perhaps it did not belong to him, as it was not addressed to Edward Vincent, but to Wallace Brooks, and it was postmarked "Cincinnati, Ohio." He could make nothing of it.

"I will file it away for future reference," he said, as he stowed it away in a safe place. The world did not appear to him the bright and beautiful Eden that it had heretofore seemed, the next morning. The garden was the same, with its rows of beets, carrots and parsnips, interspersed with patches of thrifty cabbages and strips of dark green corn, and asparagus beds rich with crimson berries, and row of tomato vines laden with bright red fruitage—and dark green and striped

watermelons and yellow cantaloupes hiding among their wealth of leaves from the hands that would steal away their luscious sweetness—and the strawberry beds and raspberry stalks full of black and red berries that they were marketing as fast as they could pick them and the vineyard weighted down with great clusters just beginning to purple. What a delight it had all been to him, but now a dark shadow impended, and the twittering of the birds even seemed to mock his misery. Her face was clouded—she would not speak to him—she avoided him—happiness had fled from this spot once so lovely, leaving him desolate, indeed.

He went to market with a load that kept him till after noon in its disposal, and while he was gone Edward Vincent came to ask Abner's consent to his wooing. He was very respectful and so considerate that Abner was partially overcome, and yet he could not put away his dislike entirely.

"Edith is too young to have her thoughts upon marriage yet. A couple of years hence, if you are of the same mind, will be time enough—she is but a child, and does not know her own mind—you both may change." And Edward went away from him to Edith, exceedingly dispirited. He told her sufficient of his interview to increase her resentment against her father.

"He thinks you quite a child—that you do not know your own mind." She said nothing to this, for she could not bring herself to say aught against him who she well knew had no thought toward her but that of the deepest, tenderest affection; yet the resolution was taken that she would show him that she did know her own mind, and that she would prove her constancy. Edward hinted an elopement, but she would hear nothing of it.

"We can wait," she said, and with this he was obliged to be content. "Did I drop a letter here yesterday?" he asked, as he was about to depart. "No," she had not seen any. "No matter; an unimportant letter from an acquaintance." He had dropped it somewhere. They parted with mutual expressions of love and constancy. When Abner came to dinner he spoke to her of what had occurred between him

and Edward, and she declared that she would never give him up. "Would you have forsaken my mother—would she have forsaken you because of her parents' opposition?" This was unexpected by Abner—the fact being, however, that he had married his wife in the face of most determined opposition from her parents; but Edith had never heard this, and her question quite overcame her father for a few moments. This case seemed entirely dissimilar to his; but he assured her that he had no wish for anything except her happiness, and that he would interpose no objection if Edward's character should prove satisfactory.

Will met Vincent in the "city" that day, and he learned also where he had been; and he was greatly discouraged and irritated at what he thought a defiant sneer on his rival's face, for somehow each had come to understand the other as a rival.

Will possessed in a large degree that easy confidence of youth that sees no obstacle insurmountable to the accomplishment of its desires. The healthy buoyancy of his nature forbade any long-continued gloom, and Edith could not resist his constant care and thoughtfulness. He believed that he would yet overcome his rival; and he set to work diligently to find, if possible, Vincent's antecedents; but for a time nothing seemed to come of all his efforts, except that he learned that Vincent was in regular correspondence with persons in Cincinnati, and that he received letters addressed to Wallace Brooks, frequently—this, in connection with the letter he had found, aroused the gravest suspicions in his mind—suspicions that at length became almost certainty. These conclusions were arrived at slowly, however, Will feeling the necessity of acting very cautiously.

III.

The summer was passing away, and the delightful season called Indian summer that reaches perfection only in the Northwest, was at hand. Abner's Russian and Transcendent crab trees were loaded with the perfect little beauties that shone and glistened among the leaves, and soon must fall—their brilliancy of coloring entirely setting at naught that of the more pretentious products of orchards farther

South. The celery rows had received their last banking up—the potatoes were in great heaps in the cellar, and the barberry hedge was like a flaming bush with tinted leaf and crimson berry. The work of the place went on as usual; but there was a change; the demon of discontent had entered this Eden, and a baleful influence was at work. Vincent came seldom, but Edith was oftener at the "city" than formerly; and Abner and Will had their own thoughts about this, though these were kept strictly to themselves. There was to be a Reunion of the Grand Army at Cincinnati that fall, and Abner intended going there, and taking Edith with him; but after some discussion it was decided that they could not both be absent at this busy season, and Abner went alone. The day before he started Will revealed to him the secret of the letter he found, and gave him all the information he had collected, and this, with what Abner had otherwise learned, gave them a clue that he could follow up, perhaps, to advantage in Cincinnati, and he exhorted Will to be most watchful during his absence, and to guard his daughter from the wiles of this man whom they both believed to be a villain. Abner felt a reluctance to going, and had almost determined, as the time for departing came, not to go; but this letter and Will's information decided him, and with many misgivings he went; for he saw that Edith, for the first time in her life, manifested no anxiety at his leaving his home on so long a journey. His heart had known no such bitter sorrow for these many years, and he undertook the journey only with the hope of ending this great trouble. Will needed no urging in the duty assigned to him of guarding Edith. He had arrived at very positive conclusions in regard to Vincent, and was prepared for any emergency that might arise. He was fully determined that if Vincent should dare to come upon the premises during Abner's absence, the issue between them should be brought to trial at once, and it should be trial by battle. On the fourth day of Abner's absence, Will went as usual to the market, and had nearly disposed of what he had to sell, when a telegraph messenger handed him a telegram. It read:

"V. is Wallace Brooks, and has a wife and three children here. He is a gambler and an embezzler. Be watchful, but say nothing. ABNER."

Will made haste home, for a presentiment of coming evil had haunted him all the morning. He put the horses away quickly and went to the house. Mrs. Bronson was there, and she said that she had not seen Edith that morning. It was between ten and eleven o'clock, and she had been there about an hour. Will looked in Edith's room, for the gravest apprehensions had taken hold of him. Had she gone? He could find her nowhere, and, going to where the men were working, he learned that Edith had been seen going out toward the grove; and thither he went, and found her footprints to the roadside, where a carriage had evidently been in waiting—and she was gone. There could be no doubt in his mind with whom she had gone, and not the least hesitation as to the course he would pursue. He saw that they had driven in the opposite direction from the "city," and he concluded at once that they would go to the next station below, fifteen miles away. But there was no train from there until afternoon. There was not a moment for delay—he must overtake them and bring the truant back. He got his revolver—then saddled his own bay colt, and after the fugitives he went. He found by inquiry that his surmises were right as to the road they had taken, and he knew that they were before him. Swiftly the steed sped on, but all too slowly for the eager desires of his rider. He arrived at the first station, and there he learned that they had driven on the next station, a dozen miles further on. They were a half hour ahead of him, and he might yet overtake them before they arrived at their destination. Again his steed was galloping along the smooth road, exciting the wonder of the dwellers by the roadside, who thought it must be a criminal escaping from pursuers. He saw them at last; they were driving along quite leisurely, having, apparently, no fear of pursuit. A few minutes sufficed to put him alongside—and then ahead of them—then turning and standing in front of the horses.

"Stop!" he cried.

"What right have you to stop us? Do you want my purse?" asked Vincent, with a sneer. "Get out of the way, and do not interfere with us again, or your insolence will be punished, as it deserves to be." He started the horses, endeavoring to drive past him. Not succeeding in this, he gave the reins to Edith and sprang from the carriage, whip in hand, and rushed toward Will, who moved away from him a short distance, and then, drawing his revolver, commanded his antagonist to halt. "Now, Wallace Brooks, when I am through with what I have to say you will proceed on your journey, and I will take this young lady back to her father's house, and I declare to you that if ever you come there again I will shoot you like a dog."

"Is this lout mad?" cried Edith, making a movement as if she would alight from the carriage.

"Sit still where you are, or I will shoot the scoundrel before you can reach him," said Will in a voice that she dared not disobey. She well knew that he was a dead shot, and that he meant what he threatened.

"What do you mean by calling Edward Wallace Brooks?" Edith asked defiantly of Will.

"I mean just this," answered Will; "that this wretch is named Wallace Brooks—that he has a wife and children in Cincinnati—that he is a gambler and embezzler, and that he is very much wanted back at his old home. If you deny this, Brooks, I will march you to the town yonder and deliver you to the officers to hold until those who want you can get here."

"What do you say, is my statement true or false?"

"Oh! it is false, say it is false," pleaded Edith in agonized tones.

"Come, I want an answer at once," demanded Will.

"It is true," said the cowardly wretch, after some hesitation. "But this should make no difference to our love, Edith," he whined. "You promised that you would remain true to me, no matter what happened."

"Say no more. Dare not speak to me

again. If he does, shoot him, Will. Go, villain," she said, and she turned the horses round toward her home. Brooks lost no time in obeying her injunctions, but started at once on his way, and she never saw him again; but that winter she read an item in a newspaper that Wallace Brooks, under an alias, was killed in a mining town in Colorado. Will was soon by the side of the carriage. Looking at her, he saw that she was about to swoon, and he had barely time to catch the lines from her nerveless grasp, when she fell away in a faint. He dismounted, and was quickly by her side—one arm supporting her, while with the other he was driving to a farm house half a mile distant; but before they arrived there Edith revived, and when she became conscious she demanded that he leave her; and he, patient and full of compassion for her yielded to her unreasonableness, and, taking the saddle again, he followed until they reached their home. Of course, it was impossible to keep the matter quiet, and Abner heard the story of the attempted elopement before he got to his home, and it brought the blush of shame to the cheek of the old soldier who felt as all feel when their idols are broken and lie shattered at their feet. His love and tenderness for his child, however, conquered his resentment. He could not be harsh with her—her punishment would be severe, and he must help her to endure. As the wretched days passed, he feared for her sanity. He had uttered no word of reproach, and yet there seemed to be an impassable gulf between him and her. If her mother had been with them it would have been different; a father could not know how to deal with the affections of a young girl's heart. She talked little with any, a listlessness taking possession of her, and Abner heard her moaning in the night, "Oh, that I might die." The light of the house had gone out, and very great was the darkness! Steadfastly Will labored, and the old man leaned upon him—more now than before, since the trusting love of his daughter's heart seemed withdrawn from him. He remembered an instance full of sadness at his boyhood's home—of one who had been disappointed in love, and she had always been thereafter a silent

woman—queer, they called her—in all her ways. His child must be wakened from this dreadful lethargy; and he devised trips to California, to New York, anywhere, so that she might be roused from this frightful dream. He mentioned these schemes to her; but she cared not to go anywhere, she said. "Dear father, do not worry about me. I must pass through the shadow. I must bear my punishment myself. I have sinned against Heaven and against you; I have been rebellious and headstrong and disobedient, and I must suffer; let me suffer in silence." He could not restrain his tears, but tears would not come to her relief.

And Time passed on. Every evening for weeks the sun sank down into the far Western ocean—a great flaming orb, and every morning he arose above the Eastern plain without a cloud to veil his fierce, fiery face; but all the while he was twisting a spiral pathway to the Southern Pole, and as Will remarked he no longer rose in the East, but far South of East. The wild geese in countless numbers had followed the sun—the groves were deserted by all the feathered tribe except the winter sparrows; and after a while they would not yield to the pushing of the next year's bud and fell down to death with its fellows, while scarcely a breath of wind sifted throughout the dreamy haze of the Indian corn harvest, and now and then the melancholy croaking of a belated raven could be heard afar off as the huskers husked and the wain creaked under the golden load. All these things, and the soft delightful days and witching moonlit nights that were for comfort to the last hours of the dying summer came and went, and the cruel cold and the blinding "blizzards" of winter wrought what of desolation they could—and then the South wind blew and the frost and ice went—none knew whither, and it was spring, again;—the robins were back in their old haunts among the bursting buds and the smell of the fresh green life was in the air,—the rains fell and the wild prairie was soft and velvety to the tread,—its bright green, delicious to the eye. Again the ploughing and the planting busied the children of men, and the up-

springing from the earth brought new hope and courage to the desponding ones. Edith recovered much of her former joyousness in the work of pruning and planting her vines and shrubs and the roses gave promise that delighted her heart. Abner and Will were in great exaltation as they observed her increasing interest; and one day while Will was helping her to train the roses, to dig around the bushes, and to make up the beds of flowers, he again told her his love. "Not now;" she said; "Wait. You saved me from dishonor, and I ought to love you; but do not blame me if I say I cannot, as you wish. I am not worthy of you—you may—you must find some one worthy of your love, and capable of loving you as you deserve." It was useless for him to protest,—all that she would extend was the hope that in the future she might consent; but he must wait. "See what haste came near making of me," she said. "You may come to love another. I will not have you throw yourself away by marrying me." "I will love none other than you," he said; and he caught her in his strong arms before she was aware of what he intended to do, and he kissed her again and again. She struggled away from him and fled to the house. He was in dismay at this effect of his audacity; but he noticed that she did not seem to take it unkindly and his heart rejoiced when next they met.

It was well along in May when one day Will came home with a letter from a firm of attorneys in a town in New York, stating that he had fallen heir to an estate and and his presence was desired immediately in order to establish his identity to the satisfaction of the court in which the matter was pending. The attorneys were already in possession of the main facts in the case, having obtained them from his aunt in California; and from her, Will also received a letter the next day, informing him of what she had learned and done, congratulating him upon his good fortune, and inviting him to her home in California, where, as she assured him, all would be glad to see him. It seemed impossible that he could be spared, and now that he was to go away his worth very plainly appeared, indispensable. Abner

began to feel his utter helplessness in the prospect of the loss of his faithful assistant; and Edith, too, realized fully what his absence implied.

On the day of his departure, he said to her, "I will come back soon and then you will marry me"—but she interrupted him, "You will see more of this world, and you will be glad that you are free; therefore we will make no promises; you may never want to come back." She permitted him to kiss her at parting, however, and when he was gone she sat down and wept tears that were a sweet solace to her. He had said that he would write to them directly upon his arrival, and the days seemed long; oh, so long, until the time at which she might expect the missive! Now that he was gone her heart would be quiet no longer—she knew that she loved him, alone—that she had never loved that other; that Will was the steadfast anchor of all her earthly hopes! No one could take his place in the business, and Abner suffering severely of late from the old wound received at Fair Oaks, could not restrain his peevish complaints, and all at once seemed to grow old, so old that Edith was frightened at the change, and a new sadness came upon her. If her father should be taken away, miserable indeed, would be her lot. She had never before realized the possibility; but now it came upon her with a terrible force. The long-looked-for letter came at last. Will was the heir to fifty thousand and was domiciled at the home of a distant relative, who had three daughters, "most lovely girls," he wrote. "One of them is named Edith; isn't that strange? And what is still stranger, she looks like you, Edith, so that I feel for a moment, sometimes, that you are present. She is older than you, about twenty, I should judge." He liked the appearance of the country better than that of the prairie. "This is the most beautiful valley, hemmed in by the grandest hills—almost mountains—and a lovely little lake set like a gem among the hills. My cousins live on the shore of this lake, and Edith and I have been out several times rowing on the beautiful water. She laughed heartily at my first attempts at rowing; but I can do much better now than at first. Do you know

that I have been homesick, and that I long for the time to come to be with you. You would make no promises, but when I come I shall claim you for my own." She read this letter with a pang, and then she thought, "the other Edith will be the one." And she went about her duties with her heart saddened like one whose fondest hopes lie buried. Abner spoke often of Will's coming home; but her heart kept repeating, "He will never come; he will never come." "I will write to you frequently," he had told them, and when he was going away. A week passed—two weeks passed, and then a very brief letter. "I will not be able to get back soon. My lawyer tells me that it will take a year at least, to get everything straightened out, and that I will have to remain here until all is settled." There were the merest allusions to herself and her father and not the smallest to the other Edith. "The folks here want me to go into lumbering; what do you think of it?" And she answered that he must do as he might think best. Longer and longer the interval between his letters became, until she ceased almost to look for one from him. "His thoughts are upon her and he has no time to write to me," she thought, and she struggled with the bitterness of his inconstancy. Her father's disability and peevishness increased, and one day while vexed with something that had gone wrong, he said with great vehemence: "You treated him badly, or he would have been with us now, and everything would not have gone to the dogs." She knew that he was suffering with the wound made by the rebel bullet, and that he was becoming prematurely old and unable to bear the many burdens that seemed to be increasing, rather than diminishing as his infirmities grew upon him; and so she said nothing in reply to his constantly increasing complaints. She herself, saw that affairs were not as they were when Will was with them. The vegetables refused to grow as they did then; the trees in the orchard were not looking thrifty as they used to; there was a blight on the berries; the Jerseys chewed their cud less contentedly than when Will milked them; and the horses plainly missed him. Abner hired another to take his place, but

he was an hireling; and after a time, the receipts decreasing to an alarming extent, Abner investigating, found that his man had been "knocking down," and seeing that he was detected, the man fled. He tried a number in succession. Some were dishonest, some were too lazy, and life became a burden to the sick old soldier. It was the day before Christmas, and Edith's cup of bitterness seemed to be filling to overflowing. There were troubles on every hand, and Abner lay bedfast. That afternoon, he said to Edith, "Why will you not write to him to come? He would come at your lightest bidding." She turned her suffering face towards him, and spoke with great asperity: "Do not speak of him to me again—I would die rather than do that which you suggest. He is nothing to me nor ever can be. He said nothing more on the subject and spoke very little at all; so that she, repenting of her outbreak towards him and seeing his suffering was full of tenderness towards him. She smoothed his pillow, and prepared him dainty delicacies to

tempt his palate; and in the evening, at his request, she went to the piano that was standing in the room next to his, and played the tunes he liked to hear. "Poor Will liked that one so much," he said, as she finished one selection; and she, agitated too, with the same thought hurried on, and while absorbed, could it be possible? She felt a presence, and heard, "Edith," just in a whisper, it seemed; she believed Will was there, but she was afraid to turn round for fear of disappointment; and then she felt his arms around her and his warm kisses on lip and cheek. "Dear one, you will be mine?" "Who is it, Edith?" came from the sick man's room. "Let me go first and tell him, and then you come," she said. And she went to her father and said, "Father, it is Will, come back." And the tremulous voice said, "Thank the Lord for that; now I can depart in peace." And then Will stood there, and bent down and kissed the face that had grown, oh, so old, while he was away! "May I call you, father, too?" he asked. And Abner said, "God bless you, my son and my daughter."

THE STAIRWAY OF FATE.

BY MALINDA CLEAVER FAVILLE.

J JOHN GAY, painter, had come from New York for a week's visit to my friend, Billy, at his home in the quaintest of old towns by the sea. As Billy's surname is too well known in the annals of state and nation to be lightly spoken, and as no other Billy appears in this story, we will know him by that familiar title alone. Billy and I had made acquaintance in our callow days, when he was studying architecture and I was working hard in the Cooper Institute. Perhaps the fact that my mother was a Virginian had been in my favor with him; after the first hour he needed nothing outside of himself to recommend him to me. Handsome, the flower of generations of culture and gentle breeding, and endowed with an adaptability to his surroundings, rare in men of his nativity, Billy was a revelation to me. His dress was unobtrusive, but appropriate, not because he had no thought above it, but because he thought it a courtesy due to his friends

to have it so. His twin person was in complete contrast to my own heavy figure clothed in garments that "bagged" comfortably, my toilet completed by a tie with a "made" bow.

After the first week Billy and I were fast friends. We searched the old streets of New York for specimens of fine colonial dwellings, and found them used as tenements or offices. We railed in unison at the desecration of fine old doorways and stoops by swarms of Bohemian babies or at stately old stairways decorated with unclean pails. Billy's especial fancy was for handsome stairways with square landings and old mahogany balusters, black with age, even under the dust and grime. No swarm of children or of smells could keep him from making a rough sketch at least of a good example. My own weakness was for the portals, and especially the old transoms and fan-lights.

"We have good specimens in our own town, Jack. Some day when this grind

is over I'll have you down to see them," said Billy, one day, as we whirled up toward the Park on the L road, after a long hot tramp in the old part of town. Billy had never taken the trouble to say that he belonged to an old family, and I, with all our customary ignorance of our country's history, did not recognize his as a name which for two centuries men had delighted to honor in the councils of our country. If I had thought of this, I might have guessed the source of much of his knowledge of colonial houses and furnishings.

The pleasant student days had ended more than five years before, and Billy had returned to his native town, where he was already succeeding as designer and builder. Four of those years I had spent in Paris, thanks to my father's generosity with the income of his rich Pennsylvania acres. A year before, I had returned, still loving my own country best, and established myself in New York. My first year at home had been as successful as I had a right to expect. Only a few weeks ago, my father had said, "Jack, I should like to see you in your own house while I live. You may have any ten acres of the farm that you like, for a building spot, and half the money in bank to build you a house on it, provided you agree to live in it half of each year."

"I'll do it," said I. "How much is half the money in bank?"

He named a sum that surprised me. I had at once made up my mind to take a beautiful knoll with a background of forest, which I had long thought an ideal site. Near it was a stratum of excellent building stone which I proposed to use in the construction of my house. The sum of money my father mentioned was ample to build, furnish, and finish the grounds, of a comfortable house and a studio after my own heart.

Now, was the time to accept Billy's invitation to visit him. He should design my house. No other man knew so well my fancies, and no other architect of my acquaintance shared to such a degree my passion for colonial dwellings. I straightway made a sketch of the site, put it and some specimens of the stone, with some

clothes, in my bag, and departed to see Billy and the fine old doorways he had long ago promised to show me.

An engagement with a wealthy client promising to occupy all of Billy's time during the last morning of my stay, I set out alone with my sketch-book to see what I could find. Down among the fashionable new houses I found, on opposite corners, a couple of good old ones. One was particularly attractive because it was open, and evidently undergoing a thorough renovating. The broad, deeply-arched doorway, and the fan-light above, were ideally perfect. In the gable was a semi-circular garret-window, like the transom in design. The high stoop had been modernized in harmony with the old building. I climbed the steps, crossed the loose planks laid where the floor of the stoop had been, and entered the door. Within was a broad hall, and to the right a doorway opening into big double parlors. In the front one of these, a muscular negro on a step-ladder, was scraping the ceiling, and under the wide arch between the two rooms stood a carpenter's bench at which two men were working. Sounds of hammering came from various parts of the building. Finding no objections were made, I proceeded to explore, beginning with the front hall.

Ever since the days of our explorations in old New York, my few dreams have been occasionally haunted by a very peculiar stairway—a broad landing four steps high, with a window the width of one side, then a long flight, another narrower landing, and a short flight, ending in an extremely narrow passage between the wall and the railing around the well; the steps all loose, unpainted, and without balusters. In all my experiences I had never seen such a flight of stairs when awake, and had grown to recognize it, even in my dreams as a creation of my own imagination. As I turned from the old parlor and passed through the broad archway at the back of the entrance hall, the stairway of my dreams rose before me, complete in every detail that I could see. The old balustrade had been taken away to make room for a new one. New steps had been put in, and loose rough boards

laid over them to protect them from lime and sand.

"Surely," thought I, "I shall find something interesting up these stairs." As I rose to the upper step, to my astonishment the realization of my dream was completed by the extremely narrow passage to the second-story front hall, perilously narrow now, it seemed to me, as I looked over its unsupported edge into the hall below. The woodwork had been repaired, and the walls replastered, and the floors were thick with carpenters' and plasterers' litter. The soft September sunshine came in through the broad windows, and flooded the rooms with its warm light. Since I passed up that wonderful stairway I walked as one enchanted. The sound of the hammers seemed far away, but I distinctly heard the soft rustle of the magnolia leaves outside. I sat down on a broad window-sill of the front room and looked about me. The high oak mantel was black with age, and had suffered slightly from the carelessness of workmen during the current repairs. I sat idly looking at it, probably because it was the object nearest to me, and trying to feel that I was awake, in a real house, and not dreaming, when what seemed to be a thin bit of yellow plaster caught my eye. It had apparently worked in between the base of the mantel and the marble hearth. With the curiosity of idleness I opened my knife to take out the bit of plaster, thinking it had broken from the wall in remarkably thin, regular scales. To my surprise it did not crumble as I worked at it. The portion which I could see was an ivory yellow, and apparently a part of an oval. As I picked away carefully, though working at some disadvantage, it began to yield, and one last pull brought it entirely out upon the hearth. It was a small perfect oval of ivory, yellow with age, and showing a few specks of paint. Near one edge was faintly scratched, "Boston, 1805." I turned it over and laid it in the palm of my hand. The loveliest of faces looked up into mine. It was a miniature of a woman in her first youth, a woman with that wonderful, evanescent beauty of expression Malbone loved, and which at his best, he could catch in its perfection. It was evidently

a Malbone and done at his best period. The features were not of classic perfection, the mouth was too wide and sensitive, but the beauty of expression was remarkable. The tints of the pale cheeks, the beautiful brown eyes, and the soft dark curls, were perfect as in life. Only Malbone, with his love of such beauty, could have done it.

I sat long, looking down into the sweet piquant face, fascinated by its beauty. The original had grown old, possibly in the very house, and died, perhaps, here in this sunny room, but here was her picture, still fresh and beautiful, as she was on the day nearly ninety years ago, when she sat for it. Who was the owner? Where could such a woman be found now? Should I hand my precious picture to the workman down below, with a request to give it to the master of the house? No I would not. I would keep it to make a copy and then seek out its owner. Wrapping the precious miniature in a silk handkerchief I went down my magic stairway. Bricks and mortar could that day have no further interest for me. Learning the name of the corner, and of the owner of the house I departed, after sketching the doorway and stairs to talk the latter two over with Billy.

That evening as we sat smoking on the little side porch upon which Billy's study and drafting room opened, I told him about the old house, and showed him my sketches, reserving the stories of the staircase, of my dream and of the miniature I had found.

"That house," he answered to my inquiry, "belongs to Harry ———, a far-distant cousin of mine. We had the same great-grandfather, who built it. Harry fought through the war for Virginia. When it was over he accepted the result as final, and went to New York to seek his fortune. Now, the tide of prosperity is setting southward, and he comes back on it with money enough to buy the family mansion, and a lot of real estate in the new part of town. I have charge of the alterations and repairs on the house. How do you like my addition to the stoop? I rather pride myself on the way it harmonizes with the exterior as a whole."

"The porch is very good," said I.

"Billy, how long had the house been out of possession of your family?"

"About twenty-seven years. It was built for my great-grandmother in the first years of the century, and descended by the female line to my mother. My father was killed at Spottsylvania, leaving her with the house and two little boys, one of them myself. Father's property had all been invested in confederate bonds, but the house had been left untouched. Mother wisely looked forward instead of backward. She might have dragged out a meagre existence in the old house, honored as a member of a good old family, and upholding the ancient, but faded glory of Virginia, but she knew that her boys must be well fed and educated in order to make good men of them, and that takes money. Preferring, I suppose, the coming generation to the past, she decided to sell the old home. In 1866 a gentleman from Massachusetts came down to see how much money he could make in our town. He was shrewd and successful. In the following year he bought our home, as he had bought some others, to hold for the rise which was sure to come. How mother brought us up, you already know. The owner of the house, of Mayflower stock, moved his family into it. They took our furniture, but brought their own family relics; Pilgrim plates and Washington pitchers, one or two good Copleys, and three of the finest Malbones I ever saw. He made his pile here and six months ago sold Harry his house and bought a home on the Back Bay, where all good Bostonians ought to desire to live. In June they all went away and took their precious Copleys and Malbones with them."

"Not all of them," I thought, as I laid my hand on the little oval in my pocket. Mr. —, whose address I could easily obtain, must have been the owner of the miniature I had found. Billy and I talked over the portal and stairway I had sketched, which I insisted upon having incorporated in the design for my own house, and settled some other final details. Next morning I went by the early boat to New York.

I was convinced that the miniature belonged to the Boston family. Was it not

faintly marked "Boston" on the back? I hurried from the depot to my studio to be alone with my prize. To my impatience the L train seemed only to crawl up town. At last I reached my own door, unseen by neighboring friends, knights of the brush, whose greetings at this time would have been unwelcome. I was in haste to begin my copy of the miniature. Not having a fresh canvas, I rubbed out a sketch, rather than go out to buy one. I worked to such good purpose that before the light faded my outlines were drawn and everything ready for a good morrow's work. During the next day and for several others that followed it, I worked hard and endured unlimited "chaff" from my brethren, who suspected there was something more connected with the miniature than the plausible story I had told them. The copy promised to be worthy of the original in all but one point. That sensitive, expressive mouth troubled me. It smiled at me from the miniature in a way I found it impossible to make it do from the canvas. Time after time I scraped it out and tried again; it still tantalized and eluded me. One morning I rose early, determined to conquer that troublesome mouth before I slept again. Over and over I tried. When the light began to fail, I was apparently as far as ever from success.

Thinking a black and white study might help me out of my difficulty I spent the evening making pencil and charcoal drawings of the fascinating feature, but all to no purpose. At midnight the smiling lips of the miniature were represented on my canvas by a blur, and on the floor by a half dozen crumpled sketches. As the clock struck twelve, I threw myself upon the broad divan opposite my easel, turning my back upon the whole array of failures, and closing my eyes. Impressions of my day's work floated in consciousness—the miniature with its high-knotted hair, soft lovelocks and velvet band about the neck, the canvas with its blurred mouth, and the black and white studies. "Oh, they are each one but a grimace upon the face of failure," I thought as I tried to put them out of my sight. Suddenly, in distinct black and white, with the clearness of a carbon

print, the face of the miniature appeared before me, perfect in every line, only the color wanting. I say the face of the miniature. The hair was dressed in the high knot of current fashion, with a curious filigree pin thrust in it; the neck encircled by a high, soft, black velvet "choker," which, with its bow behind, brought out the curve of the face and ear, and the little shining curls about the nape. Below this was a very rich soft collar of yellow lace, more beautiful to my eyes than the low square neck and tight sleeves of the old picture. As I thought this, the figure became complete. I saw the slender pointed bodice, the soft full sleeves, ending at the dimpled elbows, the hands, in long wrinkled gloves, holding a curious fan, apparently tortoise shell, the graceful skirt in long folds unbroken by any frippery or ornament, and one pretty foot, not too small for the handsome figure it helped to support. The whole costume except the velvet and lace and fan, apparently in a pale gray. I held the beautiful picture in mind by a conscious effort and regarded it with an intensity which took no note of time. "I can do it," I said aloud, springing from the couch. I looked at my watch. The hands pointed to two minutes past twelve. Then I took fresh paper and soon settled the question of the mouth. The next thing to do was a full length drawing of my lady as she had just appeared.

Hour after hour she grew in beautiful likeness to my vision, smiling back at me from the great sheet of paper at which I worked as never before. At last the rough drawing was done, except one thing—there was a monogram on the queer tortoise shell fan. What were the letters laid in that broad outside stick? I regarded my mental image of the vision intently, in order to read them. There they were, E. B. H., in distinct characters on the mottled surface. As I put them in the city's clock struck six. I turned off the electric light and drew the curtain from my little east window to let in the first rosy sunlight of September 13th. To-day I would finish the portrait.

Too tired to wash off the charcoal dust I lay down upon the divan to snatch an hour's sleep. "What an arrant fool to

stay up all night just to draw a vision," I thought.

"But you have seen the one woman out of all the world," came softly to my consciousness.

"Then who is she? Where is she?" I questioned, as I slipped at last over the borderland into sleep.

When I awoke the setting sun shone on the church steeples, and upon the hills across the river. I had slept all day. I had not eaten or made a toilet for twenty-four hours. I was simply ravenous, and my mind was still confused with the memory of last night's experiences. As I finished my hasty preparations for dinner, and laid my hand on the door, some one pushed it open from the outside.

"Billy," I exclaimed, "by all that's wonderful!"

"Old man, why didn't you let me know?" I asked when I recovered my senses.

"I did try to: I telegraphed you early this morning from Baltimore, and this afternoon from Philadelphia."

I had slept through the day so soundly that the messenger boy had not been able to wake me.

"I was afraid you would be out all day and wouldn't get my message," explained Billy. "You have been out, haven't you?"

"I've been here since early this morning," I answered.

"Well, luck is better than telegraph this time," said he.

"Show me where to remove the dust of travel," Jack, and we'll go out to dinner. I'm as hungry as a hunter."

While Billy prepared for dinner, I put the unfinished painting behind a screen, wondering the while why a short half day's travel should have made him look so haggard. The drawing was still upon the board, on the easel. As Billy turned from the glass, he faced it. He went white as if he had seen a ghost.

"Jack, when did you see that?" he asked breathlessly.

"Oh, I saw it in my private gallery," I answered as carelessly as possible.

"But when? Where?" he persisted.

"Last night about two minutes past twelve, as I lay there on that couch. Does

it resemble any one you know, Billy?"

"Does it? It's the best picture I ever saw of my second cousin, Evelyn."

"I've answered you, now answer me. Did you ever see her look just like that, and when and where?"

"I did, last night, after a dinner party. We stood in the parlor talking after we came home, and she looked just that way, literally, from crown to toe; from that queer silver pin in the top of her head to the pattern on the toe of her shoe. That's the fan I gave her yesterday. I never shall forget how she looked last night, for I asked her to marry me and she refused." Poor Billy broke down and turned to the window.

"Come, old fellow," I said, "we both need some dinner. We can talk of this by and by."

"I suppose I must go on eating dinners every day just as other people do, but Eve's 'no' has taken the flavor out of everything," sighed Billy.

As soon as we could dispose of dinner in a seemly manner, we returned to the studio to smoke and talk things over. For the first time I told Billy the story of the stairway and the miniature, which latter I supposed belonged to the Boston people.

"Show me your miniature," demanded Billy as soon as I mentioned it.

"It looks mightily like Evelyn," he observed after studying it intently. "Jack, that's a Melbone, but the original was no New England dame. I think it is a picture of my great-grandmother. She was a daughter of Governor Moultrie of South Carolina. There was a Malbone miniature of her painted 1805, just before she left Charleston for Virginia. It was lost forty years ago, supposed to have been stolen by a servant for its valuable frame, so I never saw it. Mother remembers it, and has often remarked Evelyn's likeness to it. By your leave, I'll take it home and show it to her."

"Certainly. If you are not mistaken she is its rightful owner."

"After all, Jack, the miniature is more easily accounted for than that picture of Evelyn. It seems to live and breathe."

"I've told you all I know about that, Billy. I simply saw it as I lay here for a minute last night. The resemblance of

my vision to the miniature was so striking that I got up and put it upon paper at once."

"Who would think of you, a hundred and eighty pounds of Pennsylvania Dutchman, dreaming dreams that come true, and seeing in visions beautiful women who really walk the earth?" observed Billy.

"Jack, I'll tell you what we'll do to-morrow," he continued, after a long silence.

"Say on, said I.

"We'll go over to Baltimore to my aunt's. I am allowed to take what friends I choose to her house. I happen to know they will be at home to-morrow to dinner. You shall see Evelyn in the flesh."

"I'll go, Billy, but only for a day. I must finish the painting and get up home to see about the building stone. I want that foundation laid before winter."

We went over to Baltimore the next day, arriving at Mrs. —'s, just in time to prepare for dinner.

"Mary," said Billy to the neat house-girl, "is Miss Evelyn at home?"

"Yes, sir; she's dressin' for dinner."

"Just take her this note as soon as I write it," said he, scribbling a few words on a leaf from his note-book.

"Now, Jack," said Billy, when we were dressed, "don't let Evelyn suspect there is anything remarkable to you about this meeting. Here she is," he added as we heard a soft rustle in the hall.

In another instant the lady of my vision stood before me, not in cold blacks and grays, but radiant with the bright colors of life. My last doubt as to the ownership of the miniature was dissipated. The beautiful face was the same, except for that indescribable something we call the modern look, and how lovely she was, from crown to toe. No other woman born was ever so bewitching.

"Come, Jack," said Billy, pinching me unseen to bring me to my senses.

I can tell nothing of that visit to Baltimore but Evelyn. She is all I remember.

"Jack, old man, you have my blessing," said Billy, when we parted at the end of the visit, I persuaded him to make to my home.

"Billy, do you mind, if I try?"

"Not a bit. I would rather have it you than any one else.. It isn't worth while for me to try again."

"Do you suppose she would?"

"Lord, man, how do I know? I supposed she 'would' when I asked her myself, but she wouldn't. Whether she does or does not, make me a little copy of your 'vision' all for myself. She's my cousin and I'm the head of the family now, so it's all right."

"I'll do it, old fellow."

"Good-bye, Jack."

"Good-bye," and he was gone through the gates with the rest of the crowd of southbound passengers.

I did ask her in the course of time, and to my great surprise and delight, she said "yes."

When frosts were over, the building of my house went on apace. By September it was finished, ready for the carpets and furniture. Upstairs was a tiny sunny sitting-room, with windows looking out upon the Juniata hills. This I meant for our own private and particular den. The original drawing of my vision was the only

picture I meant to hang on its walls. The other ornaments my wife should select. A year from the day I first met her I brought her home. After dinner we went over the new house, ending with the little sitting-room. At sight of the picture her surprise knew no bounds.

"Why, Jack, that is just as I must have looked when you first saw me? Did you do it all from memory?"

"Worse than that, little woman, I did it before I ever saw you," and then I related my vision.

"Why did you not tell me of this before?" she asked.

"I was afraid you would think me a visionary fellow, blown about my every whim, so I waited till we were fast married, Mrs. Gay," I replied. "How is it that you remember so well how you 'must have looked' when first we met?"

"As if I ever could forget it," she said, as she—but there.

"Did Billy know about this before he brought you to our house?"

"He did, ma'am," I answered meekly.

"Then that's why he told me in that note what to wear," she said, evidently relieved to have a puzzle solved.

TOMMY TAYLOR'S AMBITION.

By AMELIA WOPFORD.

THAT Tommie Taylor was a "good all round athlete" even his enemies could not deny. No boy of his acquaintance, and that included all the boys of the village, could jump so high and far, turn such handsprings and somersaults, or walk farther on his hands, than he. And there was no tree too high for him to climb, no pole he could not chin oftener than his companions, and no game that demanded strength and agility in which he did not excel. And he was as well favored mentally as physically. His teachers all united in saying he was "bright," and if he had given half the attention to his studies that he gave to his sports and the size of his muscle, he would have stood high in his classes. But as it was he held an inglorious place at the foot, and when his report came home at the end of the month, a note of com-

plaint would often accompany it, and then Tommie and his father would have a very painful interview that sometimes lasted much longer than Tommie liked.

The village in which he lived was so small that no theatrical companies or shows of any kind ever came there, and the people that cared for such amusements had to go to the city, some twelve miles distant, or content themselves at home with the church socials and amateur entertainments, given by the young people. So imagine the stir when a circus company pitched its tents on the village square. It was a miserable little affair that stopped only at the smallest towns and villages; its principal performer, a small, sallow, half-starved little fellow, who rode a white horse and did some fairly good acrobatic acts. Tommie Taylor was foremost among the small boys that

crowded close to the saw-dust ring, and to have been that boy he would willingly have given up the riches of the world had he had them. He followed his every movement with eager fascinated eyes. How he envied him. How tame and colorless his life was besides those flesh colored tights and spangled blue trunks. Why couldn't his mother have been that beautiful lady in short scarlet skirts and gold slippers, and his father the ring master in gold-lace, red jacket and high boots? How proud he would have been of them.

"I can't ride stanin' up as good as the kid," he said in a loud whisper to his friends, when the ring master was near, in hopes he might hear him and hire him on the spot, "'cause he rides every day. But I kin beat him all to pieces doin' everythin' else."

That night he lay awake for hours and hours, and when he did sleep, it was to dream of hanging by one finger on a tiny rope, stretched over a bottomless pit, and of being chased round and round the circus ring by a white pony, with a long licking tongue and fiery eyes. And how he woke and screamed when he fell and felt that long licking tongue on his foot.

He never told anyone about it, but after this his one ambition was to join a circus and he gave so much attention to his tumblings and turnings his reports became worse and worse, and his father's hand fell oftener and heavier. But Tommie did not mind it; he was so absorbed in the one purpose of his life.

About one year after his visit to the circus, great blazing pictures were posted in the village announcing that Barnum's Mammoth Circus would be in the city in the middle of September. Tommie was all of a tremble when he saw them. He talked of nothing but the circus, and he spent all his time after and before school hours, before the show boards with wide-open, eager eyes. His excitement increased as the days went by and the times for the circus came nearer, but it passed unnoticed at home. His father was busy early and late at his store, and his mother was one of those careless women who think their children need no attention un-

less very sick or unusually troublesome, and so he escaped questionings that might have disclosed his secret.

Sunday morning, the day before the circus, while the whole household slept, and the stars were bright in the dark still sky, Tommie was up and dressing, quiet as a mouse for fear of waking his brother with whom he slept. And as quiet and cautious as that same persecuted little animal, he stole through the house and out-of-doors. A train to the city would be at the depot at five o'clock, but he did not wait for it. He was afraid of meeting some one he knew, and so down the village street and up the country road he ran as fast as his legs could go, and a pretty good speed it was, too. The twelve miles were not much for his little country bred feet that could climb and run and walk untiringly all day long, and as he walked fast and made so early a start, he was on the show grounds almost as soon as the boys and idle men of the city.

Although it was Sunday, it was not to be a day of rest for the circus employes. The animals were to be fed, the cages cleaned, the great red and gilt wagons to be brought to the highest pitch of polish and cleanliness possible, the horses groomed and fed, and the tents for the accommodation of the working men and animals put up, and ever since five o'clock the grounds had been a scene of bustle and activity. Now that the fateful moment was at hand Tommie was a little afraid to approach the "boss," as he termed the manager. So he walked about for some time watching the busy men and increasing crowd of lookers-on, and taking sly peeps into the menagerie tent at the animals. But, after a while he plucked up his sinking heart and went up to a man busy cleaning a red wagon, brilliant with gilt dragons and griffins.

"Say," said he, "where kin I find the boss?"

The man stopped his work. He was very tall, and he looked down at Tommie, as a Broddnagian would have looked down on a Lilliputian.

"What do you want with him?" he asked, in answer.

"I want to git a job."

"A job?" said the man, resuming his

work. Well, now, that's good. I jest like a boy that's lookin' fur work. What like, is a boy that's lookin' fur work? Say, Bill, "he called to a man on the other side of the wagon, without waiting for Tommie's answer, "here's a kid wants a job. How do you think leadin' the monkeys to water'd suit him?"

"Fine," said Bill, after an explosion of laughter. "Why don't you let him have it."

"No, I don't want that," said Tommie, quickly. "I want to git a job to act in the circus."

"Yer do," said the man, pretending great astonishment, and staring down hard at Tommie. "Well, there ain't anything small about you 'ceptin' your size, that's sartain. You'll be askin' to be President nex'. What kin you do?"

"O I kin turn handsprings an' jump and do lots of things I seen a boy do in a circus wonst," said Tommie eagerly. "I kin beat any boy I know doin' them things."

"Well, now, that's good," said the man. "They ain't many folks a-doin' them things now-a-days. "Say, Bill," calling again to his companion on the other side of the wagon, "this 'er kid says he kin turn hand-springs and cut jest lots of monkey shines. What kin' of a chance do you think he'll stan' with the ole man for a job?"

"Fine," said Bill, after another explosion of laughter. "Say, Jim, why don't you quit joshin' the kid and let him show you what he kin do? You know the ole man give you the job the other day to hire kids."

"That's so," said Jim. "I'd clean forgot it. Jest step out thar an' show us what you kin do. Be lively, now. Watch him, Bill."

Tommie never for a moment doubted the man's authority to "hire kids," and he stepped out determined to do his best, and up and down, and around and around he walked on his hands, and over and over he turned, and backwards and forwards he jumped, farther and higher than he had ever done before. Soon his antics brought a large circle of men and boys about him.

"Say, what's the kid a-doin' that fur,"

a boy asked, who had wormed and squeezed his way to the front.

"Showin' us what he kin do ter git a job in the circus," Bill answered, with a wink to the crowd. "Pretty good, ain't he, for a little hayseed?"

"Naw, he can't do half as good as Funny Green. Come here, Funny," he called excitedly to a friend on the outskirts of the crowd. "Come here and show this feller what you kin do. He hires kids fur the cirksis."

"Come off," said another boy scornfully, who had caught the showman's wink. "He can't hire nawthin. He's jest a-joshin' the kid."

"Say, kid," called another boy to Tommie, "that feller's jest a-guyin' you. He can't give you no job."

Tommie's feet came to the ground in a twinkle. The crowd burst into a laugh as it saw his embarrassment and began jesting at him, "fur a little hayseed." He did not wait for more. He turned and ran away as fast as he could, and when safe away from the sight and sound of the show grounds, he sat down on the edge of the sidewalk and dropped his head into his hands. He was as miserable a boy as ever lived. His head and cheeks burned with anger, shame, heat and fever—it was one of those dry, hot September days, whose very breeze parches and burns. He had lost his hat and the half dollar he had in his pocket. He was hungry and tired. He had always held it unmanly to cry, but the tears would come in spite of his hard winks and staring at the sun-baked ground at his feet, and a great hot lump would come in his throat, swallow as he might, and presently his head went down on his knees and he was sobbing as heartily as a homesick girl.

A great many persons passed him, but after a curious glance, went on. But after awhile some one touched him on the shoulder, and a voice way above him asked, "What's the matter, my son? Are you hurt?"

It was a full minute before Tommie could answer, and then he gasped out, "No sir; nay head aches."

"Well, now, crying won't help it," said

the voice, kindly. "Don't you think you'd better go home than sit out here in the hot sun?"

Home! The very mention of it brought a fresh convulsion of tears and sobs.

"Haven't you got a home?" the voice asked, after waiting a long time for an answer.

"Yes, sir, but I can't" Tommie sobbed out. "I ran away this morning and I'm too tired to walk back. An—an' I lost my money," he wailed.

"You ran away?" said the voice. "Come tell me all about it." The voice was now close to Tommie's ear. It belonged to a very kind-faced man, and he sat down by Tommie and put his arm around the shaking shoulders. "Why did you do it?" he continued, soothingly. "You don't look like a very badly treated boy. Was it because you didn't like to chop wood and mind the baby?"

"There ain't no baby," Tommie sobbed out. "An' I didn't have to chop wood. I wanted to be a circus boy, an' an' the circus men made fun of me, an' an' my head aches."

The gentleman did not say anything for a long time. He was looking down at the round boyish head at his side, and thinking smilingly of a day, a very long while ago, when he, too, was a little country lad, and wanted to be a circus boy, and had run away to meet the same lesson the boy at his side had learned. And he was thinking too of another little boy in his own home whom he should wish some one to be kind to if he should ever be in trouble and need a friend. He was quiet

so long that Tommie stopped crying and looked up to see what was the matter.

The gentleman smiled kindly at him.

"Where do you live," he asked.

"At Clarksville, that little town about twelve miles from here."

"And you want to go home, and you don't want to be a circus boy, and you are willing to chop wood and do anything you are told?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes, sir," said Tommie promptly.

"Well, now, suppose I take you to the depot and buy you a ticket for home, will you promise to be a good boy?"

"Yes, sir," very promptly, "and I'll thank you very much."

In a very short time Tommie and his new friend were at the depot. A large, rather country-looking man was on the platform looking anxiously about. Tommie dropped the gentleman's hand and ran towards the big man.

"Why, Tommie, my boy," the man said, "where have you been. We've been looking for you everywhere."

The gentleman came up smiling.

"Why, he's been doing what I did once, and what possibly you did or wanted to do," he said. "He ran away to be a circus boy, but he's anxious to be just a good boy instead, and I think he will."

"Yes, father, indeed I will. I won't ever be a bad boy again," Tommie said earnestly.

With a lapse occasionally from his promise, Tommie kept his word, and that day ended his ambition to be a circus boy.

PEARLS.

Upon the rocks the sea-maid wept
That mortal eyes should fail to see
The beauty that, in her, was kept
Hid in the ocean's mystery.

And as she wept the tears that fell
Unminded, in the ocean, there
Were caught—imprisoned—in a shell,
And pearls became of beauty rare.

—Clifford Trembly.

THE HELIOSCOPE—IN LOVE.

By N. H. CROWELL.

In one of Uncle Sam's western military posts (I must take care not to divulge its identity), there is a helioscope. This fact is not uncommon for, truth to say, all military posts are now provided with one or more of these useful adjuncts to modern methods of military science.

But this particular helioscope of which I am speaking is not an ordinary individual, and deserves mention from the fact, that, in addition to performing its routine of duties in the satisfactory manner affected by all conscientious helioscopes, it has the distinction of having assisted materially in the wooing and winning of the dashing lieutenant of a company of cavalry (a quite praiseworthy feat, judging from the assiduity with which several young ladies of my acquaintance emulate it.)

But notwithstanding the prestige to which this particular helioscope is entitled and the hauteur that is unquestionably its right, it pursues the even tenor of its way in a strikingly modest and unassuming manner.

And now that the gist of my story has been thus summarily condensed, I will endeavor to weave in the details that are necessary to a satisfactory contemplation of this particular helioscope's love-making.

In Fiction's realm, as may not be unknown, every hero has his opportunity, every villain his doom, every Romeo has his Juliet, and, to be accurate, every military post has its Lieutenant—the Lieutenant, his bewitching brunette—the brunette, her bluff parent—the parent, his bristling mustache, etc. In the case under consideration fiction blends with fact handsomely for Miss Mabel Lent was as vivacious a creature as a pretty brunette usually is and her father was none other than Wellington Lent, the gruff old Captain of Post No.—(I came near telling it that time.)

And the Lieutenant—his name was Frothingham. In fiction I discover that a Lieutenant is usually a "stalwart per-

son, whose handsome features were sharply defined beneath his magnificent, ebony-hued moustache." Lieutenant Frothingham, however, would never do well in fiction, for his features, which may have been handsome, were marred by a cruel, white line that crossed his bronzed cheek, cutting through his dark brown moustache, and, continuing downward, made an extra dimple in his unusually firm chin.

Fellow members of Co. M knew that this line was the direct result of a too close acquaintance with an Apache's knife—and looked upon it with a feeling akin to pride. On one occasion a whilom rival of the Lieutenant had been so injudicious as to hint around that the scar had been caused by a champagne bottle in the hands of a drunken college chum. This only gave Frothingham an opportunity to clinch the esteem in which his company held him, by impressing the aforesaid rival (in a manner so peculiar to that artist, Robert Fitzsimmons) with the fact that some things sound better when left unsaid.

When the Captain's daughter arrived, the men, from Private Bill Hicks, who, at the moment was engaged in his regular pastime of currying a wiry Mexican cayuse (by the name of "Brimstone," from the bad light in its eyes), to Lieutenant Frothingham, who was appearing strangely ill at ease as he twisted his moustache nervously—dropped everything and surrounded the blushing Mabel and her burly papa.

The Captain, as he emerged from the coach, laden with satchels and bandboxes, surveyed the expectant circle of bronzed faces with astonishment. Then, taking a stride forward, as if he were about to storm a breastwork, he roared,

"Come, clean out o' this, you rascals. What's got into you? Can't ye give us—ah—hello, Frothingham, you here, too? Well, well, here—Lieutenant Frothingham, my daughter. Eh? You want one? Mabel—Bill Hicks, mule tender. More

o' ye? Daughter—this is Pete Anthony, scout—here is Injun Ike, full-blooded Navajoe—that's Ben Wellington with the red tie—here is Braggins, our cook—Jones, liar by nature—oh, get out, boys, come over after grub—climb, now!"

With a dainty motion Miss Mabel snatched her hand from Jones' capacious palm, and, picking up her tailor-made skirts, tripped along beside her portly companion much as a torpedo boat would hover about a mighty cruiser. The "boys" stared and stared, in an effort to cudgel themselves into an understanding of the anomaly before their eyes—that old "Cap" Lent should be the father of the fairy-like creature now clinging to his arm. In the estimation of the rough fellows their burly Captain went up a hundred per cent.

"Would ye notice that?" exclaimed Private Hicks, and went back to his currying. Strange as it may seem, Hicks had, in those four short words, expressed the peculiar mixture of feelings that at the moment surged in the breast of every man at this particular military post—including the man with the scar through his moustache.

This man, be it said, was also imbued with another sensation—a sensation that caused the fearful handicap that Nature had imposed upon him to rise up in his mind like an uncanny dream. Lieutenant Frothingham, albeit he was a college man and had at one time taught a class of young ladies in a Sunday school, was a man of deeds rather than words. Language did not come trippingly to his tongue and there were times when his vocal organs, like some coy maid, sulked and refused to formulate the well-rounded sentences he so earnestly desired to utter.

Any man with the defects possessed by the Lieutenant, may with reason resign himself to a life of celibacy, unless the unexpected, unexpectedly happens. Especially is this true when there appears on the scene a rival in the shape of a handsome, athletic young fellow, resplendent in brand new corduroy trappings and the possessor of a determination that knows no bounds.

Now that Private Bill Hicks had blazed forth in all the splendor of a spick and

span outfit, the "boys," (evidently profiting by previous experience), considerately stepped back and gave him "full swing," as Jones put it.

And then began a rivalry that afforded many a hearty chuckle among the members of Co. M. If Lieutenant Frothingham happened to take a starlight stroll with the charming Miss Mabel, Private Hicks evened up matters by saddling "Brimstone" and his half-sister (Brimstone's half-sister), and taking the lady for a little jaunt to the Cliffs, or, on a special occasion, to the Canon, ten miles southward. If Hicks spent an evening at the Captain's quarters—Frothingham retaliated by giving a tea in honor of the Captain's daughter.

And Mabel Lent really seemed to find both entertaining and time slipped merrily along until, one day, the chilling fact that but four short days would elapse ere she must return to the college in the east, rang in the ears of the rivals. Members of Company M promptly stood to the alert, for, now or never, if ever, would the absorbing question be forever settled.

That evening, very unexpectedly, let it be said, there came an imperative mandate from somewhere (I do not pretend to know exactly where) directed to Signal Squad 56, admonishing them to go on the morrow and partake freely of that form of military amusement known as signal practice.

Now, if there was anything upon which Lieutenant Frothingham prided himself it was his proficiency in the use of the helioscope—a proficiency, by the way, that had placed him in command of Signal Squad 56. Imagine then, the chagrin with which the Lieutenant read the peremptory order and how he berated the loathsome skill that had placed him in such an undesirable position. He appealed to Captain Lent to be excused but the "old man" was breaking in a pair of new boots and—Frothingham decided to go.

As his squad passed out into the broad plain, Frothingham thought he detected a smile of satisfaction play over Private Hicks' face, as he ostentatiously busied himself about the saddling of Brimstone.

"Going with us, Hicks?" called the Lieutenant.

Private Hicks laughed an irritating little laugh, as he shouted back:

"Guess not, Lieutenant. Miss Lent has asked me to accompany—"

Just then Frothingham dug his rowels into the ribs of his saddle animal and whirled after the members of his squad, who were well on their way toward the station far up the mountain-side.

Could Frothingham have witnessed Hicks' procedure after his departure, he would have breathed easier and the scowl that seemed to settle over his face might have been dispelled. Squad 56 were barely out of sight, when Hicks calmly removed the saddle and blankets from his cayuse and, lighting his pipe, took up the thread of post duties with an unconcern that would have been phenomenal in a man engaged to accompany such a charming lady as Miss Mabel Lent on any expedition, of any character.

It must have been two hours or more before the squad arrived at the signal station. Lieutenant Frothingham, with an unusually brusque and business-like air, proceeded to put the instrument in manipulating order. It was while engaged in tugging at the refractory legs of the tripod that an exclamation from a trooper at his elbow caused him to look up from his work.

"They's signalin' us—or I'm a liar," remarked the trooper, as he shaded his eyes with his hand and looked long and earnestly back at the post.

"Oh, I guess not," replied his superior, as he too, looked.

"By jove, they are," he continued, as he caught a series of flashes from the post's instrument.

Hastily arranging the helioscope in position, Frothingham flashed back the answering signal. Then Squad 56 watched while a long succession of bewildering (to all but Frothingham) dots and dashes flashed from the post helioscope. As the trooper at the Lieutenant's elbow, gazed he thought once he overheard an exclamation of surprise from his superior's lips and he was sure he could detect a peculiar redness mounting to Frothingham's cheeks.

Presently the flashes ceased, and the Lieutenant, after staring fixedly a full mo-

ment, sprang to his instrument and began to flash back an answer, while the squad looked on. But for some reason, no further communication could be had with the machine at the post, and a puzzled look came into the Lieutenant's eye.

"What do they want, sir?" asked a wiry fellow in the rear.

"Eh? Oh, she—that is—they wanted—hem—want us to get back early—that's all."

The wiry-looking fellow, when the Lieutenant's back was turned, sniffed incredulously, for, despite the rapidity of that flashing message, he had gathered sufficient to cause the words, "I—love—you" to stand out in his mind like letters of fire on a background of velvet. And, looking closer, he observed that his superior's brusqueness had been replaced by his usual affable smile—a fact, which, coupled with sundry other little items hitherto unnoticed, was significant.

* * * *

It was shortly after the mighty mountains to the west had thrust their broad shoulders between the plains below and the beaming face of Old Sol, when Lieutenant Frothingham approached Captain Lent's spacious veranda. The Captain's daughter was its only occupant—a detail which the Lieutenant noticed with commendable delight.

The lady was occupying a settee, which, as the Lieutenant observed, had the appearance of having been originally designed for two, and—he sat down. Upon this the young lady started up in surprise—she had not expected this when she saw him stride from his quarters, saunter up her father's garden walk, mount the veranda steps, and approach her. Suddenly, however, she recollected that there were no other settees (or chairs, for that matter), on the veranda, and—she sat down.

"Well, Lieutenant," she made shift to say, "was the practice enjoyable to-day?" The dark-eyed maiden glanced archly at the flushing figure beside her.

"Why—why—certainly, Miss—oh, ever so much—er—"

"Lieutenant, you surely are not ill this evening?" asked Miss Mabel, leaning forward solicitously. The dainty poise of

her shapely head sent poor Frothingham's blood tingling to his finger-tips and he stammered:

"Ill? Me? Never better, ma'am. I—*you* know—did you signal—helioscope—"

"What are you saying? You are really ill. I'll call papa," and she would have risen, but that Frothingham, in desperation, extended a broad palm and detained her.

"Don't do it," he said, "I'm well—but I saw a signal—was it you, dear Mabel—"

"Oh, my! Mr. Frothingham, do you know what you said?"

"No, what did I? I said you signalled—I said I saw—"

"No, no, you called somebody 'dear,' didn't you?"

"Did I? Are—you—sorry?"

"Why, of course I am! Somebody might think—"

"Think what?"

"That you—liked me, you know," and Miss Mabel laughed a rippling little laugh that disclosed a set of pearly teeth, and made the Lieutenant's heart flutter like a caged king-bird.

"Like you? Did I ever—say I didn't?" he asked huskily. (Maledictions on such a voice anyway.)

"I think not, Ja—Mr. Frothingham. That is—never to my knowledge."

"Nor to any other's, Mabel."

"So?" Miss Lent was pulling energetically at the fringe of a dainty handkerchief.

"Did you signal me to-day?" inquired Frothingham. He was resolved to ferret out that mystery or perish in the attempt.

"Me, signal? Why, what do I know about your old helioscope?"

"Somebody signalled anyway—" The Lieutenant stopped abruptly. He was beginning to detect an exceptionally sizeable rodent. He leaned forward the better to collect his thoughts. Ah—now he

saw it all—funny it had not occurred to him before. Private Bill Hicks was the author of that festive bit of signalling—it was to be a practical joke on his superior—yes, a joke—his superior resolved to turn the joke to his advantage.

He assumed his former position on the settee—approximately. It may have been somewhat farther away from the young lady at his side; but the evening was so deceptive, I cannot say for sure.

"Mabel," he began, "when do you leave?"

"Day after to-morrow, Lieutenant."

"Can you not leave—"

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Frothingham, I could leave to-morrow if necessary. Do you desire it?"

"What! No, no—I did not mean that—I meant to ask you to leave me something to remember you by," and Frothingham abstracted a handkerchief from an inner coat-pocket and nervously pressed it to his brow.

"I presume I can. Let's see—what do you want, though?" At this point she happened to look him full in the eyes.

"M—may I have what I ask for?" ventured the Lieutenant, gaining confidence.

"That depends, sir."

"Well, I would like—"

"Yes."

"I have taken a decided fancy to Captain Lent's daughter—er—"

"Indeed?" the magnificent eyebrows arched incredulously.

"May—I—have—her?"

"Um—ye-es." The dark brown moustache was heavily in evidence at this juncture.

It was about twelve o'clock when the bluff old Captain blundered upon the veranda and found his daughter conversing in low tones with a dark form on the settee. That dark form, and he may have suspected as much, was to be his son-in-law in the near future.

It was also Lieutenant Frothingham.

THE CHINOOK.

BY C. L. ANDREWS.

In the great valley of the Columbia there blows a balmy, mysterious wind. Whither it cometh, neither white man nor Indian knoweth. It comes strangely, sometimes quickly, sometimes boisterously, but withal so soothingly that it is welcomed by all. Between the mountains of the Cascades and the mountains called the Rocky, which in olden times were named the Great Stony Mountains, it blows, and breaks the hold of winter on the great treeless land. The mild Willamette will tell you she is visited by it, and the dweller by the blue waters of Puget's Sound will say it is a friend in that ocean-kissed land, but they know it not. The visitor to those tree-clad regions is a cousin of the Chinook, a mere kinsman who wanders along the shore from California to Alaska, and tells tales of the wide Pacific and its never fettered waters.

In the north of Europe there is another wind, and with another name, which tempers the severity of the north-land winter as it rushes seaward from the slopes of the Alps, and it is very like unto the Chinook.

When Summer has browned the grass-grown hills of the valley of the great River of the West into tawny, stone-hued ridges, and has passed far to the southward; when the dry tufts of sun-cured blades wave in the gusty fall winds, and the gray badger tunnels a winter home in the hillside; then the sun shrinks away toward the southern horizon, and loses its spell on the wide, silent valley. The bright globe still looks down, but its power is weakened. Night after night the gray powder on the salt grass in the creek bottoms grows heavier, and day by day the sun loses its charm to coax it away. There is a cool, fresh smell among the great bunches of wild rye grass in the hollows, that changes to biting cold. Then up through the gorge of the Columbia, through the fir-clad range of the Cascade Mountains, creeps a great, white fog. It creeps up the turbulent river, hiding its riotous rapids, then pours over the wide sand flats to the foot of the rolling ridges

which skirt the Blue Mountains on the far southeast horizon, and the far off pine-clad heights, called the Simcoe Mountains at the northwest. Day after day it rises on the ridges like a sea tide climbing the sandy beach and day by day the winter King takes his hold on the valley. The springs bubbling in the sandy canyons, fountains in a dreary land, still pour their welcome flow. Wreaths of vapor rise from them like smoke in the dry, frosty air, and along their stream bed, brief enough in summer, the struggling rivulets are barred and bound by an ever-thickening coat of mail.

The fog cloud rises and fills the valley till it reaches from mountain to mountain, from range to range. The ever-increasing cold crystalizes the vapory particles, and they sift down in feathery atoms, powdering the dry tufts of bunch grass and sage into silvery mounds, and making the fence wires stretched far and solitary over the prairie into great frost ropes.

Deeper and deeper grows the vast white sheet till sage and bunchgrass alike sink from sight in a smooth, dazzling snow-field. Gaunt, wild-eyed cattle file down, always down, toward the river, to find the tall white sage, or to form a boneyard in some sharp bend of the stream. A lone bucharo* urges his horse through the drifts. He gathers here a bunch of steers from a pocket in a ridge where they are patiently waiting for death, or a Chinook, and there arrests the downward march of a squad of famished cows and calves.

The snow deepens. The cold paints strange phantasies on the small windows of a cabin nestled close by the willows of an icebound creek. A sheep corral stands on the edge of a salt grass flat. The sheep are driven to the higher ridges where the bunchgrass is the tallest, and where the lean cayuses have dragged the snow from a few scant acres with the clumsy wooden

*Note. Bucharo is a corruption of the Spanish word "vaquero" and is much used on Oregon cattle ranges.

scraper. The snow deepens until the gaunt cayuses can no longer pull the unweildy scraper.

Then the fog clears away, the sun shines bright and clear, but its warmth is not felt. All night the snow creaks under foot the stars look wonderfully near through the crystal air, and the sheep man drives his flock around a knoll hour after hour. "I must keep them moving or they will pile up and smother."

The scant stock of rye hay grows scantier till the last meagre morsels have been carefully portioned. The line of pelts on the sheepyard panels lengthens day by day and the magpie chatters and creaks among the willows in joy and anticipation.

A thin faced careworn woman looks out from the small-paned window. A calico gown is the best she has known for many days. A boy throws a fresh pelt upon the corral fence. The already meagre flock numbers one less. His coat is home made, from a teamster's discarded shirt, and the patches are many, but neat. In the little cabin, a "twelve by fourteen foot box house," with a lean-to kitchen, are two other children. This is the home ranch, and here the family live. The hardships and denials of a frontier life are painfully evident. They have left the comforts of the genial Williamette to woo fortune in this cheerless looking land.

"Are we going to have a Chinook, Ed?" the mother asked as a ruddy faced, golden bearded man came in from the sheep corral.

"If we don't we are gone up. Old Borcas has got the kybosh on us this time. The sheep won't last over three or four days now."

The shadow that crept over her face showed how much that little flock meant to them. It was food and raiment. It was their all.

That night the roof of the little cabin snapped and cracked with the dry, crisp cold. A coyote yelped a many-tongued chorus from a ridge as he gloated over the prospect of frozen mutton.

The sun rose on the morrow, and started over the far white waste. The ranchman looked long and seriously at the distant ridges of the mountains.

"If a Chinook would come," he sighed, and he surveyed the famishing flock as they chewed the wool from each other, and nibbled at the edges of the panel-boards.

Toward noon the sky along the distant ridges wore a darker hue. He shaded his eyes with his hand, and anxiously the horizon. The snow lay dry and crisp beneath his feet. The strength of a noon-day sun did not even soften it, but he fancied he saw heat waves along those hills in the southeast.

"If I had but five tons more hay I could weather it through till a Chinook," he said as he came in at night.

He brought a pail of water from the spring, and paused in the doorway to scan the distant sky. As he passed the threshold he spilled the water on the floor. Before it could be swept away it froze to solid ice.

"Bitterly cold, isn't it, Ed? No hope for a Chinook tonight?"

"I think it has been blowing on the higher slopes, but I am afraid it will not come down to us. Forty-eight hours more and half the sheep will be dead."

They sat down to a scanty meal in silent sadness.

Suddenly a gust of wind shook the cabin and flapped a loose board.

"Was it north or south?"

The wife opened the door, and the drip of melting snow met her.

"Thank God, Ed, the Chonook has come!"

Thankful, indeed, they were. All night the wind puffed and roared around the cabin, and in the morning the flock pastured on ridges bared of snow.

The Chinook wind is the Rancher's salvation.

The stockman on those wide, treeless plains is seldom a praying man. Years of battling with storm and hardship have made him strong, fearless, and resolute, but he seldom is in prayerful mood. If, when he goes down into the last valley, and plunges through the drifts of the last storm that comes to all, he offers a silent prayer, it is that it may soon be over, and that the Chinook may soon breathe on him its life-giving breath, and free him from those icy fetters.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

An interesting question of morals is raised by the following correspondence. The first letter to the editor, reads thus:

I think it a duty, though an unpleasant one, to call your attention to "A Political Venture" in the current number of THE MIDLAND.

In "Harper's Magazine" for January, 1889, there is a story entitled, "Isabel's Story," by Annie Porter, which is identically the same in plot, so far as the main features are concerned. A young wife left alone with a large sum of money, arrival of an aged peddler who is entertained out of charity, an attack by three masked burglars, the peddler's shooting of the foremost, the dead man's proving to be the husband of the young wife.

Even some of the minor details are almost exactly similar, the husband's tender farewell before leaving the wife alone, etc.

In "Harper's" the minor incidents, scene, etc., are quite different and more elaborated; but still the main facts are identical with those of "A Political Venture."

Believing you ought to know this, I am,

Very truly yours,

HATTIE LEONARD WRIGHT.

Ft. Dodge, Iowa, July 11, 1898.

The letter was forwarded to the author, Mrs. Elsie D. Troup, Omaha, Neb., and in a few days came this frank explanation:

Your favor of 27th. inst., calling attention to the similarity of my story, "A Political Venture," to Isabel's Story," published in Harper's of January, 1889, is duly received, and inreply thereto I would say that I am frank to acknowledge the similarity pointed out, and I have no hesitation in disclosing to you further the entire and exact sources from which the plot of "A Political Venture" was made up.

A friend read to me "Isabel's Story" when it first appeared, years ago, and the chief incident of that story was so impressed upon my mind that it has remained vividly in my memory ever since.

Three or four years ago a real incident occurred in one of the counties of Iowa (which you may recall, for it was published generally in the press at the time), in which a defaulting treasurer had secreted in his own house much of the public money which he intended to appropriate to his own use, and planned a burglary much as related in "A Political Venture," but was shot by a peddler whom he sheltered for the night and upon whom he hoped to fasten the crime.

Two years after this incident occurred, the

case of the defaulting treasurer, Barrett Scott, became famous throughout Nebraska and was more firmly impressed upon the public mind by his tragic death at the hands of a vigilante as described in my story.

These three things, the Iowa incident, the Barrett Scott case, and "Isabel's Story," were the sources from which was drawn "A Political Venture."

I am not a literary woman nor a public writer; and I had no thought that the plan of evolving this little story, which I have here truthfully related to you, was objectionable, nor did I conceive (as I do now) how under any circumstances the similarity in style of any story to that of any other story could embarrass you, and I most sincerely regret having sent it to you.

I am sure I did not intend to wrong you nor anyone and if such has been the result of my action, it must be charged to my inexperience in such matters rather than to any intention to commit an act worthy of censure.

Hoping that this matter will not embarrass you and that I may retain your good will,

I am yours sincerely,

On receipt of this letter from Mrs. Troup, the editor read the Midland story again; and the story from Harper's for the first time. The result of a careful and critical reading of the two stories was a verdict of acquittal for Mrs. Troup.

Similarity of plot, the result of suggestion conscious or unconscious, is old as fiction, and the only protection the public needs is the sensitiveness of authors to "the speech of people." No author of any ambition or self-respect, would deliberately subject himself to the charge of plagiarism; and yet even the great Shakespeare himself, who surely comes as near as any one to the godlike dignity of a creator, thought it not robbery to take, wherever he could find, material for his creations—or recreations, speaking with absolute accuracy.

The source from which Shakespeare drew his material for "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and for "Coriolanus" was Sir Thomas North's "Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans." In these plays, large drafts were made on North, and in many instances, Rolfe finds the dramatist

followed the phraseology of his Anthony.

The material from which Shakespeare produces "Julius Caesar," and "Anthony and Cleopatra," was North's translation of "Plutarch."

"Winter's Tale" was taken from Green's "History of Dorastus and Fawnia," the play following the novel in most particulars.

"Romeo and Juliet" was an evolution of several centuries. Its latest development prior to Shakespeare's use of the story was in Arthur Brooke's poem, "Romeus and Juliet". Malone thinks it "not unlikely that there was more that one English play on the subject before Shakespeare's." But it is evident to Rolfe that Shakespeare followed Brooke's poem. The closeness with which he followed him is seen by the numerous parallels found in Rolfe's notes on "Romeo and Juliet."

* * *

The latest and fullest information relative to our newly acquired territory, the Hawaiian Islands, which was recently given to the public by the Bureau of Statistics, contains a series of statements concerning the people of the islands, their population, nativity, pursuits, productions, imports, exports, etc., etc.

As shown by this statement, Hawaii imports almost everything she raises, with the exception of sugar, coffee and fruits. In 1896, the United States took 99.64 per cent of the entire exports of the Islands, supplying 76.27 per cent of the imports.

Facilities for transportation of passengers and freight are very good and the tariff on same, while not low, is not excessive, being \$75.00 for cabin passage, and \$25 for steerage. There are also, an abundance of good sailing vessels which make regular trips between San Francisco and the Islands, and charge \$40.00 for cabin passage. Freight rates from San Francisco by steamer are \$5.00 per ton, and on sailing vessels \$3.00 per ton.

The currency of the islands has the same unit of value as that of the United States, and our paper and silver money passes at par, while all the gold is of American mintage.

The taxes average \$6.48 per capita; the

revenue from all sources being \$2,283,070 and expenditures \$2,283,103 (1896.)

All who have visited the Islands, and made a careful study of the existing conditions, are unanimous in saying that it is not advisable for any one to visit the Islands, in the hope of obtaining employment unless he has capital, as the market for all kinds of labor is already overstocked.

In a subsequent issue of the "Midland" we will give a full history of the sugar industry which is the chief source of revenue in the islands.

The vast majority of the citizens of the United States entertain a very erroneous view in regard to the Hawaiians, their civilization and customs. They are not the shameless, wicked and depraved creatures which many people in this country suppose them to be, but are by far, the most desirable of all the residents of the Islands. They are a christianized and civilized people, with really but one taint to mar their respectability,—they are excessively addicted to the use of strong drink.

Of the natives, prior to this century, little is known. A noble race of men ruled the then savages, and ruled them wisely and well. Then came the white man, bringing with him the Sacred Book, which was to civilize and christianize them; but at the same time, taught them that there was a beverage which could cheer their weary souls and invigorate their tired bodies. It was the Caucasian who invaded the Orient and taught the worshippers of Confucius the exhiilarating though deadly effects of opium, and thereby stunted their physical powers and paralyzed their mental development. It was the Caucasian who taught "Poor Lo" the use of "Fire Water," and made him what he is to-day. The poor unlettered savage in Hawaii, not more fortunate than his brethren, fell an easy victim, and was soon a prostrate and devout worshipper before the throne of Bacchus.

It is always the case that an inferior race of people must give place to the more intellectual and cultivated race; and history but repeated itself in the Archipelago. The Hawaiians, through the deadly influence of alcohol, have lost strength and vigor, have become a deca-

dent race, and are now rapidly sinking into innocuous desuetude. The death blow to the race was struck when the first white man landed on their soil, and they are now rapidly becoming extinct.

One proof of the fact that the Islanders are a God fearing people, is the fact that they have a Sunday law, and enforce it strictly. No saloons, places of amusement, or mercantile establishments are allowed to be open on Sundays—with the single exception of drug stores. The homes are practically deserted twice on Sunday, the residents being at church, and the Sunday schools are far better attended proportionately than those of any city in the United States.

Another feature is the small percentage of crime, which is proven by the Police Court records, and even of these offenders, the vast majority are not native Hawaiians.

When these facts are thoroughly understood and appreciated, the citizens of this country will know that the United States has annexed a Christianized and civilized people and not a band of savages who delight only in all forms of sensual pleasure.

* * * *

At the present time there is a great deal of comment in the daily papers, both pro and con, concerning expansion. The first step in that direction was taken in 1803 when Jefferson effected the purchase of Louisiana from Napoleon, and what has followed was inevitable. The centennial anniversary of the purchase could not be more fittingly celebrated, than by an International World's Fair, held in St. Louis, the chief city of the Midland.

The question as to whether or not such a celebration should take place, has been agitated for the last two years, and it is now practically assured. A few weeks since, Missouri's chief executive requested the governors of the several states in the Louisiana Territory to appoint a committee of three, to confer with the committee of fifty from St. Louis. They promptly responded to the invitation, and the various delegates assembled in St. Louis Jan. 10th, 1899. Fine progress was made by the convention, and it was decided by unanimous vote that an International Exposition is the only suitable

form of commemoration, and St. Louis was selected as the place. Congress was also asked by a resolution of this gathering to lend its aid, as it has done in similar instances.

It is a matter of considerable doubt, as to whether the city in which a large exposition is held, is not injured rather than helped thereby; but the Louisiana Centennial will undoubtedly prove of incalculable benefit to all that splendid domain acquired in 1803, and St. Louis, the central metropolis of the West, is too progressive and broad-minded, to be actuated solely by selfish motives in a matter of such importance.

* * *

All civilized nations have some dark blot on their escutcheons which they would fain have forgotten by mankind. The history of France is probably marked by more such black pages than that of any other civilized nation, but none have been fouler or more unjust than the anti-semitic sentiment which prevails throughout this so-called republic, and her treatment of the unfortunate Dreyfus. Such an injustice could not be perpetrated in any country which is governed "by the people, and for the people," but where there exists virtually, a military dictatorship, such things are not only possible, but inevitable.

It seems that the French cannot exist without frequented revolutions, and it is more than probable that the Dreyfus affair will precipitate a crisis.

France was never more prosperous than during the second empire, and the restoration of the Bourbons being impossible, it is very likely that the usurpation of the throne by the Imperialists will prove the only salvation for this discontented, vascillating people.

GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Even George Meredith is not safe from the invasion of the dramatist. His novel "The Egotist" is to be put on the stage.

* *

Poor Joaquin Miller! He is under contract to appear in vaudeville in a continuous performance house, he to be attired in his Klondike costume. To such base uses!

Missouri is also making herself felt in the literary world. In addition to Mr. Baskett's success with "You-all's House" comes the popular romance "I am the King," by Shepard Stevens, of St. Louis, daughter of Bishop Pearce of Little Rock, Ark.

* * *

Ruth Ashmore" is no more; but, doubtless there are others who feel competent to administer "Side talks" to girls. It is odd, but the women who feel most sure of their ability to steer a girl's career aright, belong to a class who never had any real girlhood themselves!

* * *

A disappointed Authors' Club is the latest, and Philadelphia is its birthplace. So soon as a member begins to sell his MSS, he is rejected. There have been no rejections reported as yet. Rejected MSS are read before the club and then the members pay their respects to the editorial rejector. Such a club would satisfy a long-felt want in many localities.

* * *

Readers of the London Academy recently offered the editor of that periodical, premiums for withholding from a single issue, all mention of Kipling and "Omar Khayyam."

* * *

Mrs. Ella Higginson is the bright and shining representative of the State of Washington in the literary world. With many, it is yet a question which to admire more, her stories or her poems. Before the arrival of the Twentieth Century the question will have been settled. Mrs. Higginson is pre-eminently a poet.

* * *

Mr. Watts Dunton's "Aylwin" has reached its tenth edition. The character of D'Arcy is thought to resemble Rossetti. Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, the generous godfather of many of the literary successes of the period on the other side, finds sufficient significance in the novel to write about it at considerable length in the Contemporary Review. "Aylwin" hasn't reached the West yet, except as a copy finds its way into a few down-to-date public and private libraries.

* * *

Mr. Garland warns publishers, through

The Critic, that he himself owns the copyrights of such works as were printed by Stone and Kimball, now in bankruptcy, and that these works are no part of the S. & K. assets. He is about to issue a revision of "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly," also a new book of poems. He says the reports of his hardships in Alaska were grossly exaggerated.

* * *

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell made his great success with "Hugh Wynne" at the age of sixty-eight, and a year later followed with almost as great a success "Francois." An author is young so long as he feels young.

* * *

The convalescence of Mr. H. G. Wells is reported. The wonder is that a man who has gone through all his nightmare experiences, including "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds" should live to tell the tale.

* * *

"Bob, Son of Battle," was written under difficulties. Its author, Mr. Alfred Ollivant, was a cripple at the time, his condition, the result of a fall from a horse. The Bookman says: "Lying in a special chair; trying to make his ink run up hill and the table pinned across him; hindered by operations, and physical difficulties, the young fellow nevertheless wrote on arduously, rewriting, and revising, until the completion of the manuscript also saw him crawling cautiously out of crippledom after undergoing the open air cure." A man who can thus bravely rise above his condition and under so many depressing circumstances write a book so entertaining, is one for whom it is fairly safe to predict a literary career.

* * *

Prof. Frank L. McVey's able and exhaustive paper on the Tin Plate Industry, in the Yale Review of November, has been reproduced in pamphlet form to meet the large demand for it. Prof. McVey is one of the coming men of the Minnesota State University.

* * *

"I Too Have Come Through Wintry Terrors" is Beatrice Harraden's choice of a title for her forthcoming novel. Her success with "Ships that Pass in the

Night" has evidently tempted Miss Haraden again to put a large part of her story into the title.

* * *

Holger Drachmann, Danish poet, painter and radical politician, has come to this country to study human nature as developed under new conditions. He will find more very human nature in America, than is dreamed of in the philosophy of Hamlet's countrymen.

THE MAGAZINES.

The initial number of "The Coming Age," edited by B. O. Flower and Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider, and published by the Midland Publishing Co. of St. Louis,* made its appearance January 1st, 1899.

Mr. Flower, as every one knows, was the founder of *The Arena*, and Mrs. Reifsnider is an author of marked ability; and both are so well and favorably known that they stand in need of no panegyric at our hands.

The Editors announce that they will strive to make "The Coming Age" a journal of absorbing interest to all serious, earnest and aspiring natures. And while it is proposed to give ample opportunity for a broad and thoughtful consideration of the great issues and problems which touch modern life in a vital way, they will devote little or no space to those political issues over which rival parties, factions, machines and rings wage warfare in the mad struggle to enjoy the spoils of office.

We certainly trust that Mr. Flower will be more successful than he was with his two previous ventures in the Magazine world.

* * *

The Bookman series of illustrations appearing along with its "Century of American Illustration" are severally and collectively a delight to the eye.

* * *

Woman's sphere is to be defined in a monthly magazine emanating from Cleveland. It will be devoted to the practical issue of home-making, and will give it-

Ed. Note.—We wish to state that THE MIDLAND MONTHLY MAGAZINE and The Midland Publishing Co., are entirely separate and distinct. There is no connection or collusion between them, whatever.

self to a propaganda for fruit-growing. Its stock-holders own the land they purpose to cultivate. "The labors of its cultivation will be paid for in shares of fruit," says the Publishers' Weekly. The Magazine and the purpose will be exploited at the Paris Exposition in 1900.

* * *

Readers of the Weekly New York Ledger of other days—the days of Sylvanus Cobb, Mrs. Southworth and Emerson Bennett—can hardly believe their eyes as they look at the almost gaudily pretty cover pages of the new monthly Ledger.

THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

A new star has appeared in our literary firmament, vouched for by that far-seeing star-gazer, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie. The name by which we may know it, is James Newton Baskett. Its registry is Mexico, Missouri. Dropping the figure, the MacMillans have issued a "Missouri Nature Story," entitled "At You-All's Houses,"* in which Mr. Baskett has succeeded in telling a homely tale of love and life surrounding it with an atmosphere as distinctively that of Missouri as James Lane Allen's "Kentucky Cardinal" is of Kentucky. Mr. Baskett, like Mr. Allen is a poet in prose, but his poetic touch is not yet quite as true as that revealed in "The Choir Invisible." In these days of reaction from painfully real realism, to the flowering of knighthood, "At You-All's House" comes in as a compromise. On one page we see the shirt-sleeved hero mounted on old Shan, bearing a borrowed single-tree on his shoulder, and the sun-bonneted heroine mounted on an old mare and carrying a brass kettle on her arm, he conscious of the holes in his trousers, she even more conscious that the placket of her skirt was gaping above the rim of her saddle. On another page the awakened youth is feeling for knowledge of the alchemy of shower and cloud-subdued light, and has made the discovery that the two waters of the Checkodee make a perfect sol mi of the scale. There is a strong flavor of Thoreau in the novel, so strong at times that one wonders if the

*Macmillan, New York, \$1.50.

novelist isn't forgetting the task undertaken; but one can forgive much in one who loves much. Mr. Baskett will be heard from again—and yet again, we trust.

* * *

Among the historic islands of the Mississippi, Rock Island remains first in historic interest, and in scenic beauty. D. E. Locqueville must have had this island in the group of scenes which draw from him the words, "The Valley of the Mississippi is, upon the whole, the most magnificent dwelling-place prepared by God for man's abode." Recent activities at the government arsenal on Rock Island have verified the prediction of General Benet, Chief of Ordinance to War Secretary McCrary, twenty-two years ago: "This arsenal will be the grand ordnance manufacturing establishment in the Mississippi Valley, erected at great expense to the United States, and with a larger capacity, when completed, than any other arsenal within our borders." The capacity of this, the largest arsenal on the con-

tinental, if not in the world, may be inferred by the facility with which its peace force of employes was increased to 2,900 soon after war was declared against Spain. All this leads down to this announcement, that Mr. B. F. Tillinghast, who will be remembered by old readers of this Magazine, as the author of an interesting paper still called for in reference libraries, on the Russian Famine and the Red Cross Relief, has written a book, entitled "Rock Island Arsenal in Peace and War,"* which covers the subject so thoroughly and well that nothing is left to be desired. The book tells the story of Indian occupancy of old Fort Armstrong, of the island from 1832 to 1862, of the island as a military prison, of the arsenal's growth and capacity and the extent of its contribution to recent war. It describes the island, the arsenal, and the great guns its manufacturers. The book is profusely and attractively illustrated.

*The Henry O. Shepard Company, Chicago.

WINTRY WEATHER.

When last I saw this smiling scene,
And roamed these fields of heather;
Another form was with me then,
And it was win ry weather.

Stripped of their foliage were the trees,
Dead frozen wa the river;
And o'er the sedgy marsh, the breeze
Came sweeping with a shiver.

But heedless of the landscape drear,
We wandered on together;
A loving voice was at my ear;
And it seemed summer weather.

Again I view the self-same place,
With flowers around me springin,—
The river runs wi h dimpled grace,
And birds are gaily singing.

But now, alone I pensive stray,
Across the fields of heather,
By tinkling rill and blooming spray;
And it seems wintry weather

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT

THE MIDLAND greets its friends with this issue in a new dress and from its new home. We trust that we will keep all our old friends and make many new ones. THE MAGAZINE has always been a good one, and it is our purpose to make it better, and stronger, with each succeeding number. It is not only our intention to enlarge and improve THE MIDLAND so far as lies in our power, but we have reduced the price from fifteen (15) cents per copy and \$1.50 a year, to the more popular price of ten (10) cents per copy and \$1 a year.

* * *

At one time it was thought, that a really meritorious publication could not be issued from any city except Boston, but this idea has long ago been exploded. There are many still however, who wonder whether "any good thing can come out of Nazareth;" whether a good magazine can be published in the west. We only ask you to carefully read the MIDLAND MONTHLY MAGAZINE and judge for yourself. We desire and expect no patronage from any section of the country, unless our publication is at least equal in point of literary and artistic merit to the Eastern Magazines. This we shall earnestly and faithfully strive to attain, and if we are successful, as we feel confident we will be, then read our Magazine and talk about it to your friends.

* * *

At this early date it is impossible for us to definitely outline our policy, but we have made arrangements for a good deal of first-class matter by eminent authors. General Grant's Vicksburg Campaign, by Col. John W. Emerson begins in this issue and will be continued through several months. It is worthy of note, that Col. Emerson's history of Grant's campaigns in the west, is the only work of the kind which has ever received the indorsement of Grant's family.

On another page of the Magazine will be found a story entitled "The Asteriods visit the Planets" (A Mississippi story by a Mississippian). This is the first of a series of stories descriptive of Mississippi life in ante-bellum days, one of which will appear in each number of THE MIDLAND during the next six months or more. The stories are written, by an eminent Mississippian and author of considerable note, but who, for very excellent reasons, prefers that for the present, at least, his name shall not be given to the public.

* * *

We shall make short stories a feature of THE MIDLAND, and we promise that they shall be original and striking. Whether or not we will run any continued stories, with the exception of Col. Emerson's History of Grant's Campaigns, we have not positively decided.

* * *

It gives us pleasure to announce that the March MIDLAND will contain a short story by Mrs. Alice French (Octave Thanet). Mrs. French is so well and favorably known as a writer of short stories, that it is unnecessary for us to make further comment on this point.

* * *

Mr. Johnson Brigham, founder and for five years editor of the MIDLAND now State Librarian of Iowa, will continue to contribute regularly to the columns of the MIDLAND. We are pleased to be able to announce that his interesting paper on "Walt Whitman and the West," in the present number, will be followed by another paper on "Walt Whitman's Verse," a critical study of the enigma of American literature, a paper which will throw a flood of light where light is needed.

* * *

We wish to publish a Magazine for the people—we wish to publish just what you want. That we may know how to do this, we invite from every reader, criticisms on THE MIDLAND. Let us

know what features of the Magazine you like best, what you like least, and what features, if any, you would like which we have not. Of course we cannot comply with every request that comes to us in this way, but if you will give us your opinions, we will do our best to please the greatest number. All communications of this nature should be addressed to Department R. C., care of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY MAGAZINE, St. Louis.

Owing to the change in management of the MIDLAND MAGAZINE, it was impossible for us to get out this issue on time, but the March MIDLAND, and all subsequent numbers, will be received by subscribers and will be on sale at the news stands not later than the last day of the month. For, example, subscribers and news dealers will receive the March MIDLAND not later than the 28th of February.



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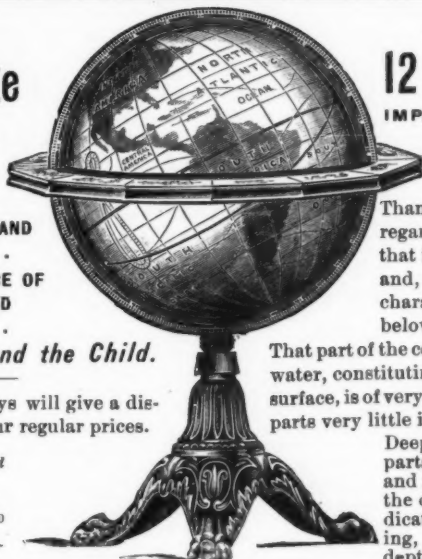
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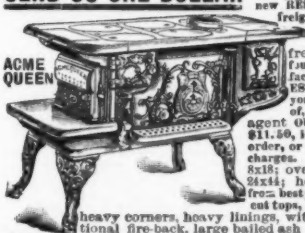
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We furnish the complete outfit, including 50 Cuban War Views, High Grade Stereopticon, large (14x21) Advertising Posters, Admission Tickets, etc. for a little money. Cut this ad. out and send for circulars with full particulars and copies of testimonials from exhibitors who are making big money with our outfit. Address,

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SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.) Chicago, Ills.

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Having recently purchased the entire stock of watches from a bankrupt firm, consisting of solid gold, silver and gold-filled cases, we shall offer a portion of the entire lot at prices never before heard of in the Watch trade. Among the stock are 8,750 AMERICAN STYLE WATCHES, in SOLID GOLD-FILLED CASES, which we shall sell singly or by the dozen to private parties or the trade, watch is guaranteed a perfect timekeeper, and each watch is accompanied with our guarantee for 20 years. Think of it! A genuine American Style Movement watch, in solid gold-filled case, and guaranteed 20 YEARS for \$5.00. Those wanting a first-class, reliable time-keeper at about one-third retail price, discount order at once. Watch speculators can make money by buying by the dozen to sell. **CUT THIS OUT** and send to us and we will send a watch to you C. O. D., subject to examination, by express, upon approval. If found perfectly satisfactory, and exactly as represented, pay \$5.00 and express charges, and it is yours, otherwise, you do not pay one cent. Can we make a fairer offer? Be sure to mention whether you want ladies' or gent's size. Price per dozen, \$48.00. If full amount, \$5.00 is sent with the order, we will include one of our special heavy GOLD FILLED CHAINS, which retails the world over, for \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address at once, **SAFE WATCH CO., 19 Warren St., NEW YORK.**

THE BOOK LOVER Large, handsome, unique magazine. Quarterly; \$1 a year. Sample 25c. 1203 R. Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

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Send No Money. Cut this ad. out

and send to us, state your height and weight, state number of inches around body at breast taken over vest under coat close up under arms, and we will send you this coat by express, C. O. D., subject to examination; examine and try it on at your nearest express office and if found exactly as represented and the most wonderful value you ever saw or heard of and equal to any coat you can buy for \$5.00, pay the express agent our special offer price, \$2.75, and express charges.

THIS MACKINTOSH is latest 1899 style, made from heavy waterproof, tan color, genuine Davis Cover Cloth extra long, double breasted, Sargent velvet collar, fancy plaid lining, waterproof sewed, strapped and cemented seams, suitable for both rain or overcoat, and guaranteed greatest value ever offered by us or any other house. For Free Cloth Samples of Men's Mackintoshes up to \$5.00, and Made-to-Measure Suits at from \$5.00 to \$10.00, write for Free

and Overcoats at from \$5.00 to \$10.00, write for Free Book No. 501. Address, **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.** (Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)

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Send 4c. for our No. 4; catalogue. Tells how you can make money with the **BUCKEYE**; describes Pneumatic Regulator—prevents overheating. Thousands are hatching 100 per cent with it. 50 egg Bantam \$5.00—larger sizes in proportion. We give you 30 days trial before you pay a cent. 10,000 satisfied customers annually.

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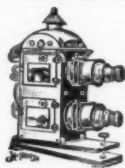
SEND NO MONEY, cut this ad out and send to us, state your height and weight, bust measure, length of garment from collar down back to waist line, and waist line to bottom of skirt; state color wanted and we will send you this Mackintosh by express C. O. D., subject to examination; examine and try it on at your nearest express office and if found exactly as represented and by far the greatest value you ever saw or heard of, pay your express agent our **\$2.95** and express SPECIAL OFFER PRICE, — charges.

(THIS MACKINTOSH is made of BLACK or BLUE genuine Hasting's double texture WATERPROOF SERGE CLOTH with fancy plaid lining, velvet collar, double detachable cape, extra full sweep cape and skirt, guaranteed latest style and finest tailor-made.)

FOR FREE CLOTH SAMPLES of every thing in Ladies' Mackintoshes, write for Free Sample Book No. 854. Address,

Sears, Roebuck & Co. (INC.), Chicago

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And so can you make money with one of our Magic Lanterns. Suitable for home, society or exhibition purposes. Write for list of styles and war pictures.

McIntosh BATTERY & OPTICAL CO.

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by a little work for us. FREE USE of sample wheel to rider agents. Write at once for our special offer.



No Fire, Smoke or Heat. Absolutely Safe. Catalogue Free. TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO. ST. JOSEPH, MICH.

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\$5,000,000 for distribution. Shares \$2. a month. Safe as a Bank. Send 5c for Bulletin. A. H. WILCOX & Co., Station A, New York.



4 BUGGY WHEELS \$6.50

HIGH GRADE, HARVEY'S PATENT, tired and banded, height 3 ft. 4 in., 3 ft. 8 in. or 4 ft. Spokes 1 1/16 or 1 1/8 in. For any other sizes send for catalogue. Cut this ad out and send to us with ONE DOLLAR, state size wheel wanted and we will send them by freight C. O. D. EXAMINE THEM at your freight depot and then pay freight agent balance, \$5.50 and freight charges.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (INC.) CHICAGO, ILL.

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POPULAR FASHIONS, New York City, DEPT. 316, P. O. BOX 2617.



\$1.95 MEN'S PANTS. SEND NO MONEY

Cut this ad. out and send to us, state your HEIGHT and WEIGHT, number inches around body at waist (pants waist band), around body at hips, largest part, also length of pants leg, inside seam, from thigh in crotch to heel, state whether you wish LIGHT, MEDIUM or DARK shades. We will send you these pants (to your measure) by express, C. O. D., subject to examination, examine them at your express office, and if found perfectly satisfactory and equal to pants that others sell at \$4.00 to \$6.00, pay your express agent our special offer price, \$1.95 and express charges. These PANTS are made on the latest 1899 patterns, by expert tailors, made from high-grade special, wear-resisting, wool pants fabrics, in LIGHT, MEDIUM or DARK shades, finest trimmings, patent never-to-come-off buttons, silk and linen sewing, finest work throughout; \$4.00 to go at \$1.95. Order at Once. Don't Delay.

We Send Free Cloth Samples of Men's made-to-measure Pants, \$1.50 to \$4.00; suits \$5.50 to \$12.00; also tape measure, fashion plates, etc.

Write for Free Sample Book No. 5 E. Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (INC.), CHICAGO, ILL.

Superfluous Hair



I suffered for years with a humiliating growth of hair on my face, and tried many remedies without success; but I ultimately discovered the true secret for permanent removal of hair, and for six years have been applying my treatment to others, thereby rendering happiness to, and gaining thanks of thousands of ladies.

I assert, and will prove to you, that my depilatory treatment will destroy the follicle and otherwise permanently remove the hair forever. No trace is left on the skin after using, and the treatment can be applied privately by yourself in your own chamber.

If you are troubled, write to me for further information, and I will convince you of all I claim. I will give prompt personal and strictly confidential attention to your letter. Being a woman, I know of the delicacy of such a matter as this, and act accordingly. Address, inclosing two stamps,
HELEN M. MARKOE, 156 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK CITY.

Beauty

of FACE and FORM can be gained by my treatment. IMPROVEMENT will begin the first day, and after a short time you will delight yourself and your friends by acquiring a charmingly transparent, clean, pure velvety skin, lustrous eyes and (if needed) development of the cheeks, neck, etc. I give my personal attention to you by mail, guaranteeing success; distance makes no difference. Address, confidentially, for particulars, which I will send sealed in plain envelope.

**Mme. Huntley, P. O. Box 3032C,
New York, N. Y.**

50 CENTS.



Cut this ad. out and send to us and we will send you this Violin and Outfit by express, C. O. D., subject to examination. Examine it at your express office and if found exactly as represented and the most wonderful bargain you ever saw or heard of, pay the express agent our special offer price, \$5.25, less the 50 cents, or \$5.75, and express charges. This is a regular \$5.00 Stradivarius Model Violin, richly colored, highly polished, powerful and sweet in tone, complete with fine maple bow, one extra set of strings, violin case, rosin and one of the best instruction books published. Write for free musical instrument and organ and piano catalogue. Address, **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.** (Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)

\$2.45



\$2.45 GOLD PLATED

Cut this ad. out and send to us, SEND NO MONEY and we will send you this watch by express, C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your express office and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented and in every way equal to watches that are being advertised at \$3.75 to \$6.75 under such misleading descriptions as High Style, American Style, Gold Filled or Lock Like \$20.00 to \$30.00 Gold Filled Watches, etc. If you find it the equal or better than any of these watches, pay the express agent our price, \$2.45 and express charges.

Don't be Deceived by catchy advertisement-meals which would lead you to believe you could get a \$25.00 or \$50.00 watch for \$3.75 to \$6.75, when we sell the same watch for \$2.45.

Our \$2.45 Watch is gentle's full 16-size Mont-proof Open Face, stem wind and set gold plated, handsomely engraved and polished, looks like a high-grade gold filled, and is a great trading watch, movement is a nickel 7-jeweled stem wind American, warranted, and a good time-keeper. For Watches from 25 cents up, gold-filled watches \$3.75 and up, write for Free Watch and Jewelry Catalogue. Address, **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), Chicago, Ill.** (Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)

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358 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Its Convenient Hot Water Supply,

so necessary to any bath, and that it may be used in a bath or any other room to equal advantage, in connection with water service or independently is what is making the

'Mosely' famous. Complete with heater \$25.50 up; delivered east of Rocky Mountains. Monthly payments if wanted. 20 styles. Send for catalog of Tubs and Heaters

For **\$9.50**
Suit

We can make to your measure a Fine, All-Wool

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We positively Make lowest prices ever quoted on strictly high grade vehicles.

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Our prices are a wonder to even shrewdest buyers.

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Full size for family use, beautifully decorated & most artistic design. A rare chance. You cannot get this handsome china tea set & one dozen silver plated tea spoons for selling our Pills. We mean what we say & will give this beautiful tea set absolutely free if you comply with the extraordinary offer we send to every person taking advantage of this advertisement. To quickly receive our Silver plated tea spoons together with our offer of a 56 piece china tea set same day money is received. This is a liberal inducement to every lady in the land and all who received the spoons and tea set for selling our Pills are delighted. **AMERICAN MEDICINE COMPANY, Dept. F, 30 West 13th St., NEW YORK CITY.**

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

My Assertion.

An undesirable growth of hair on the face, neck or arms can be removed quickly and future growth prevented. I know whereof I speak, being a regular physician and having had years of experience with women's troubles. My success has led me to publish this announcement for the benefit of those living remote from New York who are suffering the untold annoyance of superfluous hair, and many of whom have wasted time and money in useless preparations.

Harmless and Effectual.

If you will sit down to-day, write me. I will reply to you telling you of the best treatment of superfluous hair I have ever used, and if desired, will not only promise to keep the undesirable hair from your skin forever, but will give the same attention to your matter by correspondence and proper treatment as if you were to come here to my parlors. Being a woman I know the delicacy of matters like this, therefore give you my assurance that correspondence will be held strictly confidential. Address, enclosing 2 stamps for sealed reply and brochure. Mention MIDLAND MAGAZINE in writing.

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NO. 3 WEST 20TH STREET, NEW YORK.

\$1.95 BUYS A \$3.50 Suit.

3,000 CELEBRATED "KANTWALD" double seat and double knee. Regular \$3.50 Boys' 2-Piece Knee-Pant Suits going at \$1.95. A NEW SUIT FREE for any of these suits which don't give satisfactory wear.

Send No Money.

Cut this ad. out and send to us, state age of boy and say whether large or small for age, and we will send you the suit by express, C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your express office and if found perfectly satisfactory and equal to suits sold in your town for \$3.50, pay your express agent our special offer price, \$1.95 and express charges.

THESE KNEE-PANT SUITS are for boys from 4 to 15 years of age, and are retailed everywhere at \$3.50. Made with double seat and knees, latest 1909 style as illustrated, made from a special wear-resisting, heavy weight, ALL-WOOL Oakwell casimere, neat, handsome pattern, fine serge lining, Clayton patent interlining, padding, staysting and rein forcing, silk and linen sewing, fine tailor-made throat, waist, a suit any boy or parent would be proud of. FOR FREE CLOTH SAMPLES of Boys' Clothing (suits, overcoats or vests), for boys 4 TO 10 YEARS, write for Sample Book No. 900. Contains fashion plates, tape measure and full instructions how to order.

Men's Suits and Overcoats made to order from \$5.00 up. Samples sent free on application. Address,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), Chicago, Ill.
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HAIR SWITCH 65 CENTS.

WE SELL HUMAN HAIR SWITCHES to match any hair at from 65c to \$3.25, the equal switches that retail at \$2.00 to \$5.00.

OUR OFFER: Cut this ad out and send to us. Inclose a good sized sample of the exact shade wanted, and cut it out as near the roots as possible, inclose our special price quoted and 5 cents extra to pay postage, and we will make the switch to match your hair exact, and send to you by mail, postpaid, and if you are not perfectly satisfied, return it and we will immediately refund your money.

Our Special Offer Price as follows: 2-oz. switch 25-in. long, long stem, 65c; short stem, 90c; 2-oz. 25-in. long, short stem, \$1.25; 3-oz. 22-in. long, short stem, \$1.50; 2-oz. 24-in. long, short stem, \$2.25; 3½-oz. 26-in. long, short stem, \$3.25. WE GUARANTEE OUR WORK the highest grade on the market. Order at once and get these special prices. Your money refunded if you are not pleased. Write for Free Catalogue of Hair Goods. Address,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), Chicago.
(Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)

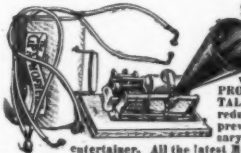
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with our NEW

PROVED GRAMOPHONE

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A wonder as a home entertainer. All the latest Music, Songs, Speeches or your own voice. Complete Outfits, consisting of Machine with automatic spring motor which runs 2 records with one winding, Hearing Tubes, Concert Horn, 12 Musical or Talking Records, large size Show Bills, Admission Tickets, Etc., for \$15.25. An opportunity to make BIG MONEY EASY giving public entertainments. Just the thing for Church and Sunday-school entertainments. Anyone can operate them. Send for FREE Catalogue of Gramophones, Records, Etc. with hundreds of testimonials from those who are making big money with our Gramophone Outfits, or, by sending ONE DOLLAR we will send the outfit by express C. O. D., subject to examination, balance payable when received. Address,

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becomes a pleasing occupation, provided it was stitched on a **Singer Automatic**. The elastic seam made by this machine is perfectly safe when locked, but can be taken apart instantly when unlocked. Thus its use is especially desirable for the clever woman who wishes to make over a garment so that it may conform to the changing styles. Whether in the hands of the amateur or the expert, this simple bit of mechanism is the most convenient and effective of any.

Having all the advantages claimed for other "automatic" sewing machines, **the Silent Singer has many points of preference** that can easily be demonstrated by comparison. Of **faultless construction and finish**, it is absolutely the lightest-running, the simplest and most compact. It is more easily threaded, and its parts are better protected from dust. The broad treadle better **promotes the health and comfort** of the operator, because it is lower and the position of the feet can be changed at will. These points are worthy careful consideration by those of delicate health or unaccustomed to continuous use of a sewing machine.

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"MY MAMA USED WOOL SOAP."

"I WISH MINE HAD."

Wool Soap is made of positively pure soap ingredients, and is sold to you without scent or perfume, in the simplicity of soap whiteness, that you may know by its looks, and by its use, that it is absolutely safe for toilet and bath.

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The only soap that won't shrink woolens

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